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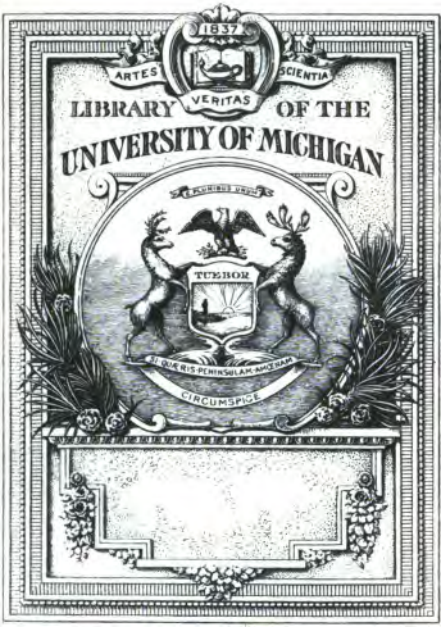

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POPE
Parr Sculp.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

Faithfully Collected from
Authentic AUTHORS, Original MANUSCRIPTS, and the TESTIMONIES of many PERSONS of Credit and Honour:

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Adorned with the
HEADS of divers ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS, treated of in these MEMOIRS, curiously engrav'd by the best Hands.

VOL. II.

By WILLIAM AYRE, *Esq;*

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For the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

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TO THE

Right Honourable the Lords

BOLINGBROKE,

BURLINGTON,

MARCHMONT,

AND

BATHURST;

This WORK is humbly inſcrib'd, by

Your Lordſhips,

moſt obedient and

moſt humble Servant,

WILLIAM AYRE.

Directions to the Binder for placing the Cuts.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Eſq;

WHEN we concluded the Firſt Volume, we left ſpeaking of the Third Book of the *Dunciad*, and gave Intimation of a Fourth, which came out afterwards; before we take further Notice of that, we think it proper to introduce ſeveral Perſons and Things, that may fill up the Interval.

Our great Dramatick Poet, *Shakeſpear*, had in Whole, or in Part, paſſed through ſeveral Hands; ſome, who might be very reaſonably thought not to

have underſtood well any Part of him, much leſs be fit to correct or reviſe him.

The Friends of Mr. *Pope* ſolicited him ſtrongly to undertake the Whole of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, and, if poſſible, by comparing all the different Copies now to be procured, bring him back to his own antient Purity. To which Mr. *Pope* made this modeſt Reply, That not having attempted any Thing in the Drama (for he had not appear'd to do it) it might in him be deem'd too much Preſumption. To which he received Anſwer from a certain Earl, that this did not require great Knowledge of the Foundation and Diſpoſition of the Drama, ſeeing that muſt ſtand as it was, and that *Shakeſpear* himſelf, had not always paid ſtrict Regard to the Rules of it; but this was to clear the Scenes from the Rubbiſh which Actors, and thoſe into whoſe Care they had fell, had filled them: For the Players after *Shakeſpear*'s Time, curtailed, blotted, tranſpos'd, added whole Scenes, nay, did any Thing, which they thought would pleaſe the lower Set of the Audience, to which Part, to this Day, that Sort of People ſtill make their Court. He added, that his chief Buſineſs would be, to render the Text ſo that it might read, and be free from thoſe Obſcurities, and ſometimes groſs Abſurdities, that now ſeem to appear in it, and to explain doubtful and difficult Paſſages, of which there are great Numbers: This, and marking Scene Lines, or Words only, imagined to be ſpurious, was all that noble Gentleman, of a noble Taſte and Diſpoſition, told Mr. *Pope* he had to do: This was no ſmall Task; how he has acquitted himſelf, for he complied with this Requeſt, has been differently judged; the Truth we are inclined to think is, in ſome Places he has ſet to rights and explained him, and in ſome Places again, made him more unintelligible

gible, and done him Wrong, and thus thought Mr. *Theobald*, who publiſhes after Mr. *Pope*'s Edition, another Book called, *Shakeſpear Reſtor'd*, and there he not only endeavours to reſtore the original Text to *Shakeſpear*, but calls upon Mr. *Pope* to anſwer for many Miſtakes, he ſtrives to prove upon him, making at the ſame Time his own Amendments: This was the true Cauſe of their continual being at Variance, and Mr. *Theobald* bringing forward upon the Stage a Tragedy, called *The Double Falſhood*, which he would have to be believ'd was *Shakeſpear*'s, Mr. *Pope* inſinuated to the Town, that it was all, or certainly the greateſt Part, not written by *Shakeſpear*; he picks out a Line:

None but thyſelf can be thy Parallel.

Which he calls a marvellous Line of *Theobald*, "unleſs, ſays he, the Play called *The Double Falſhood* "be (as he would have thought) *Shakeſpear*'s; but "whether this Line be his or not, he proves *Shake*"*ſpear* to have writ as bad."

And introducing the above Quotation, as if written by ſome Author, he goes on in Mr. *Theobald*'s reſtoring Way to amend ſome few Words, all the While imitating and ſneering at the Stile of Mr. *Theobald*.

The former Annotator ſeeming to be of Opinion that the *Double Falſhood* is not *Shakeſpear*'s; it is but Juſtice to give Mr. *Theobald*'s Arguments to the contrary: Firſt, that the MS was above ſixty Years old; ſecondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard ſo; thirdly, that ſome-body told him the Author gave it to a Baſtard-Daughter of his: But fourthly and above all, "that he has a *great Mind* "every Thing that is good in our Tongue *ſhould be* "Shakeſpear's."

I allow theſe Reaſons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that ſo many Errors have eſcaped the learned Editor: A few whereof we ſhall here amend, out of a much greater Number, as an Inſtance of our Regard to this *dear Relick*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

I have his Letters of a modern Date,
Wherein by *Julio*, *good Camillo*'s Son
(Who as he ſays, ſhall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing Hour expect)
He doth ſolicit the Return of Gold,
To purchaſe certain Horſe that *like him well*.

This Place is corrupted: The Epithet *good* is a meer inſignificant Expletive, but the Alteration of that ſingle Word reſtores a clear Light to the Context, thus,

I have his Letters of a modern Date,
Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo*'s Son,
Who, as he *ſaith*, ſhall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing Hours expect)
He doth ſolicit the Return of Gold.

Here you have not only the *Perſon* ſpecified, by whoſe Hands the Return was to be made, but the moſt neceſſary Part, the *Time*, by which it was required. *Camillo*'s Son was to follow hard upon——What? Why upon *July*—*Horſe* that *like him well*, is very abſurd: Read it, without Contradiction,

——Horſe that *he likes well*.

ACT I. at the End.

——I muſt ſtoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay *Compariſons* aſide,
And turn my proud Additions out of Service:

Saith

Saith *Henriquez* of a Maiden of low Condition, objecting his high Quality: What have his *Comparisons* here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside,
And turn my proud Additions out of Service.

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

All the Verse of this Scene is confounded with Prose.

——————O that a Man
Could reason down this *Feaver* of the Blood,
Or sooth with *Words* the Tumult in his Heart!
Then *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy Friend.

Read——this *fervor* of the Blood,
Then *Julio* I might be in *Deed* thy Friend.

marking the just Opposition of Deeds and Words.

ACT 4. SCENE 1.

How his Eyes *shake* Fire——said by *Violante*, observing how the lustful Shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the Sense plainly demands,

——————How his Eyes *take* Fire!
And measure every Piece of Youth about me!

Ibid. That though I *wore Disguises* for some *Ends*.

She had but one Disguise, and wore it but for one End. Restore it with the Alteration but of two Letters,

That though I *were disguised* for some *End*.

ACT 4. SCENE 2.

—To Oaths no more give Credit,
To Tears, to Vows; false *both*!—

False Grammar I'm sure. *But can mean but no two* Things: And see how easy a Change here is right?

To Tears, to Vows, false Traitor——

I could shew you that were Word Traitor in *Shakespear* a hundred Times.

Ibid. For there is nothing left there now to look for, That can bring *Comfort*, but a *cruel Grave*.

This I fear is of a Piece with *Nor can it still any more be its Parallel*: For the Grave put an End to all Sorrow, it can need no *Sorrow*. Yet see as unaccountable *Shakespear* where we can: I make no Doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left there now to look for,
Nothing that can bring *Sorrow*, but the Grave.

Which Reduplication of the Word gives a much stronger Emphasis to *Violante*'s Concern. This Figure is called *Anadyplosis*. I could shew you a Hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.

This *Double Falsehood* was vindicated by Mr. *Theobald*, who was attacked again in the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*: Here he endeavours to prove false Criticisms, Want of Understanding *Shakespear*'s Manner, and cavilling, in Mr. *Pope*, to whom himself and the great Dramatick Poet, and to prove the Tragedy in Question to be in Reality *Shakespear*'s, and not unworthy of him; this he does in a Letter which is humorous, and concludes with a more considerable Proof of his Sufficiency, and no small Boast.

Dear SIR,

YOU desire to know what, in the general Attack which Mr. *Pope* has lately made against Writers

Writers *living*, and *dead*, he has so often had a Fling of Satire at me. I should be very willing to plead Guilty to his Indictment, and think as meanly of myself as he can possibly do, were his Quarrel altogether upon a fair and unbiass'd Motive. But he is angry at the Man; and, as *Juvenal* says,—— *facit Indignatio Versum*. In my Attempts to restore *Shakespear*, I laid open some Defects of *his* Edition. I endeavoured in my Book to treat him with all the Deference and Tenderness, that the Circumstance would bear; and no Body, I think, has impeached me of the least Failure in this Point. But to set any Thing right, after Mr. *Pope* had adjusted the Whole, was a Presumption not to be forgiven! *Hinc illæ Lacrymæ*. That I have been right, in the Main, in my Corrections, is pretty well agreed on my Side: And I am almost apt to to think, Mr. *Pope* has been of the same Opinion; or he would have shewn them *trifling*, and *impertinent*, by a Confutation, unless it was beneath him to enter the Lists with so weak an Adversary.

Instead of a Reply, or a Justification of his own Indolence, his Resource is to *railing*: Or as it were, (after the *French* Manner of punishing, when a Criminal is out of their Reach) to hang me up *in Effigy*. But I forgive his *arch* Talent of Picturing: He shall represent me as an *Eel*, or a *Swallow*, a *Grub*, or a *Worm*; or in any other Form of Ridicule, that may serve to allay a future Fit of *Spleen*. If *Infirmity* may be thrown off by such *pretty* Exercise, his wayward Humour shall have the full Scope of Calumny. But as he has been pleased to reflect on me in a few Quotations from a *Play*, which I had lately the good Fortune to usher into the World; I am there concern'd in Reputation to enter upon my Defence. There are three Passages, you'll observe, in

his *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which he endeavours to bring into Diſgrace, from *Double Diſtreſs*, as he calls it: I ſuppoſe he means *Double Falſhood*; for that is the Title of the Play publiſhed by me. I ſhould have expected from ſome others, that, when they were upon the Buſineſs of finding Fault, they ſhould not have commited *ſuch* an Error. But 'tis meer *Word-catching*, and beneath a great Genius to be *exact* in any Thing.

One of theſe Paſſages, alledged by our critical *Examiner*, is of that Stamp, which is certainly to determine me in the Claſs of his *profound* Writers: For a genuine Writer of the *Profound* will take Care never to *magnify* any Object without *clouding* it at the ſame Time. The Place, ſo offenſive for its *Cloudineſs*, is this.

———The Obſcureneſs of her Birth
Cannot eclipſe the Luſtre of her Eyes,
Which make her all one Light.

I muſt own, I think, a Man needs be no great *Oedipus* to ſolve the Difficulty of this Paſſage. Nothing has ever been more common than for Lovers to compare their Miſtreſſes Eyes to Suns and Stars. And what does *Henriquez* ſay more here than this, That tho' his Miſtreſs be obſcure by her Birth, yet her Eyes are ſo refulgent, they ſet her above that Diſadvantage, and make her all over Brightneſs? Now wherein is this Thought ſo wonderfully *magnified*, or *clouded?* The only Obſcurity, that I can yet find in the Paſſage, is in Mr. *Pope's clouding* it by *Miſunderſtanding*. For if he will take a ſimple Deſcription of *Beauty* to be the Deſcription of a *Lady at Dinner*, as he is pleaſed to do here, there is, indeed, ſomething of the *Bœotian* Fog in the Caſe. I remember another Rapture in *Shakeſpear*, upon a Painter's

Painter's drawing a fine Lady's Picture, where the Thought ſeems to me every whit as much *magnified*, and as *dark* at the firſt Glance.

——————But her Eyes——
How could he ſee to do them! Having done one,
Methinks it ſhould have Power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſhed.

This Paſſage is taken from the *Merchant of Venice*; and if the *Examiner* will not allow it to be *dark*, I'll venture to produce another out of the ſame *Play*, that, I believe, every Body will agree to be ſo.

Grat. My Eyes, my Lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the Miſtreſs, I beheld the Maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd *for Intermiſſion.*
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than you.

If I did not know a little more of *Shakeſpear*, than Mr. *Pope* has yet convinced the Publick that he does, I ſhould, from ſuch Inſtances, take him to be a very *cloudy* Writer. It were worth ſomething, methinks, to know what Ideas Mr. *Pope* had of *Gratiano*'s loving *for Intermiſſion.* Surely, he will hardly perſuade us, that *Intermiſſion* here means *for want of ſomething elſe to do, becauſe he would not ſtand idle.* By a proper Variation in the Pointing, and a very ſhort Comment, I'll undertake to *clear up* the *Clouds* of this dark Place; and thus it muſt be corrected, before it can be underſtood.

Grat. My Eyes, my Lord, can look as ſwift as yours;
You ſaw the Miſtreſs, I beheld the Maid:
You lov'd; I lov'd: (For Intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my Lord than you.

i. e. For, in a Love-Adventure, I could no more ſtand out, no more be idle, or unactive, than you.

But

But Self-Defence, and Correction, and not Correction, was the Deſign of this Epiſtle; ſo I'll proceed to his ſecond Obſervation, and ſee how hard that will bear upon me.

Another of the Paſſages which Mr. *Pope* is pleas'd to be merry with, is in a Speech of *Violante*'s;

Wax! render up thy Truſt.———

This, in his *Engliſh*, is *open the Letter*: And he facetiouſly mingles it with ſome pompous Inſtances, moſt, I ſuppoſe, of his own Framing; which in plain Terms ſignify no more than, *See, who's there, Snuff the Candle*; *Uncork the Bottle*; *Chip the Bread*; to ſhew how ridiculous Actions of no Conſequence are, when too much exalted in the Diction. This he brings under a Figure, which he calls the *Buſkin*, or *Stately*. But we'll examine Circumſtances fairly, and then we ſhall ſee which is moſt ridiculous, the *Phraſe*, or our ſagacious *Cenſurer*.

Violante is newly debauched by *Henriquez*, on his ſolemn Promiſe of marrying her: She thinks, he is returning to his Father's Court, as he told her, for a ſhort Time; and expects no Letter from him. His Servant, who brings the Letter, contradicts his Maſter's going for Court; and tells her he's gone ſome two Months Progreſs another Way, upon a Change of Purpoſe. She, who knew what Confeſſions ſhe had made to him, declares herſelf by Starts, under the greateſt Agonies; and immediately, upon the Servant leaving her, expreſſes an equal Impatience and Fear for the Contents of this unexpected Letter.

To Hearts like mine Suſpence is Miſery.
Wax! render up thy Truſt.——Be the Contents
Proſp'rous, or fatal, they are all my Due.

Now Mr. *Pope* ſhews us his profound Judgment

in

in *Dramatical* Paſſions, thinks a Lady in her Circumſtances cannot, without Abſurdity, open a Letter that comes to her on Surprize, with any more Preparation than the moſt *unconcern*'d Perſon alive ſhould a common Letter by the *Penny-Poſt*. I'll beg Leave to put him in mind of two Paſſages in *Shakeſpear*, in both which the Poet has, upon opening Letters, prefac'd the Action with the like Addreſs to the Wax. The firſt is in King *Lear*, where *Edgar* having, in Defence of his Father, kill'd *Goneril*'s Steward, ſearches his Pockets for Papers, and finding a Letter, breaks it open, with this Introduction.

Leave, gentle Wax; and Manners blame us not;
To know our Enemies Minds, we rip their Hearts;
Their Papers are more lawful,

The other is in *Cymbeline*. The Princeſs *Imogen*, whoſe Huſband is baniſhed, has a Letter from him brought to her by her Servant *Piſanio*. The poor Lady, whoſe Love makes her afraid that her abſent Lord may either not be in Health, or diſcontented at his Exile, prays, neither of theſe may be the Caſe, and breaks up the Letter with ſomewhat more Solemnity.

——————Good Wax, thy Leave.
Bleſt be you Bees, that make theſe Locks of Counſel! *&c.*

I am aware Mr. *Pope* may reply, his Cavil was not againſt the *Action* itſelf of addreſſing to the Wax, but to the *exalting* that Action in the *Terms*. In this Point I may fairly ſhelter myſelf under the Judgment of a Man, whoſe Character in Poetry will vie with any Rival this Age ſhall produce. Mr. DRYDEN, in his Eſſay on *Dramatick Poeſy*, tells us, "That "when,

" when, from the moſt elevated Thoughts of Verſe, " we paſs to thoſe which are moſt mean, and which " are common with the loweſt of Houſhold Con- " verſation; yet ſtill there is a Choice to be made " of the beſt Words, and the leaſt Vulgar, (pro- " vided they be apt) to expreſs ſuch Thoughts. Our " Language *(ſays he)* is noble, full, and ſignificant; " and I know not why he, who is Maſter of it, " may not cloath ordinary Things in it, as decently " as the *Latin*, if he uſe the ſame Diligence in his " Choice of Words."

I come now in the laſt Quotation, which, in our *Examiner*'s handling, falls under this Predicament, of being *a Thought aſtoniſhingly out of the Way of common Senſe.*

Nought but *himſelf* can be his *Parallel.*

This he hints, may ſeem borrowed from the Thought of that Maſter of a *Show* in *Smithfield*, who writ in large Letters over the Picture of his Elephant, *This is the* greateſt *Elephant in the World except* himſelf. I like the Pleaſantry of the Gentleman's *Banter*, but have no great Doubt of getting clear from the Severity of it. The Lines in the Play ſtand thus;

Is there a Treachery like this in Baſeneſs,
Recorded any where? It is the deepeſt:
None but *itſelf* can be its *Parallel.*

I am not a little ſurprized to find, that our *Examiner* at laſt is dwindled into a *Word-catcher.* Literally ſpeaking, indeed, I agree with Mr. *Pope*, that *nothing* can be the *Parallel* to *itſelf*; but allowing a little for the Liberty of Expreſſion, does it not plainly imply, that it is a Treachery which ſtands ſingle for the Nature of its Baſeneſs, and has not its Parallel

lel on Record; and that nothing but a Treachery equa to it in Baseneſs, can parallel it? If this were ſuch *Nonſenſe*, as Mr. *Pope* would willingly have it, it would be a very bad Plea for me to alledge, as the Truth is, that the Line is in *Shakeſpear*'s old Copy; for I might have ſuppreſs'd it. But, I hope, it is defenſible; at leaſt, if Examples may keep it in Countenance. I remember a Piece of Nonſenſe juſt of the ſame Stamp, in the *Amphytrio* of *Plautus*: *Soſia*, having ſurvey'd *Mercury* from Top to Toe, finds him ſuch an exact Reſemblance of himſelf, in Dreſs, Shape, and Features, that he cries out,

———*Tam conſimil' eſt, atq*; Ego.

That is, *He is as like me, as I am to* myſelf: For the *Syntax* muſt be help'd out thus: ——*atq*; Ego *ſum* mihi. Now I humbly conceive, in Strictneſs of Expreſſion, a Man can no more be *like himſelf*, than a Thing be *its own Parallel*. But to confine myſelf to *Shakeſpear*: I doubt not but I can produce ſome ſimiliar Paſſages from him, which, literally examin'd, are ſtark Nonſenſe; and yet, taken with a candid Latitude, have never appear'd ridiculous. Mr. *Pope* would ſcarce allow one Man to ſay to another, "Compare or weigh your Miſtreſs with your Miſtreſs, and, I grant you, ſhe's a very fair Woman: But compare her with ſome other Women that I could name, and the Caſe will be altered." Yet the very Subſtance of this is ſaid by *Shakeſpear* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*; and Mr. *Pope* has not degraded it as any Abſurdity, or unworthy of the Author.

Pho! Pho! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Herſelf poiz'd with *herſelf* in either Eye:
But, &c.

Or what ſhall we ſay of the three following Quotations

tions? And, I am ſure I could match them with Threeſcore of the ſame Stamp.

Romeo and *Juliet*. ——Oh! ſo *light* a Foot
Will ne'er wear out the *everlaſting* Flint.

Winter's Tale. ——For *Cogitation*
Reſides not in the Man, that does not *think*.

Hamlet. —Try what *Repentance* can, What can it not?
Yet what can *it*, when one *cannot repent*?

Who does not ſee at once, that the *heavieſt* Foot that ever trod, could not wear out the *everlaſting* Flint? Or, that he, that does *not think*, has no *Thought* in him? Or, that *Repentance* can avail nothing, when a Man has *no Repentance*? Yet let theſe Paſſages appear with the *caſting Weight* of Allowance, the *Licentia ſumptus pudenter*, as *Horace* calls it; and their Abſurdity will not be ſo extravagant, as when examined by the literal *Touchſtone*. But it is high Time to conclude.

If Mr. *Pope* is angry with me for attempting to reſtore *Shakeſpear*, I hope the Publick are not. Admit my Sheets have no other Merit, they will at leaſt have this: They will awaken him to ſome Degree of *Accuracy* in his next Addition of that Poet, which we are to have in a few Months: And then we ſhall ſee whether we owed the Errors of the former Edition to *Indiligence*, or his *Inexperience* in the Author. And as my *Remarks* upon the whole Works of *Shakeſpoar* ſhall cloſely attend upon the Publication of his Edition, I'll venture to promiſe without Arrogance, that I'll then give above *five hundred* more fair *Emendations*, that ſhall eſcape *him* and all his *Aſſiſtants*.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
LEW. THEOBALD.

There

There are many Emendations might be made which escap'd them both; in the famous and excellent Tragedy of *Othello* not a few, for Instance one, when *Othello* comes in to murder *Desdemona*, he thinks if he should see her, it would be impossible for him to do it, so he says to himself

Put out the Light, and then, put out *the* Light.

Thus it is printed and spoke, even by Mr. *Quin* himself, with the Accent strong upon the Word *the*, which would seemingly intimate, that he meant first to put out the Candle, and then murder her, calling her *the* Light, whereas it should be pointed thus,

Put out the Light, and then——Put out the Light!

That is, as to say, put out the Light, and then—but before he can speak the Words *kill her*, he exclaims to himself—Put out the Light! that raises Terror and Horror in him, so that he in a Manner expostulates with himself about it, and thus the Sense is clear, only by the Alteration of the Stops.

To speak our Sentiments freely, we do not believe that any Body will acquire much Fame in meddling with *Shakespear*, nor have I noted that Mr. *Pope* valued himself upon it enough to mention it once in any Letter, Poem, or other Work whatsoever, except the Preface, which he says is his; but about the Amendments, *&c.* he says nothing at all: Nay, as to his other Works, he seems to be far from thinking them safe as to their Fame; thus he speaks to the World.

" In this Office of collecting my Pieces, I am " altogether uncertain, whether to look upon my- " self as a Man building a Monument, or burying " the Dead?

" If Time shall make it the former, may these

" Poems

" Poems (as long as they laſt) remain as a Teſtimo-
" ny, that their Author never made his Talents ſub-
" ſervient to the mean and unworthy Ends of Party
" or Self-intereſt; the Gratification of publick Pre-
" judices, or private Paſſions; the Flattery of the
" Undeſerving, or the Inſult of the Unfortunate.
" If I have written well, let it be conſidered that
" 'tis what no Man can do without good Senſe, a
" Quality that not only renders one capable of be-
" ing a good Writer, but a good Man. And if I
" have made any Acquiſition in the Opinion of any
" one under the Notion of the former, let it be con-
" tinued to me under no other Title than that of the
" latter.

" But if this Publication be only a more ſolemn
" Funeral of my Remains, I deſire it may be known
" that I die in Charity, and in my Senſes; without
" any Murmurs againſt the Juſtice of this Age, or
" any mad Appeals to Poſterity. I declare I ſhall
" think the World in the right, and quietly ſubmit
" to every Truth which Time ſhall diſcover to the
" Prejudice of theſe Writings; not ſo much as
" wiſhing ſo irrational a Thing, as that every Body
" ſhould be deceiv'd, meerly for my Credit. How-
" ever, I deſire it may then be conſidered, that
" there are very few Things in this Collection which
" were not written under the Age of five and twen-
" ty; ſo that my Youth may be made (as it never
" fails to be in Executions) a Caſe of Compaſſion.
" That I was never ſo concern'd about my Works
" as to vindicate them in Print, believing if any
" Thing was good it would defend itſelf, and what
" was bad could never be defended. That I uſed
" no Artifice to raiſe or continue a Reputation, de-
" preciated no dead Author I was obliged to, brib'd
" no living one with unjuſt Praiſe, inſulted no Ad-
" verſary

Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT

Parr. Sculp.

" verſary with ill Language, or when I could not " attack a Rival's Works, encouraged Reports a- " gainſt his Morals. To conclude, if this Volume " periſh, let it ſerve as a Warning to the Criticks, " not to take too much Pains for the future to de- " ſtroy ſuch Things as will die of themſelves; and " a *Memento mori* to ſome of my vain Cotemporaries " the Poets, to teach them that when real Merit is " wanting, it avails nothing to have been encourag'd " by the Great, commended by the Eminent, and " favour'd by the Publick in general."

And now we beg Leave, it being in proper Courſe, to mention the ſeveral Epiſtles wrote by our Author, where he has treated different Subjects in an exceeding beautiful Manner; ſome of them were wrote when he was very young, one to Miſs *Blount* when he was but 17 Years of Age, and another at the Coronation, about which hereafter we ſhall take Occaſion to ſpeak.

On Mr. *Cragg*'s being advanced to be Secretary of State, he wrote him a ſhort complimental Epiſtle, where, ſpeaking of his Abilities and Virtue, he adds:

All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know Kings, and Fortune cannot make thee more.

This Gentleman was one between whom and Mr. *Pope* there was an unlimited Freedom, and a Life-enduring Friendſhip. It may be ſeen how familiar they were, by a Letter which Mr. Secretary *Cragg*'s wrote to Mr. *Pope* from *Paris*, dated *September* 2, 1716.

LAST Poſt brought me the Favour of your Letter of the 10th of *Aug. O. S.* It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a witty one; I never pretend to more Judgment than

to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very agreeable one. The Proof I can give you of my Sincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a Place where Pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the Example, and the Subjects follow at a Diſtance. The Ladies are of all Parties, by which Means the Converſation of Men is much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt Diſputes on Politicks, and rough Jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame Time, theſe Beauties are too artificial for my Taſte; you have ſeen a *French* Picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a Cruſt of Powder and Eſſence in their Hair, that you can ſee no Difference between Black and Red. By diſuſing Stays, and indulging themſelves at a Table, they are run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good Reaſon, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this Means as ready, as they are generally willing to be charitable.

I am ſurpriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much Scandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a Wit, or imagine I muſt write in this Stile to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall Encouragement you meet with. If you'll compleat your Favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords *Warwick*, *St. John*, and *Harley*. I have had my Hopes and Fears they would have abuſed me before this Time; I am ſure it is not my Buſineſs to meddle with a Neſt of Bees (I ſpeak only of the Honey.) I won't trouble myſelf to finiſh finely, a true Compliment

pliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

CRAGGS.

He died *February* the 16th, 1720, and was buried in *Westminster-Abbey*. The Epitaph upon his Monument was wrote by Mr. *Pope*.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End;
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

In the Year 1715, at which Time Mr. *Addison* intended to publish his Book of Medals, Mr. *Pope* wrote him an Epistle on that Subject, which appears printed with them; it was long before Mr. *Addison* was Secretary of State, and while a great Show of Friendship was kept up by that Gentleman for our Author. This Epistle points out the Usefulness of studying Medals, because they preserve the Memory of Things much longer than Arches, Temples, and Tombs, which vanish like the Living and the Dead, and soon in Comparison of Medals, lose their fading Inscriptions and Statues: Mr. *Pope*'s Thoughts are these.

Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust;
Huge Moles, whose Shadow stretch'd from Shore to Shore,
Their Ruins ruin'd, and their Place no more!

Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt Deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a *Coin*.
A narrow Orb each crouded Conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad *Judea* weeps,
Now ſcantier Limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,
A ſmall *Euphrates* through the Piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their Wings in Gold.

The Poetry of theſe Lines in a Manner ſpeak the Author, there is fine Painting in them; nay, Painting, the Siſter Art to Poetry, was not unknown to him, he took Delight when a Child in Drawing, and afterward having had Maſters for that Purpoſe, made a tolerable good Progreſs ſoon; but becoming intimate with Mr. *Jervas*, (at whoſe Houſe he was in Town) he improv'd ſo much, that he grew aſham'd of his firſt Works in this Art, for ſome Time of every Day that he was with Mr. *Jervas*, he employ'd in Painting, it was generally in the Morning; this will be beſt expreſs'd in his own Words to Mr. *Gay*, *Auguſt* 23, 1713.

Dear Sir,

JUST as I received your's, I was ſet down to write to you, with ſome Shame that I had ſo long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my Neglect, when it gives me the Knowledge how little you inſiſt upon Ceremony, and how much a greater Share in your Memory I have than I deſerve. I have been near a Week in *London*, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. *Jervas*'s Help, *Elegans formarum Spectator*. I begin to diſcover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Noſe or Ear, the ſmalleſt Degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in

a

a Dimple, have Charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plausible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear, and pretty Elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it;) but I am in some Danger, even from the Ugly and Disagreeable, since they may have their retired Beauties in one Part or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a State I am, when every Day the Performances of others apppear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. *Swift*'s each of which was once my Vanity; two Lady *Bridgewaters*, a Dutchess of *Montagu*, half a Dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified *Christ* over-again in Effigy, and made a *Modena* as old as her Mother St. *Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd St. *Luke* himself in Painting; and, as it is said an Angel came and finished his Piece, so you would swear a Devil put the last Hand to mine, it is so begrim'd and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian Reflection, that I have not broken the Commandment; for my Pictures are not the Likeness of any thing in Heaven above, or in the Earth below, or in the Waters under the Earth. Neither will any Body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should have a Sight of them, who they tell us worship certain Pagods, or Idols, purely for their Uglineſs.

I am, &c.

With this ingenious Artist there remained an uninterrupted Friendship till Death, and while our Author was translating *Homer*, though Mr. *Jervas* was then in *Ireland*, he was in his House in *London*, improving himself in Painting, when at Rest from the laborious Task of changing *Greek* Phrases into *English* ones; for, as he himself says on this very Occasion,

A Tranſlator is no more a Poet than a Taylor is a Man. Mr. *Jervas* was entertain'd mean Time in the Houſe of Dr. *Swift*, and this Opportunity of many Friends being abſent, Mr. *Pope* took to go to *Oxford*, where finding Dr. *Clark*, there grew immediately between them a Deſire of each others Company. Dr. *Clark* was a great Scholar, a Man of great Penetration, much Speculation, a Philoſopher, and a Lover of free Debate and Enquiry, having a Propenſity to Argument, and never declining (in an amicable cool Manner) to enter into Controverſy, he propos'd to himſelf vaſt Pleaſure in diſcourſing with Mr. *Pope* concerning the Proofs of his Religion, and why he aſſented to the unreaſonable Injunctions and Traditions of the *Romiſh* Church, in Oppoſition to the Scriptures, to his own Intereſt, and the more valuable Deciſion of Reaſon; But in this Dr. *Clark* was altogether miſtaken, for once when he hinted, tho' but at Diſtance, expreſſing ſuch a Deſire, Mr. *Pope* underſtood it and told him; ſaid he, my *Reverend Friend, Dr. Clark, it is but a little while I can enjoy your improving Company, here in Oxford, which we will not ſo miſpend, as it would be doing, ſhould we let it paſs in talking of Divinity, neither would there be Time for either of us half to explain ourſelves, and at laſt you would be Proteſtant Clark and I Popiſh Pope*; ſo that other Diſcourſes, doubtleſs both more pleaſant and profitable, fill'd up their Hours of Converſation, which were very frequent, of theſe laſt mentioned Paſſages Mr. *Pope* writes to Mr. *Jervas* at *Ireland*, *November* 29, 1716.

Dear Sir,

THAT you have not heard from me of late, aſcribe not to the uſual Lazineſs of your Correſpondent, but to a Ramble to *Oxford*, where your Name

Name is mentioned with Honour, even in a Land flowing with Tories. I had the good Fortune there to be often in the Converſation of Dr. *Clark*: He entertain'd me with ſeveral Drawings, and particularly with the original Deſign of *Inigo Jones's Whitehall*. I there ſaw and reverenc'd ſome of your firſt Pieces; which future Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom* of *Homer*.

Having named this latter Piece, give me Leave to aſk what is become of Dr. *Parnelle* and his Frogs? *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis*, might be *Horace*'s Wiſh, but will never be mine while I have ſuch *meorums* as Dr. *Parnelle* and Dr. *Swift*. I hope the Spring will reſtore you to us, and with you all the Beauties and Colours of Nature. Not but I congratulate you on the Pleaſure you muſt take in being admir'd in your own Country, which ſo ſeldom happens to Prophets and Poets: But in this you have the Advantage of Poets; you are Maſter of an Art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as People love or are proud of themſelves, or their own Perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old *Ogygia*. If you have begun to be hiſtorical, I recommend to your Hand the Story which every pious *Iriſhman* ought to begin with, that of St. *Patrick*; to the End you may be oblig'd (as Dr. *Parnelle* was, when he tranſlated the *Batrachomniachia*) to come into *England* to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other Vermine as were never ſeen in that Land ſince the Time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do ſomething for the Publick; and be not confined, like the Reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly Stories as our own Faces tell of

us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them Right; thoſe Statues from which you learn'd your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a Piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all Nations, in the Account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that Deſign.

As to your Enquiry about your Houſe, when I come within the Walls they put me in mind of thoſe of *Carthage*, where your Friend, like the wandring *Trojan*,

——*animum Pictura paſcit inani*;

For the ſpacious Manſion, like a *Turkiſh* Caravanſerah, entertains the Vagabonds with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours, and let out your Pictures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your Houſe! *Frank* indeed does all he can in ſuch a Circumſtance; for conſidering he has a wild Beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the Door chain'd: Every Time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the ruſty Hinges roar. The Houſe ſeems ſo ſenſible that you are its Support, that it is ready to drop in your Abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under its Roof, as depending that Providence will preſerve ſo many *Raphaels*, *Titians*, and *Guidos* as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be ſo heavy, as to bring an old Houſe over the Heads of ſo many Painters. In a Word your Houſe is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger, and

Dear Sir, &c.

To this Friend Mr. *Pope* ſent an Epiſtle in Verſe, with Mr. *Dryden's* Tranſlation of *Freſnoy's* Art of Painting. This Epiſtle is wrote in a Stile truly friendly,

friendly, yet truly poetical: He closes it with the following beautiful moral Reflection:

Yet should the *Graces* all thy Figures place,
And breathe an Air divine on ev'ry Face;
Yet should the *Muses* bid my Numbers roll,
Strong as their Charms, and gentle as their Soul;
With *Zeuxis*, *Helen* thy *Bridgwater* vie,
And these be sung till *Granville*'s *Myra* die:
Alas! how little from the Grave we claim?
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

Which was more pleasing to Mr. *Jervas* than all the Rest of the Poem, and without Doubt our Poet on Purpose inserted it, knowing him to be a thinking Man, and one who spent many Hours in Reading, chiefly Books of Moral Philosophy, to which Study he inclin'd, and few were better able to express in Words as well as in Colours, the Difference of the Passions; so that he would have gain'd the Reputation (though not so much Money) as a History Painter. Whoever observes any of his Pourtraits, will see a certain Expression, with a Livelines in the Cast of the Face, or Countenance, that convinces in a Manner, without seeing the Originals, that they are Resemblances of real Life, not the meer Picture of the Painter's Hand, but of the Idea the Object fix'd upon his Mind.

He once drew the Picture of a Lady of Quality, who return'd it on his Hands, as not thinking it so handsome as she herself was, and he painted another Pourtrait for her, with which she was exceedingly pleas'd, for it was very beautiful; Mr. *Jervas* confess'd, that except the Colour of the Hair, and a few Reiterations, (that there might be, though ever so distant, some Resemblance) he had taken it from one

one of his own Pictures of the Dutcheſs of *Bridgewater*, one of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters, and eſteem'd at that Time a finiſh'd Beauty. A little while after, the firſt mentioned Lady dying, her Husband being deſirous to have a true Likeneſs, purchas'd that firſt painted by by Mr. *Jervas*, and gave him ten Guineas more than the Counteſs was to have given him for it.

We have not forgot Mr. *Pope*'s Epiſtles, it would be loſing Sight of ſome of the choiceſt Poems in our Language: They are, that is I mean the *Ethic* ones, to bad Men; almoſt the ſame as the *Dunciad* to bad Poets, and as there, ſo in theſe Epiſtles, he does not entirely ſpare the Ladies; it had been Pity to neglect doing Good to that lovely and deſireable Part of the Creation, beſides, that they might have triumph'd too much over the Men, and, finding themſelves free from Judgment and Penalties, might have indulg'd their Humour, Vanity, or Caprice, without Fear, or Bluſhing; but this, we think, is now happily prevented.

Of theſe *Ethic* Epiſtles, to take them in Order, let us begin with that to Sir *Richard Temple*, Lord *Cobham*, of the Knowledge and Characters of Men, which begins thus:

Yes, you deſpiſe the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human Kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.
The coxcomb Bird ſo talkative and grave,
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave.
Tho' many a Paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

ſeems

And though all may not agree to what he ſays (for he ſeems to think it impoſſible to know Men without knowing Books) concerning the Knowledge of Men, yet his Characters (for there lies our Author's Beauty) all muſt applaud, as well as his Sentiment, that we differ at Times as much from ourſelves, as we do from one another, and oftentimes tir'd in Purſuit of one Thing, we yield to another, which at firſt we thought not of, and ſo Actions done meerly by Accident, ſeem to the unthinking Part of the World, our moral Purpoſe.

Behold! if Fortune, or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in Buſ'neſs, others ſhave their Crowns:
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive Weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt Complexion has impell'd
* *Charles* to the Convent, † *Philip* to the Field.

Not therefore humble he who ſeeks Retreat,
Pride guides his Steps and bids him ſhun the Great.
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
He dreads a Death-Bed like the meaneſt Slave.
Who reaſons wiſely, is not therefore wiſe;
His Pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

There is nothing more difficult than to know the real Character of a Man, further than the preſent Action, and that muſt be done in our Sight, we muſt ſee

* *Charles* V. † *Philip* II.

ſee the Manner and the Motive; for what we hear is generally ſpoke according to the Rank that Men fill in the World, as *Shakeſpear* ſays, That what in the *General* is but a *haſty Word*, is in the *Soldier's* Mouth *flat Blaſphemy*, ſo as it takes from the Blackneſs and Infamy of any Perſon to be great, it adds conſiderably to the Luſtre of thoſe who are great, with any Degree of Goodneſs or Deſert.

——A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will:
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but if a King, [Thing
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry

That we may not ſeem to draw a Picture without Fault, we beg Leave here to cenſure that Opinion of Mr. *Pope*'s which here aſſerts, that all Mankind bring into the World, or receive at the Moment of their Birth, (this, indeed, he ſoftens with perhaps) a Diſeaſe of their Mind, which he calls the ruling Paſſion, and always ſeems very fond of diſcourſing of it; he ſays, all that ſhould feed either Body or Soul flies to it, whether it be what warms the Heart or fills the Head, to which Imagination likewiſe lends all her Helps, and the more Wit, Faculties, or Spirit, the Man has, it only makes this Paſſion ſtronger, even Reaſon itſelf, he ſays helps it; now this being quite contrary to our Sentiments of Philoſophy, we ſhall leave Mr. *W*———*n* to defend it, with his uſual Perſpicuity, and Soundneſs of Thinking, not doubting but at laſt, the World will be convinc'd of that Gentleman's Force of Argument, and that Commentations will be wrote on his Commentations. Mr. *Pope* endeavours to give ſome Examples of this ruling Paſſion, which only ſerve to prove, that many die

die in the same Habit of Mind they have liv'd; that Description of the dying Miser making his Will, is very humorous:

" I give and devise (old *Euclio* said,
And sigh'd) " my Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."
Your Money, Sir? " My Money, Sir! what all?
" Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it *Paul*."
The Mannor, Sir?—" The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that—— I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

From this Notion of the ruling Passion, he takes Occasion to make a fine prophetical Compliment (very possibly true) to the Noble, Brave, and Patriot Lord, to whom the Epistle was address'd:

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest Breath,
Shall feel your *ruling Passion* strong in Death:
Such in those Moments, as in all the past,
" Oh save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

The Friendship of this Nobleman increas'd with Mr. *Pope*, after a certain Change in the Army, about ten or eleven Years ago, and continued without Interruption, notwithstanding a fresh Alteration, so that we must still insist upon it, that our Author never lost any Friends, by their being more or less in Favour at Court, neither did he ever seem fond of any Foreigners, let them be of what Religion they might, as of his own Countrymen, always a Discourager of *Italian* Operas, always a Promoter of *English* Sense, and so particular in Regard to the Manufactures of *England*, that when he us'd Things of foreign Factory or Growth, he would often say—*Pardon me my Country, I offend but seldom.*

This Epistle of the Characters of Men, which we think

think the worſt of the *Ethicks*, and liable to ſome Exception, eſcap'd the Verſificating Ninnyhammers ſpoke of in the *Dunciad*.

Being naturally now led to the Epiſtle of the Characters of Women, which is a Corollary to the other Epiſtle; we beg Pardon of our Readers, being reſolv'd to make no Quotations from it that may offend the Fair, to whom we bear a more tender Regard, than to repeat, what is enough that it has been once ſaid. Mr *Pope*, as we imagine, took the Liberty to addreſs it to Mrs. *Blount*, though ſome few Lines in it may ſeem to the contrary: She is a Lady to whom Mr. *Pope* has had an uncommon Reſpect and Regard for many Years; he had a very early Acquaintance with her, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed her from the Croud, by a Letter he wrote in Verſe, which he ſent to her with the Works of *Voiture*, in which he compares her to Madamoiſelle *Paulet*, the firſt Favourite of that *French* Wit, and imagines him plac'd in the *Elyſian* Fields, while he beholds her peruſing his Lines, at the ſame Time confeſſing her fairer than the *Rambouillet*. Soon after the Coronation, this young Lady was oblig'd to leave the Town, and in that Time of Abſence, Mr. *Pope* firſt felt how uneaſy it was, to live without the Sight and Company of the Perſon that takes up moſt of our Thoughts, nor that he imagin'd their Friendſhip would ever be carried to ſuch Heights as it afterwards was; a young Lady in the very Bloom of her Youth, Miſtreſs of ſuch agreeable Qualifications, both acquir'd and natural, it might have been thought would have been too vain and fickle to remain long in one Mind, as to Profeſſions of Friendſhip, of how little Value are they in common among Men? Few Women are capable, that is, have Conſtancy enough, to abide long by any Reſolution, as yet none was made, it was only the

the Hope and Wish of our Author, that he might be fix'd in the same Degree of Esteem with that Lady, as she was with him, though as yet she knew of no particular Regard he had for her; she imagin'd his Civility arose from his Youth, Complaisance to her Sex, and Respect to her Family, all which were us'd as Pleas for more frequent Opportunities of conversing with her; but this was now put an End to for the present, if she went a little unwillingly from the Town it is no Wonder, for she was a great Admirer of Musick, and the publick Diversions, (as most at the Age she was then at do) and the Place she went to was as retir'd and little visited, or less than a Nunnery, with no Company in the scatter'd Neighbourhood, that could give the least Relief to the Solitude: On the contrary, Mr. *Pope*, who could with great Delight have enjoy'd that very Solitude, (without enquiring who was his Neighbours) was by reason of transacting some Affairs, under an Obligation of being in Town: He conceal'd his real Concern for this Separation, and wrote Miss *Blount* a Letter, being the second he had wrote to her in Verse, wherein he confesses, (without seeming to do it formally) that she is seldom or ever out of his Thoughts: It has a great deal of Livelinesss and Spirit in it, and is very fine Poetry, though he has taken the Liberty (a poetical Liberty perhaps rather too great in a Poem of this Kind) of making Use of double Rhymes in more Places than one; to be sure it gives a greater Air of Freedom, but then it takes from the Exactness, the Neatness he should have appear'd in before that Lady. However, gentle Reader, judge thou.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her Mother's Care
Drags from the Town to wholsom Country Air,
Just

Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting Eye,
And hear a Spark, yet think no Danger nigh;
From the dear Man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one Kiſs before ſhe parts for ever.
Thus from the World fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with Sighs withdrew;
Not that their Pleaſures caus'd her Diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.

She went to Plain-work and to purling Brooks,
Old faſhion'd Halls, dull Aunts, and croaking Rooks,
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To Morning Walks, and Pray'rs three Hours a Day;
To part her Time 'twixt Reading and Bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary Tea,
Or o'er cold Coffee trifle with the Spoon,
Count the ſlow Clock, and dine exact at Noon;
Divert her Eyes with Pictures in the Fire,
Hum half a Tune, tell Stories to the Squire;
Up to her godly Garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the Way to Heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take Delight to rack;
Whoſe Game is Whiſk, whoſe Treat a Toaſt in Sack,
Who viſits with a Gun, preſents you Birds,
Then gives a ſmacking Buſs, and cries—No Words!
Or with his Hound comes hallowing from the Stable,
Makes Love with Nods, and kneels beneath a Table;
Whoſe Laughs are hearty, tho' his Jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all Things—but his Horſe.

In ſome fair Evening, on your Elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural Shade,
In penſive Thought recall the fancy'd Scene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry Green,
Before you paſs th' imaginary Sights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights;
While the ſpread Fan o'erſhades your cloſing Eyes;
Then give one Flirt, and all the Viſion flies:

Thus

Thus vaniſh Sceptres, Coronets, and Balls,
And leave you in lone Woods or empty Walls.
So when your Slave, at ſome dear, idle Time,
(Not plagu'd with Headachs, or the Want of Rhime)
Stands in the Streets, abſtracted from the Crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you:
Juſt when his Fancy points your ſprightly Eyes,
Or ſees the Bluſh of *Partheniſſa* riſe,
Gay pats my Shoulder, and you vaniſh quite;
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, ruſh upon my Sight;
Vext to be ſtill in Town, I knit my Brow,
Look ſow'r, and hum a Song—as you may now.

Her Return to *London* was very great Matter of Conſolation to Mr. *Pope*, he now began publickly to avow a laſting Love and Friendſhip for her, and writing to his very dear and valuable * Correſpondent, *October* 21, 1721, he ſays,

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. *Blount* know that ſhe is in the Liſt of my *Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's*, &c.

And in a Letter to her, wrote by the Way as he went to *Oxford*, fairly proteſts, that he loves no Woman but her and prefers her, in a genteel Compariſon, to a Dutcheſs.

YOU can't be ſurpriz'd to find him a dull Correſpondent whom you have known ſo long for a dull Companion. And tho' I am pretty ſenſible, that if I have any Wit, I may as well write to ſhow it; as not; (becauſe any Lady that has once ſeen me, will naturally aſk, what I can ſhow that is better?) yet I'll content myſelf with giving you as plain a Hiſtory of my Pilgrimage, as *Purchas* himſelf, or

* Mr. *Blount*.

as *John Bunyan* could do of his *walking through the Wildeneſs of the World.*

Firſt then I went by Water to *Hampton-Court*, unattended by all but my own Virtues; which were not of ſo modeſt a Nature as to keep themſelves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his Ladies on Horſeback, coming from Hunting. Mrs. *Bellenden* and Mrs. *Lepell* took me into Protection (contrary to the Laws againſt harbouring Papiſts) and gave me a Dinner, with ſomething I lik'd better, an Opportunity of Converſation with Mrs. *Howe*. We all agreed, that the Life of a Maid of Honour, was of all Things the moſt miſerable; and wiſh'd that every Woman who envy'd it had a Specimen of it. To eat *Weſtphalia*-Ham in a Morning, ride over Hedges and Ditches on borrow'd Hacks, come home in the Heat of the Day with a Fever, and, (what is worſe a hundred Times) with a red Mark in the Forehead from an uneaſy Hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent Wives for Fox-Hunters, and bear Abundace of ruddy complexion'd Children. As ſoon as they can wipe off the Sweat of the Day, they muſt ſimper an Hour and catch cold, in the Princeſs's Apartment; from thence (as *Shakeſpear* has it) *To Dinner, with what Appetite they may*—— and after that, 'till Midnight, walk, work, or think, which they pleaſe? I can eaſily believe no Lone-Houſe in *Wales*, with a Mountain and Rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a Proof of it I need only tell you Mrs. *Lepell* walk'd alone with me three or four Hours by Moonlight, and we met no Creature of any Quality but the King, who gave Audience to the Vice Chamberlain, all alone, under the Garden Wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no Ball, Aſſembly, Baſſet-Table, or any Place where two or three were gathered

gathered together, except Madam *Kilmansegg's*, to which I had the Honour to be invited, and the Grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to *Bushey* Park: There we had an excellent Discourse of Quackery; Dr. *Shadwell* was mention'd with Honour. Lady *A.* walk'd a whole Hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the Time I stay'd, tho' she seem'd to be fainting, and had convulsive Motions several Times in her Head.

This Day I receiv'd a Letter with certain Advices where Women were to be met with at *Oxford*. I defy them and all their Works: I love no Meat but Ortolans, and no Women but you: Tho' indeed that's no proper Comparison, but for fat Dutchesses; for to love you, is as if one should wish to eat Angels, or to drink Cherubim Broth.

I arriv'd in the Forest by *Tuesday* Noon; and pass'd the rest of the Day in those Woods where I have so often enjoy'd a Book and a Friend. I made a Hymn as I pass'd thro', which ended with a Sigh that I will not tell you the Meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the Way of all his Patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an Estate miserably unweildy, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir *Samuel Garth* says, that for *Radcliffe* to leave a Library, was as if an Eunuch should found a Seraglio. Dr. *Shadwell* lately told a Lady he wonder'd how she could be alive after him; she made Answer she wonder'd at it for two Reasons, because Dr. *Radcliffe* was dead and because Dr. *Shadwell* was living.

I am, Dear Madam,
Your, &c.

Further, as an Assurance that his Passion (for now it admits of that Name) was not meerly fix'd on her

as a fine Woman, ſpeaking of her Perſon, he takes Care to let her know, at the Concluſion of another of his Letters, that his Thoughts are turn'd quite another Way. There he ſays:

'The Days of Beauty are as the Days of Greatneſs, and as long as your Eyes make their Sunſhine, all the World are your Adorers: I am one of thoſe unambitious People, who will love you forty Years hence, when your Eyes begin to twinkle in a Retirement, for your own Sake, and without the Vanity which every one now will take to be thought,

Dear Madam,

Your moſt devoted, &c.

While he was at *Oxford*, where he was us'd with the utmoſt Civility, and courted from one College to another, he kept conſtantly writing to Mrs. *Blount*, and ſhe beginning to be ſenſible of the Sincerity of his Profeſſions, and to find a Pleaſure in little other Company but his, occaſion'd, when they were ſeparated, a great Intercourſe of Letters, in which, we make no doubt, there were fine Deſcriptions of the Characters of the People then moſt talk'd of; but as thoſe Letters wrote to her, and hers to him, were all in her Hands, except a few that have eſcap'd long ſince by Chance, we cannot promiſe whether ever they will be produc'd to the Publick, or whether it is poſſible, for many of them, if not all, are deſtroy'd; however, thoſe few we have ſerve, and are greatly uſeful in many Reſpects, and in particular in clearing up that Part of Mr. *Pope*'s Will, which relates to Mrs *Blount*; for it might have ſurpriz'd ſome People, to have ſeen the Bulk of his Fortune, and all his valuable Moveables (except a few Books, and tokens of Friendſhip) left to that Lady, had they not

not before knowing of the long Esteem, and loving Friendship subsisting between them.

Before he left *Oxford*, he prepar'd her for his coming to Town, by a Letter which speaks of his Arrival there, and the Reception he met with, take it in his own Words:

NOTHING could have more of that Melancholy which once us'd to please me, than my last Day's Journey; for after having pass'd thro' my favourite Woods in the Forest, with a thousand Reveries of past Pleasures, I rid over hanging Hills, whose Tops were edg'd with Groves, and whose Feet water'd with winding Rivers, listening to the Falls of Cataracts below, and the murmuring of the Winds above: The gloomy Verdure of *Stonor* succeeded to these; and then the Shades of the Evening oxertook me. The Moon rose in the clearest Sky I ever saw, by whose solemn Light I paced on slowly, without Company, or any Interruption, to the Range of my Thoughts. About a Mile before I reach'd *Oxford*, all the Bells toll'd in different Notes; the Clocks of every College answer'd one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer Tone) that it was eleven at Night. All this was no ill Preparation to the Life I have led since, among those old Walls, memorable Galleries, Stone Portico's, studious Walks, and solitary Scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black Gown and a Salary, to be as meer a Book-Worm as any there. I conform'd myself to College Hours, was roll'd up in Books, lay in one of the most antient dusky Parts of the University, and was as dead to the World as any Hermit of the Desart. If any Thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little Vanity, such as even those good Men us'd to entertain, when the Monks *of their own*

Order extoll'd their Piety and Abſtraction. For I found myſelf receiv'd with a Sort of Reſpect, which the idle Part of Mankind, the Learned, pay to their own Species, who are as conſiderable here, as the Buſy, the Gay, and the Ambitious are in your World.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a Manner, that I could not but ſometimes aſk myſelf in my Mind, what College I was Founder of, or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the World again, to leave the only Place where I make a Figure, and from ſeeing myſelf ſeated with Dignity in the moſt conſpicuous Shelves of a Library, put myſelf into the abject Poſture of lying at a Lady's Feet in *St. James's Square.*

I am,
Dear Madam, &c.

A Thouſand Women, notwithſtanding the Ungenteelneſs and Homelineſs, nay, almoſt Uglineſs of Mr. *Pope*'s Perſon, would have thought themſelves happy, in having ſo much of his Company and Converſation; but very few, if any, could have been capable of being ſo agreeable to him, as this Lady: She was of an inquiſitive Temper, both as to Learning and Politicks; ſhe had ſomething of a Pleaſure in thinking of publick Buſineſs, having been preſent at much political Diſcourſe, with Company our Author us'd to keep, which could not be avoided, tho' Politicks was far from being his darling Topick: She was particularly concern'd at the Fall of the late Earl of *Oxford*, for whom ſhe had the greateſt Reſpect and Veneration imaginable, and ſuffer'd very much with him, when he had the great Weight of Affliction to bear, both from princely Power and popular Hatred, nothing comforted her but the dauntleſs

Conduct

Conduct he ſhew'd under it, tho' he then labour'd with the racking Pains of the Stone, one of which, a very conſiderable one, he at that Time voided.

Mrs. *Blount* had always a very gallant Spirit, ſhe would often wiſh to ſee ſuch Sights as Armies, Encampments, and Standards waving over her Brother's Grounds and Fields, and would talk of Battles and Bloodſhed as familiar as if ſhe was no Ways afraid of them, which ſome other Ladies us'd to call Barbarity, and wonder how ſhe could talk, or even think of ſuch cruel Things without Tears, and aking Heart; *oh* (ſhe'd make Anſwer) *it would be a glorious Sight; ſo many fine Officers, fine Gentlemen, fine Soldiers, fine Colours, fine Horſes, 'twould be prodigious Pleaſure to ſee.*

Our Author, in the Beginning of the Reign of the late King, knowing her Diſpoſition, gives her Notice to the Country where ſhe was, of a Sight going to be, that muſt certainly pleaſe her. His Letter runs thus:

THOSE Eyes that care not how much Miſchief is done, or how great Slaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine Show; thoſe very female Eyes will be infinitely delighted with the Camp which is ſpeedily to be form'd in *Hyde-Park*. The Tents are carried thither this Morning, new Regiments, with new Cloaths and Furniture (far exeeeding the late Cloth and Linnen deſign'd by his *Grace* for the Soldiery.) The Sight of ſo many gallant Fellows, with all the Pomp and Glare of War yet undeform'd by Battle, thoſe Scenes which *England* has for many Years only beheld on Stages, may poſſibly invite your Curioſity to this Place.

Mrs.—— expects the Pretender at her Lodgings by *Saturday* ſe'nnight. She has bought a Picture of

Madam *Maintenon* to ſet her Features by, againſt that Time. Three Prieſts of your Acquaintance are very poſitive, by her Intereſt, to be his Father Confeſſor.

By our laſt Accounts from *Duke Street, Weſtminſter*, the Converſion of *T. G.* Eſq; is reported in a Manner ſomewhat more particular: That upon the Seizure of his *Flanders Mares*, he ſeem'd more than ordinarily diſturb'd for ſome Hours, ſent for his Ghoſtly Father, and reſolv'd to bear his Loſs like a Chriſtian; till about the Hours of ſeven or eight the Coaches and Horſes of ſeveral of the Nobility paſſing by his Window towards *Hyde Park*, he could no longer endure the Diſappointment, but inſtantly went out, took the Oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear Horſes which carried him in Triumph to the *Ring*. The poor diſtreſs'd *Roman Catholicks*, now unhorſs'd and uncharioted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, *Some in Chariots and ſome on Horſes, but we will invocate the Name of the Lord.*

I am,

Dear Madam, &c.

You will underſtand by the latter Part of this Letter, that ſhe is a Papiſt, which ſtill made her more valuable in the Eyes of Mr. *Pope*; her whole Family was eſteem'd by him, and that Eſteem was reciprocal, he intereſted himſelf now more and more with it, and little was done without firſt adviſing with him, yet it (i. e. her Family) was unhappily mention'd in the imprudent Affair at *Preſton*, tho' Mr. *Pope* had counſell'd ſo as to avoid it, and at leaſt thought it moſt proper to wait a while; what was done is no Secret to the World, the Rebels were defeated, the Party among themſelves diſunited, there wanted Money and Diſcretion, and every Thing, but Zeal in a few Deſperadoes, who

who draw'd in the Reſt with falſe Counſels, falſe Aſſurances, falſe Promiſes, and falſe Performances; there followed Impriſonment, Attainders, Executions of Gentry and Nobility, voluntary Baniſhments, the preſent Royal Family being more firmly eſtabliſh'd than ever.

It was certainly an Infatuation, to think that the Body of the People would be brought to dethrone a Proteſtant King, in Favour of a Papiſt, who, but two Reigns before, had invited the Prince of *Orange*, a Prince who had no hereditary Right to the Crown, to come from *Holland*, and deliver them from that Papiſt King, *James* the Second, of inglorious Memory; I ſay this very People, who had elected the Prince of *Orange*, and after the Death of Queen *Anne*, fix'd the Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hanover*, not as being Hereditary Heirs, but Proteſtants, there being at that Time ſeveral Pretenders before the Houſe of *Brunſwick*, only being as Papiſts incapable of Ruling, according to our preſent good and wholſome Laws, this Proteſtant People of *Great Britain*, &c. it was Folly to imagine, that they ſhould alter ſo madly for a total Change, loſe all Security for the publick Debt, and pay thoſe enormous ones contracted with foreign popiſh Courts, and the Pope's Court, by the Pretender.

Their imaginary Notion of finding all the Papiſts here in his Intereſt, was quite groundleſs; there were, and are, to our certain Knowledge, many Families, who never wiſh to ſee the Pretender King of theſe Imperial Realms, and that would reſiſt him with their Fortunes and Lives, and who have Freedom in themſelves all that is neceſſary to take the Oaths of Abjuration of the Pretender and faithful Allegiance to the King, without any mental Reſervation; but they cannot (it being a Contradiction) deny the Supremacy

premacy and Infallibility of the Pope: This to a Papiſt is impoſſible with Chriſtian Verity and without Perjury to do. But ſome there are among Papiſts, who wiſh there was a Teſt for the preſent King and Abjuration for the Pretender ſeparate from the other, and that would fairly diſtinguiſh, that all the Nonjurors to the Oath of Allegiance and Abjuration were thoſe in his Intereſt, and the Nonjurors to the Oath of Supremacy only were Papiſts, in the Intereſt of the preſent King *George* and his Royal Family.

After the Defeat at *Preſton* Mr. *Pope*, very much concern'd not at the Succeſs of the King's Forces and Counſels, but at the Diſtreſs of his ſo very dear Friend, writes a Letter of Comfort and Condoleance dated *March* 20, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Find that a real Concern is not only a Hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too: The more Time we give ourſelves to think over one's own, or a Friend's Unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the Grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter at ſuch a Seaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy Viſit to a Perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that Circumſtance, to pretend to entertain People with trifling inſignificant Affectations of Sorrow on the one Hand, or unſeaſonable and forced Gaieties on the other. 'Tis a Kind of Profanation of Things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a Matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments on Heroick Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no Need of being ſpirited up into Honour, or, like a weak Woman, praiſed into an Opinion of its own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and Men ſhould know, that the

the noble Power of ſuffering bravely, is as far above that of enterpriſing greatly, as an unblemiſh'd Conſcience and inflexible Reſolution are above an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a ſudden Tide of Blood. If the whole religious Buſineſs of Mankind be included in Reſignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow-Creatures, there are now ſome People, who give us an Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an infamous Inſtance of the Violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppreſs'd, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: For the greateſt Power on Earth can no ſooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating Conſolations in a Calamity of ſo much Glory; one might ſay that to be ruined thus in the Groſs, with a whole People, is but like periſhing in the general Conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks in our preſent Condition, the moſt heroick Thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's Load, and (ſuppreſs'd as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſs'd. If there are too many who cannot be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our Money, there are yet others who may be relieved by our Counſel, by our Countenance, and even by our Chearfulneſs. The Misfortunes of private Families, the Miſunderſtandings of People whom Diſtreſſes make ſuſpicious, the Coldneſſes of Relations, whom Change of Religion may diſunite, or the Neceſſities of half-ruin'd Eſtates render unkind to each other; theſe, at leaſt, may be ſoftened in ſome Degree, by a general well-

manag'd

manag'd Humanity among ourſelves, if all thoſe who have your Principles of Belief, had alſo your Senſe and Conduct. But, indeed, moſt of them have given lamentable Proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended, that they who want Senſe, are only religious thro' Weakneſs, and good-natur'd thro' Shame: Theſe are narrow minded Creatures, that never deal in Eſſentials; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſs'd conſcientious *French* Refugee at this Inſtant: What muſt my Concern then be, when I perceive ſo many Anxieties now tearing thoſe Hearts which I have deſired a Place in, and Clouds of Melancholy riſing on thoſe Faces, which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and what others are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I am grieved with the Old for ſo many additional Inconveniences and Chagrins, more than their ſmall Remain of Life ſeem deſtined to undergo; and with the Young, for ſo many of thoſe Gayeties and Pleaſures, (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this Means be deprived of. This brings into my Mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the Widow and Fatherleſs, late of ———. As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Senſe of others Misfortunes, or a more generous Reſignation, as to what might be their own; ſo I earneſtly wiſh, that whatever Part they muſt bear, may be rendered as ſupportable to them, as it is in the Power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any Thing that's good or generous. I find by a Letter of your Lady's, (which I have ſeen) that their Eaſe and Tranquillity is Part of your

your Care. I believe there's ſome Fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from Time to Time, be doing thoſe particular Things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from *Windſor Foreſt*, of which I am come to take my laſt Look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hang'd do their Fellow Priſoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few Weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. *D*—— with Tenderneſs; and from old Sir *William Trumball*, as from a venerable Prophet, foretelling, with lifted Hands, the Miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be remov'd himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learn'd ſo far as

——*Nos dulcia linquimus arva*

my next Leſſon may be

Nos patriam fugimus——

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep a Man of Honours. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſham'd of each other. I know I wiſh my Country well; and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make we wiſh otherwiſe.

Mr. *Blount*, though we can't find him buſy in any Action, and as to his mixing with People ſuſpected, it was ſaid in his Favour, he actually did it to perſuade them from ſuch treaſonable and headlong Courſes, yet he thought proper to leave *England*, and not remain any longer where a ſtrict Eye was kept over every Body. Mr. *Pope* writes to him abroad a Letter dated *Sept.* 8, 1717:

Dear Sir,

I Think your leaving *England* was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the bleſſed Conſcience of

of having acted well in it: And I hope you have receiv'd your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I conſider you in this Light, than if I compar'd you to thoſe *Greeks* and *Romans*, whoſe Conſtancy in ſuffering Pain, and whoſe Reſolution in Purſuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy Hint the other Day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the Fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this Side the Water. I beg, if your Health be reſtor'd to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it: Your Endeavours of Service, and good Advices to the poor Papiſts, put me in mind of *Noah*'s preaching forty Years to thoſe Folks that were to be drown'd at laſt. At the worſt, I heartily wiſh your Ark may find an *Ararat*, and your Wife and Family (the Hopes of the good Patriarch) land ſafely, after the Deluge, upon the Shore of *Totneſs*.

I know you will take part in rejoicing for the Victory of Prince *Eugene* over the *Turks*, in the Zeal you bear to the Chriſtian Intereſt, though your Couſin of *Oxford* (with whom I dined Yeſterday) ſays, there is no other Difference in the Chriſtians beating the *Turks*, or the *Turks* beating the Chriſtians, than whether the Emperor ſhall firſt declare War againſt *Spain*, or *Spain* declare it againſt the Emperor. I muſt add another Apopthegm of the ſame noble Earl; it was the Saying of a politick Prince, *Time and he would get the better of any two others*. To which Lord *Oxford* made this Anſwer,

Time and I 'gainſt any two,
Chance and I 'gainſt *Time* and *you*.

I am,
Dear Sir, &c.

We

We before said, that Mr. *Pope* engag'd himself very much in the Affairs of this Family, and have, as we think, given sufficient Reason for it: Had he had no real Esteem for Mr. *Blount*, his high Regard for Mrs. *Blount* had made him show himself kind to him; had he had no Value for her, the Merit, the great Merit of that Gentleman, had extorted the same Love, Friendship, and Affection, he now bore him; he lov'd many, but these * above all.

It was here he was sure of Truth and Peace, the Gentleness and Evenness of their Tempers were, as he enjoy'd the constant Benefit, one of the chief Blessings of his Life; it is not easy to express the great Satisfaction of certain Friendship, at all Times the same, not a ruffling Passion, but a solid, quiet, and settled Amity, ripen'd by Time, to fly to for Counsel, to unbosom Secrets, to complain to, to hear Counsel, Secrets, and Complaints from, and lastly, (can there be a greater Pleasure?) to rejoice with. This Happiness was enjoy'd by Mr. *Pope* till Death, for Mrs. *Blount*, (to whom very few, if any can compare) as may be seen by Mr. *Pope*'s Will, outlives him; but how little will all those fine Curiosities, those Urns, those Ornaments, and that sweet Grotto please, now what made them Things worse possessing, no longer appears among them: His Form, because it contain'd a Soul so beautiful, never displeas'd, Who is there so beautiful that would not change that fading and uncertain Accident, for a Soul so richly adorn'd? Or what external Grace could have been offer'd Mr. *Pope*, in lieu of those shining inward Graces and Harmonies, which were engrafted

* This Gentleman return'd after a Time, and died in *London*, in the Year 1726, greatly lamented by all his Acquaintance, especially our Author.

engrafted in his large Mind? If he had not been ſhackled with the Chain of miſtaken Faith, he had been (nay, as it was, he was) a Wonder, and future Ages will read him with Admiration of Applauſe, deſpairing (as I believe moſt do now deſpair) of ſeeing another Poet, to bring in Compariſon, in thoſe Ways of Writing, in which he wrote and excell'd; for he excell'd in all he attempted. The Stile of *Milton*, nor his Manner, belong'd not to our Poet, *Milton*'s Fame is built upon a laſting Foundation, without a Rival in any Reſpect; but neither could he have come near our Poet, attempting in his Manner, leſs ſtill could our Poet do in the *Hudibraſtick* Way, though he admir'd *Butler*, he did nothing to reſemble him, he hated bad Imitations, and ſeems wholly to have ow'd what is not his own, as to Numbers, to *Waller* and *Dryden*, and two better Maſters none need ſtudy; he lov'd *Cowley*, but copied nothing from him, and *Chaucer* as a Wit, but for Numbers, our Language was then hardly begun to be poliſh'd, yet the Strength of that Prince of the *Engliſh* Poets Genius, ſometimes carried him as high, and as eaſy Flights, as any of the Moderns, of which many Examples might be given: We think his Wit unequall'd by any Modern, taking them in better Language, as they appear now, What will they do when the Duſt of as much Time, as ſince *Chaucer*, ſhall obſcure them to the future Ages? So that we are no longer to ſeek for an unanſwerable Reaſon for Mrs. *Blount*'s publick and confeſs'd Admiration for our Poet; ſhe, the fartheſt in the World from a Coquet, had as little of the Prude, a Prude would never have had any Charms for Mr. *Pope*, to whom Mrs. *Howe* ſaid one Day, *You Men call us ſtrange Names, ſome of them I don't underſtand, Coquetry, indeed, I gueſs at; but Prudery, for Heaven's*

Sake

Sake make me know thorougly what that Prudery is. Mr. *Pope* wrote her an Answer in the Leaf of an Ivory Book.

WHAT is *Prudery?* 'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom,
'Tis a Fear that starts at Shadows,
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good Nature;
Lean and fretful, would seem wise,
Yet plays the Fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *L'Epell* and *You*.

On the Death of Mrs. *Blount*'s Brother, who died of the Small Pox, which though she had never had, did not deter her from being constantly with him. This must be acknowledged a Sisterly Love beyond the common Pitch, and shews such Absence of Fear and Presence of Mind, as is not to be expected in the Nature of her Sex, and must surprize every Body. On this Occasion we say Mr. *Pope* sent her the following.

Dear Madam,

HAVING no less Admiration for your Courage and good Nature, than Sympathy with your Grief, I am so highly sensible of both the one and the other, that if I were capable to render you those Commendations which were justly due to you, and that Comfort whereof you stand in Need, I must confess I should be much troubled where to begin; for what Obligations can be more equally inforcing, than to render to so eminent a Virtue the Honour it merits; and to so violent Affliction the Comfort it

requires? But I am to blame to put a Diſtance between theſe two Things, ſince Charity has ſo perfectly united them, that the fond Aſſiſtance you afforded your late Brother, ſhould now prove an extraordinary Comfort to you, ſince God will beſtow that on you out of Juſtice, which others obtain out of his Indulgence: his infinite Goodneſs being ſuch, as will not ſuffer, unrewarded, ſo exemplary an Act of Tenderneſs, as what, through a Contempt of your own Life, engaged you in the Offices of the beſt and tendereſt Siſter in the World, beyond the Limits of all Obligations; and by an admirable Conſtancy, made you aſſured amidſt a Danger that terrifies the moſt Daring.

Upon this Account am I confident that he will preſerve you from the foul Diſtemper you were above fearing, and will ſhower on you, as a Reward of your Virtue, the Bleſſings which are wiſh'd you by

Dear Madam, &c.

After her Brother's Death he tells her, that ſhe ſtill went on gaining greater Power over him. He, at her Deſire, which he calls a Command, ſent her ſome Verſes, which he ſays if ſhe ſhould think very ill ones, ſhe is the more obliged to him, in that he knowing it as well as ſhe, had not forborn to ſend them to her; and then adds; "*And, to deal freely* "*with you, a leſs Power than what you have within* "THESE FEW DAYS *gained upon me, would not* "*have been ſufficient to have prevailed with me to do* "*it.*" He aſſures her, that without her Command they had never known any Place but in his own Memory. But the faireſt and openeſt Declaration of the real Paſſion of Love that can be made is a little farther in the Letter which we now have before us, and of which we are now ſpeaking. "I perceive, Ma-

"dam,

" dam, says he, that where it was my Design to " send you a Letter of Excuse and Compliment, I " am fallen into one of Love; but I wish all the o- " ther Defects you shall find in it were as pardonable " as that. In the mean Time let me assure you, " that I have not of a long Time been so engaged, " and that there are many in the World to whom I " would not say so much, even though they held a " Dagger at my Throat."

To this Letter Mr. *Pope* receiv'd an Answer, in which the Lady let him understand, that it was no Ways disagreeable to her; and gives him Liberty, though in an indirect Manner, to style himself her Admirer. She takes Occasion to speak of *Alexander* the Great in her Letter, and says several very witty and obliging Things in such a Manner, as if she was at the same Time ignorant of it, leaving the Applications to him, who she knew was sufficiently able to make them, and this was Cause of another Letter of Compliment and Thanks from Mr. *Pope*.

Dear Madam,

THOUGH my Liberty were, as you say, greater than *Alexander*'s, it were more than recompenced by the Thanks you have been pleased to return it. Even his Ambition, insatiable as it was, would by so extraordinary a Favour have been limited. He would have valued this Honour more highly than the *Persian* Diadem; and he would not have envied *Achilles* the Praises of *Homer*, might he have had your's. In like Manner, Madam, considering the Reputation you do me, if I envy his, it is not so much that which he hath acquired, as that you have bestowed on him, and he hath received no Honours, which I do not look upon my own; unless it be that you do him, when you call him *your*

Gallant. Neither his own Vanity, nor his Flatterers have ever advanced any Thing ſo advantagious to him, and the Quality of the Son of *Jupiter Ammon* was not ſo glorious as that. But if nothing can cure me of the Jealouſy I have of it, yet, Madam, knowing you as I do, I am confident if you do him a Favour, it is not ſo much becauſe he is the greateſt of Mankind, as becauſe it is two Thouſand Years ſince he was. However it be, we may ſee, in this, the Greatneſs of his Fortune, which, not able to forſake him ſo many Years after his Death, adds to his Conqueſts a Perſon, which celebrates them more than the Wife and Daughter of *Darius*; and hath re-infuſed into him a Soul greater than that of the World he hath ſubdued.

I ſhould fear by your Example to write in too high a Style, but can a Man aim at one too high, ſpeaking of you and *Alexander?* I beſeech you, Madam, to aſſure yourſelf I have for you the ſame Paſſion you have for him; and that the Admiration of your Virtues ſhall ever engage me to be,

Dear Madam, &c.

The Merits of this Lady and Mr. *Pope*'s Gallantry had almoſt hurried us beyond the Thoughts of the Epiſtle of the Characters of Women. A certain Lady, whoſe Name for Virtue and Rectitude of Manners has been too conſpicuous not to be ſeen by every Body who has the leaſt Knowledge of her, and who in her Youth was thought one of the handſomeſt Women of Quality, took Mr. *Pope* to Taſk about the aforeſaid Epiſtle, pointing out ſeveral Places ſatirical enough, about which he excuſed himſelf with ſaying, that there were Women (though happily unknown to her Ladyſhip) of ſuch Characters, and by that Means thought to get off from a Rebuke he knew

ſhe

ſhe would give him, if ſhe could fix any Thing on him, at laſt, ſays ſhe, *Mr. Pope, you ſay here*

Men ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is at Heart a Rake.

Do you think, Sir, that I am, or ever have been a Rake in my Heart? If not, you will find, I make no Queſtion you have abus'd a great many Women more beſides me; this Accuſation is quite general, therefore I now acquit myſelf, and prove the Guilt of Falſhood upon you. To this Mr. *Pope* immediately replied, *I ſhould think very ill of myſelf, if I had in Thought abus'd your Ladyſhip, no Madam, I muſt intreat of you to obſerve, that I only ſay:*

But every WOMAN *is at Heart a Rake.*

This no Way affects your Ladyſhip, who was an Angel when you were young, and now advancing into Life, are almoſt already become a Saint. At this Door did Mr. *Pope* eſcape, for the Lady was Woman enough to be pleas'd with the Compliment, and only ſaid, *O fie, O fie, you Wits will always make Things out either a great deal worſe, or better than they are.*

Rough as this Epiſtle may ſeem to be, ſo rough that it drew, at the Inſtance of a great Lady, ſome ſevere, tho' anonymous Lines, againſt Mr. *Pope.*

Yet ſpare the Dead, and at the utmoſt dare
To mention Fame with them and aſk a Share;
They who have gain'd themſelves immortal Names
Without the mean Abuſe of gentle Dames;
High was their Satire, ſtruck at Vice alone,
And touching ſuch as thee, tho' naming none;
Parnaſſus Height they gain'd by manly Ways
And grudg'd not any, for they help'd to praiſe.

A few Lines after he is made to ſpeak:

But I muſt write or burſt, my Gall o'erflows;
I loſe my Quiet by the World's Repoſe;
My Vitals waſte if I my Pen reſtrain——
Write more Epiſtles, that's your preſent Vein,
From ARBUTHNOT, *whoſe real Worth and Skill*
Wants not the glazing of thy partial Quill,
Down to low * PETRUS, *he whoſe zealous Lines,*
Give thee ſuch Qualms, and Bigot Fits at Times;
Or lower yet, to that UNTHINKING PEER,
Who whiſpers Smut to thy conſenting Ear.

I ſay, notwithſtanding the Characters of Women are ſo keenly handled in this Epiſtle, it concludes in very ſober and gentle Terms:

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt, beſt Work, but forms a *ſofter Man*;
Picks from each Sex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your Love of Pleaſure, our Deſire of Reſt,
Blends, in Exception to all gen'ral Rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools,
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride,
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces——*You.*
Ev'n ſuch is Woman's Fame: With this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a Scorn, and Queens may die a Jeſt.
This *Phœbus* promis'd, (I forget the Year,)
When thoſe blue Eyes firſt open'd on the Sphere;
Aſcendant *Phœbus* watch'd that Hour with Care,
Averted half your Parents ſimple Pray'r,

And

* A certain Papiſt Prieſt, a regular Friar, who us'd to teize Mr. *Pope*, and tell him he was a lukewarm Catholick,

And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itſelf:
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the World ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

We deſire the Fair who ſhall ever look over this Epiſtle, to conſider, it was deſign'd only to expoſe real Vices, and Frailties through Habit, not to invent and ſtick any upon them, of which none are guilty, they may ſee, that when Ladies lead ſuch Lives as beſt become them, he diſtinguiſhes them by the Name of good Women, and certainly means no more, than that every bad Woman, meer Woman, (without the moral Attainments requiſite to elevate her ſomething higher) is at Heart a Rake, or has no Character at all, i. e. no good, or fix'd Rule, to characterize her by.

There are many Ladies not in the leaſt offended with any Thing in this Poem, and Mrs. *Blount* never thought herſelf leſſen'd by any Reflection upon any bad, or fooliſh Woman, throughout the Piece.

Whoever has been but a little acquainted with either Mr. *Pope*, or his Writings, will obſerve how many Opportunies he lays hold of to ſpeak well of many Ladies and Women of his Acquaintance, what extraordinary great Characters he gives them, both living and after Death; of this latter Sort pleaſe to take one from a Letter he wrote to Mrs. *Blount*, when he was ill and under other Affliction of Mind beſides, it is in anſwer to one of her's.

Deareſt Madam,

I Could never believe it poſſible, that the Receipt of a Letter from you, ſhould add to my Affliction,

or that you could possibly have sent me such bad News, as that you could not comfort me at the same Time.

I thought my Unhappiness at such a Point as could not admit of any Addition, and that since you were able something to strengthen my Patience, to endure the Absence of your Mother and you, there could not be any Misfortune, which you could not have encourag'd me to suffer: But give me Leave to tell you, that I have found the contrary, in the Affliction I have for the Death of Mrs. *A*****, which hath been heavy enough to crush me, and wanted not much to spend the Remainder of my Patience. You may easily judge, Dear Madam, what an excessive Grief it must needs be to me to have lost a Friend so good, so sprightly, and so accomplish'd as she, and one that having always given me so many Expressions of her Affection, would needs do something when she had not many Hours to continue here: But tho' I reflected not on my own Concernments, yet could I not but infinitely regret a Person by whom you were infinitely belov'd, and who among many particular Endowments, had that of knowing you as much as may be, and esteeming you above all Things; yet I must confess, if this Disturbance can admit of any Remission, it is to reflect on the Constancy she express'd, and the Fortitude wherewith she hath suffer'd a Thing, whereof the Name would make her tremble at any Time.

I am extremely comforted to understand, that at her Death she had those Qualities she only wanted in her Life, and that she so opportunely found Courage and Resolution: When I consider it seriously, it is somewhat against my Conscience to bemoan her, and methinks, it shows an over-interested Affection to be sad, because she has left us to better her Condition,

and

and is gone into the other World, *from whose Bourne no Traveller returns*, to find that Quiet she could never meet with in this.

I very heartily entertain the Exhortations you give me thereupon, which is, often to con over a Lesson so profitable and necessary, and to prepare myself for the like one Day; I know how to make my Advantage of your Remonstrance: The Miseries we have run through all this while, is no small Preparation for it, there's no better Lecture to instruct a Man how to die well, than not to take much Pleasure in living.

But if it be not impossible for the Hopes that Fortune proposes to prove effectual, if after so many Years, we may presume to expect some few fair Days, be pleas'd to give me Leave, Madam, to entertain Thoughts more diverting than those of Death, and if it be likely that we are shortly to see another, let me not fall out with my Life.

Where you say, *you think me destin'd to great Things*, you give so great Security of my Life, and so happy a Presage of the Adventures that shall happen to me, that I shall not be sorry for its Continuance yet a while; for my Part, if Destiny doth promise me any Thing that is good, I assure you I will do my utmost to get it; I will contribute all I can thereto, that your Prophecies may be fulfill'd. In the mean Time, I beseech you to be confident, that of all the Favours I can beg of Fortune, what I most passionately desire is, that she would do for you what she ought, and for myself, only afford me the Means to acquaint you with the Passion which obliges me to be so much,

Dearest Madam, &c.

So that those Invectives in the Poem aforementioned,

tion'd, muſt at laſt be only look'd on as the Sallies of a great, and then angry Wit.

Another Epiſtle of our Author's, which was exceedingly admir'd, was to *Allen* Lord *Bathurſt*, of the Uſe of Riches: This Nobleman in another of the Epiſtles, he takes the Liberty to call Philoſopher and Rake, which Character had ſo much Truth in it, and Mr. *Pope* ſuch an unlimited Freedom with my Lord, that ſo far from giving Offence, it was Matter of Mirth: This Gentleman truly Noble, has a more than common Regard for the Fair Sex, and having withal very great Vivacity, very fairly deſerv'd the Name Mr. *Pope* has given him, there is none among the Nobility exceed him for Taſte, his is quite grand, he hates any Thing that's little, and not capable of filling the Mind, and ſpends whole Days in his Wood, which is impoſſible to be known but by the Eye, no Deſcription would do it Juſtice; it is juſt mentioned by Mr. *Pope* in a Letter to the Hon. *Robert Digby*, Eſq; that Part relating to this Subject we have tranſcrib'd.

I'M told you are all upon Removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs. *Mary Digby* talks in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of ſeeing my Lord *Bathurſt*'s Wood in her Way. How much I wiſh to be her Guide thro' that enchanted Foreſt, is not to be expreſt: I look upon myſelf as the Magician appropriated to the Place, without whom no Mortal can penetrate into the Receſſes of thoſe ſacred Shades. I could paſs whole Days, in only deſcribing to her the future, and yet viſionary Beauties, that are to riſe in thoſe Scenes: The Palace that is to be built, the Pavilions that are to glitter, the Colonades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the Meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble

noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' ſecret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they riſe and celebrate their Marriage in the Midſt of an immenſe Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Poſterity a hundred Years hence. But till the deſtin'd Time ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe Wonders, Mrs. *Digby* muſt content herſelf with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt Wood in *England*.

There are few Virtues which do not attend this Nobleman, of his Foible we have ſpoke; he is ſo great an Oeconomiſt, that Mr. *Pope* thought fit to write this Epiſtle to him, where he aſſerts, and endeavours to prove that the true Uſe of Riches is known to few, moſt falling into one of the Extremes, Avarice or Profuſion; he ranks Mankind under two Claſſes.

But when, by Man's audacious Labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its Sire the Sun,
Then, in plain Proſe, were made two Sorts of Men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.
Like Doctors thus, when much Diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets much the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches in Effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or Token of the Elect;
Giv'n to thee Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To *Ward*, to *Waters*, *Chartres*, or the Devil.

JOHN WARD of *Hackney*, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Dutcheſs of *Buckingham*, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expell'd the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of *March* 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a Conveyance

Conveyance with Sir *John Blunt* to ſecrete fifty thouſand Pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the *South Sea* Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recover'd the fifty thouſand Pounds againſt *Ward*, but he ſet up prior Conveyances of his real Eſtate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand Pounds: Theſe Conveyances being ſet aſide by a Bill in *Chancery*, *Ward* was impriſon'd, and hazarded the Forfeiture of his Life by not giving in his Effects till the laſt Day, which was that of his Examination. During his Confinement, his Amuſement was to give Poiſon to Dogs and Cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker Torments. To ſum up the Worth of this Gentleman, at the ſeveral Æra's of his Life; at his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand Pounds*; at his Commitment to Priſon, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand*, but has been ſince ſo far diminiſh'd in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worſe Man by fifty or ſixty thouſand.*

Fr. Chartres, a Man infamous for all manner of Vices. When he was an Enſign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next baniſh'd *Bruſſels*, and drumm'd out of *Ghent* on the ſame Account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming Tables, he took to lending Money at exorbitant Intereſt, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Intereſt, and Capital, into a new Capital, and ſeizing to a Minute when the Payments became due; in a Word, by a conſtant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquir'd an immenſe Fortune. His Houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-Houſe. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardon'd, but the laſt Time not without Impriſonment in *Newgate*, and large Confiſcations.

tions. He died in *Scotland* in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great Riot, almoſt tore the Body out of the Coffin, and caſt dead Dogs, *&c.* into the Grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very juſtly drawn by Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an *Inflexible Conſtancy*, and
Inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Perſiſted,
In ſpite of *Age* and *Infirmities*,
In the Practice of *Every Humane Vice*;
Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocriſy*:
His inſatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs *Impudence* from the ſecond.

Nor was he more ſingular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
Of his *Manners*, than ſucceſsful in
Accumulating Wealth,
For, without *Trade* or *Profeſſion*,
Without *Truſt* of *Publick Money*,
And without *Bribe-worthy* Service,
He acquir'd, or more properly created,
A *Miniſterial Eſtate*.

He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who cou'd *Cheat* without the Maſk of *Honeſty*,
Retain his Primæval *Meanneſs* when poſſeſs'd of
Ten Thouſand a Year,
And having daily deſerv'd the *Gibbet* for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Uſeleſs to Mankind!
Providence conniv'd at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-Ages a conſpicuous

Proof

Proof and *Example*,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is *Exorbitant Wealth*
in the Sight of GOD, by his beſtowing it on
The moſt *Unworthy* of *all Mortals*.

This Gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand Pounds a Year* in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe Worthies, was a Man no Way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil Capacity; his great Fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Neceſſities of others. But this Gentleman's Hiſtory muſt be deferred for a Time, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

Our Author thinks many Iconveniencies have aroſe from the Invention of Money, which could not have poſſibly been, if there was no Conveyance of Property in ſuch ſmall Compaſs; tho' this we think no Argument, as long as it can be transferr'd by Acknowledgements, and ſmall Pieces of Paper, which he ſenſible of, immediately confeſſes:

His Grace will game: To *White*'s a Bull be led,
With ſpurning Heels, and with a butting Head;
To *White*'s be carry'd, as to antient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then *Uxorio*, if the Stakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft *Adonis*, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. *James*'s a whole Herd of Swine?
Oh filthy Check on all induſtrious Skill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, *Quadrille!*

Once,

Once, we confeſs, * beneath the Patriot's Cloak,
From the crack'd Bag the dropping Guinea *ſpoke*,
And jingling down the Back-ſtairs, told the Crew,
"Old *Cato* is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt *Paper-credit!* that advanc'd ſo high,
Now lends Corruption lighter Wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compaſs hardeſt Things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry *Kings*;
A ſingle Leaf can waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off *Senates* to ſome diſtant Shore;
A Leaf like *Sybil*'s ſcatters to and fro
Our Fates and Fortunes as the Wind ſhall blow;
Pregnant with Thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.

Mr. *Pope* knew well how to enjoy the Fortune he was bleſt with, the ſoberer Pleaſures were thoſe he only dar'd aim at, his Conſtitution did not permit him to run into Exceſſes, nor his Inclination lead him to it; he thought himſelf rich, nay, he thought there was no Poverty where there was Health, Peace, and Competence; he had a charitable Tenderneſs for the Diſtreſs of Poverty, and reproaches in this Poem all hard Hearts, and thoſe who fix an Odium on it:

—*Bond* damns the Poor, and hates them from his Heart:
The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a Rule,
That "every Man in Want is Knave or Fool:
God

* This is a true Story which happened in the Reign of King *William* III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the Back-Door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had receiv'd a large Bag of Guineas, the burſting of the Bag diſcover'd his Buſineſs there.

" God cannot love (ſays *Blunt*, with lifted Eyes)
" The Wretch he ſtarves" ——and pioufly denies:
But Rev'rend *S**n* with a ſofter Air,
Admits, and leaves them Providence's Care.

In the Year 1730, a Corporation was eſtabliſh'd to lend Money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the Name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the Direction of the Right Honourable Sir *R. S.* Sir *Arch. Grant*, Mr. *Dennis Bond*, Mr. *Burroughs*, &c. But the Whole was turn'd only to an iniquitous Method of enriching particular People, to the Ruin of ſuch Numbers, that it became a parliamentary Concern to endeavour the Relief of thoſe unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the Houſe, were expell'd. That " *God hates the Poor*, and *That every Man in Want is Knave or Fool*, &c. were the general Apothegms of ſome of the Perſons here mention'd.

Such Perſons as theſe are perfectly deteſtable, and who is there that would not prefer the moſt extreme Poverty, before Riches, and ſuch a contemptible and indigent Mind? How many great Philoſophers, how many admirable Painters, Poets, and Wits, have been poor? How many reputed Saints, and holy Men and Women? How many have embrac'd a voluntary Poverty rather than ſell their Innocence and Honeſty to Courts or Colleges? And it is recommended in Holy Writ as a great Bleſſing, and the Means of arriving at Heaven, which is ſaid to be extremely difficult for the Rich, and eaſier for a Camel to paſs through the Eye of a Needle. Is it not ſtrange, that in a Country profeſſing Chriſtianity and Reformation, there ſhould be any ſuch unpurg'd and ſordid Spirits!

But

But think not Reader that there are many ſuch abominable human Brutes: Let us take our Eyes off thoſe blaſphemous Miſers, and turn to a Character which we have read with Pleaſure more than an hundred Times:

But all our Praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the * Man of Ross:
Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes thro' her winding Bounds,
And rapid *Severn* hoarſe Applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with Woods yon Mountain's ſultry Brow?
From the dry Rock who made the Waters flow?
Not to the Skies in uſeleſs Columns toſt,
Or in proud Falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the Plain
Health to the Sick, and Solace to the Swain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the Vale with ſhady Rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that Heav'n directed Spires to riſe?
The Man of Ross, each liſping Babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with Poor oe'rſpread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly Bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe neat, but void of State,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the Gate:
Him portion'd Maids, apprentic'd Orphans bleſt,
The Young who labour, and the Old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the Med'cine makes, and gives.

* The Perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually perform'd all theſe good Works, and whoſe true Name was almoſt loſt (partly by the Title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by Way of Eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an Inſcription) was call'd Mr. *John Kyrle*. He died in the Year 1724, aged 90, and lie interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of *Roſs* in *Herefordſhire*.

Is there a Variance? enter but his Door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and Conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing *Quacks* with Curſes fled the Place,
And vile *Attornies*, now an uſeleſs Race.
" Thrice happy Man! enabled to purſue
" What all ſo wiſh, but want the Pow'r to do.
" Oh ſay, what Sums that gen'rous Hand ſupply?
" What Mines to ſwell that boundleſs Charity?
Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This Man poſſeſt—five hundred Pounds a Year.
Bluſh Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your Blaze!
Ye *little Stars!* hide your diminiſh'd Rays.
" And what? no Monument, Inſcription, Stone?
" His Race, his Form, his Name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the Marble with his Name:
Go ſearch it there*, where to be born and die,
Of Rich and Poor makes all the Hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fills the Space between;
Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.

It may be plainly perceiv'd that Mr. *Pope* preferr'd the Man of *Roſs* to the great Man mention'd immediately after, which was no leſs than *George Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, who died, after a whimſical and chimerical Life exceeding poor, in the worſt Room of a very bad Inn.

Riches are doubtleſs very great Bleſſings, if made ſo, and it muſt be an extreme pleaſing Thought to have it one's Power to do good, to relieve the Sick and Hungry, and cloath the Naked, to relieve the Orphan and the Widow, and ſet the Priſoner at Liberty; to have the neceſſary Comforts of Life always at Command, and the Power of ſaving a Friend from

* The Pariſh Regiſter.

from Bankruptcy, perhaps from quitting his Country, or being forc'd into a Confinement for Life, these Things are all exceeding great Pleasures to Minds well season'd with Humanity, and the generous Delight of doing and communicating Good; it is not sufficient to love or praise Society, and Actions of Benevolence and Beneficence, but to do them too, and there are very few, if any, in such distress'd Circumstances, but they might find frequent Occasions to exercise their Talent, and the Power which they at Times may have to do Good: But on the contrary, Riches are the spoiling of many People, who without them were safe enough, some they make imperious, some covetous, some extravagant, and others only make use of them to obtain and purchase that very Iniquity that they ought to be glad to be depriv'd of all their Riches to avoid; it is in these Cases that Riches are dangerous and a Snare; but, on the other Hand, they bring Safety, and certain Peace: They are, as they are employ'd, may be a Bribe, or a Reward, may purchase Necessaries or Prodigalities, pay Harlots, or give Portions to Virgins, buy Criminals from Punishment, or hire Assassins to murder the Innocent; they are like most other Things (if not all with which Man has to do) in his Power, to be made to become to him very useful, or very hurtful.

An Instance of the total Destruction of a Man by becoming very rich, Mr. *Pope* concludes this Epistle to the Lord *Bathurst* with:

Where * *London*'s Column pointing at the Skies
Like a tall Bully, lifts the Head, and lyes:

* The Monument built in memory of the Fire of *London*, with an Inscription importing that City to have been burnt by the Papists, which Mr. *Pope*, tho a Papist, is loth

There dwelt a Citizen of ſober Fame,
A plain good Man, and *Balaam* was his Name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His Word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid Diſh his Week-day Meal affords,
An added Pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his Gains were ſure,
His Givings rare, ſave Farthings to the Poor.

The *Dev'l* was piqu'd, ſuch Saintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good *Job* of old:
But *Satan* now is wiſer than of Yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the Whirlwinds ſweep
The Surge, and plunge his *Father* in the Deep;
Then full againſt his *Corniſh* Lands they roar,
And two rich Ship-wrecks bleſs the lucky Shore.

Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other Folks,
He takes his chirping Pint, he cracks his Jokes:
"Live like Yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's Word;
And lo! two Puddings ſmoak'd upon the Board.

Aſleep and naked as an *Indian* lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had Wit,
So kept the *Diamond* and the Rogue was bit.
Some Scruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his Thought,
"I'll now give Six-pence where I gave a Groat,
"Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other Vice."

The Tempter ſaw his Time; the Work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry Side,
Till all the Dæmon makes his full Deſcent,
In one abundant Shower of *Cent. per Cent.*

Sinks

to aſſent to; but if it was not ſet on Fire by Papiſts, it is not doubted but it was done on ſet Purpoſe, and that there was a ſecret Hand of Power at the Bottom.

EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes Whole,
Then dubs *Director*, and ſecures his Soul.
Behold Sir *Balaam*, now a Man of Spirit,
Aſcribes his Gettings to his Parts and Merit,
What late he call'd a *Bleſſing*, now was *Wit*,
And *God's* good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.
Things change their Titles, as our Manners turn,
His Compting-houſe employ'd the *Sunday* Morn;
Seldom at Church, ('twas ſuch a buſy Life)
But duly ſent his Family and Wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one *Chriſtmas* Tide
My good old Lady catch'd a Cold and dy'd.
A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the Fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. *James's* Air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay *Commiſſion* buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a Duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry Wife;
She bears a Coronet and Pox for Life.
In *Britain's Senate* he a Seat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. *Stephen* gains.
My Lady falls to *Play*: So bad her Chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a Bribe from *France*;
The Houſe impeach him; *Coningſby* harangues,
The Court forſake him, and Sir *Balaam* hangs:
Wife, Son, and Daughter, *Satan*, are thy own,
His Wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the Prize,
And ſad Sir *Balaam* curſes God and dies.

And the Poet goes on upon the ſame Subject to the Earl of *Burlington*, a Nobleman worthy the greateſt Praiſe, of a diſtinguiſh'd and true Taſte, and a very great Friend to Mr. *Pope* and his Writings, and indeed it has been much Matter of Wonder to us, conſidering

the great Love and Eſteem there was between them, that we do not find the Earl of *Burlington*'s Name in Mr. *Pope*'s Will, we do not mean otherwiſe than that it might have been expected, that out of Mr. *Pope*'s Collection of Books, and other Curioſities, ſomething might have been found, which might have remain'd with my Lord, as a Memorial of the long Friendſhip between them—This Epiſtle, of which we are now about to ſpeak, is a Corollary to the preceeding. As that treated of the Extremes of Avarice and Profuſion, this takes up one Branch of the latter, the Vanity of Expence in People of Quality or Fortune, and the Poet admires that Miſers ſhould be ſo anxious to heap up Riches, which they never can have Enjoyment of, and Prodigals ſpend ſo much Money, in what they have no Taſte of; he ridicules ſeveral patch'd Buildings, and Buildings of ill Taſte, to taſte Architecture he ſays, Senſe ſhould be previous, of which the chief Proof is to follow Nature, and adapt all to the Nature and Uſe of the Place, the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it.

After this, Mr. *Pope* goes on with a Deſcription, intended to comprize the Principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but good Senſe can attain it; the firſt wrong Principle is to think that true Greatneſs conſiſts in Size and Dimenſion, whereas, let the Work be ever ſo vaſt, unleſs the Parts cohere in one Harmony, it will be but a great many Littleneſſes put together, there muſt be no Diſproportion, nor the Ends and Bounds muſt not be ſeen at once, which, however large, will diminiſh both the Grandeur and the Surprize. Mr. *Pope* ſays thus:

At *Timon*'s Villa let us paſs a Day,
Where all cry out, "what Sums are thrown away!

So proud, so grand, of that ſtupendous Air,
Soft and *Agreeable* come never there.
Greatneſs, with *Timon*, dwells in ſuch a Draught
As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought.
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny Inſect, ſhiv'ring at a Breeze.
Lo, what huge Heaps of Littleneſs around!
The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above Ground.
Two *Cupids* ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the Keenneſs of a northern Wind.
His Gardens next your Admiration call,
On ev'ry Side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildneſs to perplex the Scene;
Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother,
And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuffr'ing Eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-Houſe that knows no Shade.
Here *Amphitrite* ſails thro' Myrtle Bowers;
There *Gladiators* fight, or die in Flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping Sea-horſe mourn,
And Swallows rooſt in *Nilus'* duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtick Mien,
Smit with the mighty Pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft——by regular Approach——not yet——
Firſt thro' the Length of yon hot Terras ſweat,
And when up ten ſteep Slopes you've dragg'd your Thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your Eyes.
His *Study*? with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Suëil* has bound.

Lo ſome are *Vellom*, and the Reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For *Lock* or *Milton*'tis in vain to look,
Theſe Shelves admit not any modern Book.
And now the Chappel's ſilver Bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light Quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,
On gilded Clouds in fair Expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your Eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft * *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.
But hark! The chiming Clocks to Dinner call,
A hundred Footſteps ſcrape the Marble Hall:
The rich Beaufet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* ſpew to waſh your Face.
Is this a Dinner? this a Genial Room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
You drink by Meaſure, and to Minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying Courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling Salvers ring,
From Soup to Sweet-wine, and *God bleſs the King*.
In Plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in State,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my Leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh Coſt, and little Skill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Theſe

* This is a Fact, a Reverend Dean of *Peterborough* preaching at Court, threatned the Sinner with Puniſhment in "a Place which he thought it not decent to name in "ſo polite an Aſſembly."

These Lines to a certain Grandee, no less than a Duke, gave great Offence, the Description was too plain not to be known (as the malicious Town said) who was pointed at at first Sight, and many Persons began to think that Mr. *Pope* was out of his Place in attacking a Peer, and one of the first Rank, in so publick a Manner, and Terms of so little Respect, Numbers of Complaints were made, the Duke himself wrote Mr. *Pope* a Letter, and made him sensible, that he ought to have confin'd himself to a made Character, and not pretend to give for a real one, what altogether belong'd to no Body, in short, Mr. *Pope* began to wish he had not push'd the Matter so far, but there was no receding, all he could do was a little to palliate the Business, and partly deny that the Character was meant for that noble Duke, and this he chose to do, or rather got Mr. *Cleland* to do, in a Letter to his dear and intrinsick Friend Mr. *Gay*, dated *December* 16, 1731;

I Am astonish'd at the Complaints occasioned by a late Epistle to the Earl of *Burlington*; and I should be afflicted, were there the least just Ground for them. Had the Writer attack'd *Vice*, at a Time when it is not only tolerated, but triumphant, and so far from being conceal'd as a *Defect*, that it is proclaim'd with Ostentation as a *Merit*, I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satiriz'd Gamesters of a hundred thousand Pounds Fortune, acquir'd by such Methods as are daily in Practice, and almost universally encourag'd: Had he over warmly defended the *Religion of his Country*, against such Books as come from every Press, are publickly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent *Weekly Writers* by the same Names which they

they openly beſtow on the greateſt Men *in* the Miniſtry, and *out* of the Miniſtry, for which they are all unpuniſh'd, and moſt rewarded: In any of theſe Caſes, indeed, I might have judged him too preſumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his Raſhneſs.

I could not but hope better for this ſmall and modeſt Epiſtle, which attacks *no one Vice* whatſoever; which deals only in *Folly*, and not Folly in general, but a ſingle Species of it; that only Branch, for the oppoſite Excellency to which, the noble Lord to whom it is written muſt neceſſarily be celebrated. I fancied it might eſcape Cenſure, eſpecially ſeeing how tenderly thoſe Follies are treated, and really leſs accus'd, than apologiz'd for.

Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants Bread,
The Lab'rer bears———

Is this ſuch a *Crime*, that to impute it to a Man muſt be a grievous Offence? 'tis an *innocent Folly*, and much more *beneficent* than the Want of it; for *ill Taſte* employs more Hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a *good* one. Is it a *moral* Defect? No, it is but a *natural* one; a *want of Taſte*. It is what the beſt good Man living may be liable to: The worthieſt Peer may live exemplary in an ill-favour'd Houſe, and the beſt reputed Citizen may be pleas'd with a vile Garden. I thought (I ſay) the Author had the common Liberty to obſerve a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that diſtinguiſhes him: Which I know not how any Quality ſhould do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But they ſay the Satire is *Perſonal*. I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its Reflections are on *Things*. His Reflections are not on the *Man*, but on his

his Houſe, Garden, &c. Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the *Perſons* of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the *Nile*, and the *Triton*: He is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his Friends) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to ſay a Thing is *perſonal*, is the ſame as to ſay it is *unjuſt*, not conſidering, that nothing can be *juſt* that is not *perſonal*. I am afraid, that "all ſuch Writings and Diſcourſes as *touch no Man*, will *mend no Man*." The Good natur'd, indeed, are apt to be alarm'd at any Thing like Satire; and the *Guilty* readily confer with the *Weak* for a plain Reaſon, becauſe the Vicious look upon Folly as their *Frontier*:

——*Jam proximus ardet*
Ucalegon ——

No wonder thoſe who know Ridicule belongs to them find an inward Conſolation in removing it from themſelves as far as they can; and it is never ſo far, as when they can get it fix'd upon the *beſt Characters*: No wonder thoſe who are Food for Satiriſts, ſhould rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beaſt born for our Uſe would be ready to call a Man ſo.

I know no Remedy, unleſs People in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unleſs Comedy were forſaken, Satire ſilent, and every Man left to do what ſeems good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King, no Prieſt, no Poet in *Iſrael*.

But I find myſelf oblig'd to touch a Point, on which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſerves I ſhould: I mean the malicious Applicatiou of the Character of *Timon*, which I will boldly ſay, they would impute to the Perſon the moſt different in the World from a *Man-hater*, and the Perſon whoſe *Taſte* and

Encourage-

Encouragement of *Wit*, have been often ſhewn in the *rightſt Place*. The Author of that Epiſtle muſt certainly think ſo, if he has the ſame Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Perſon.

Why, in God's Name, muſt a *Portrait* apparently collected from twenty different Men, be applied to one only? Has it his *Eye?* No, it is very unlike. Has it his *Noſe* or *Mouth?* No, they are totally differing. What then, I beſeech you? Why it has the *Mole on his Chin*. Very well; but muſt the Picture therefore be his, and has no other Man that Blemiſh.

Could there be a more melancholy Inſtance how much the Taſte of the Publick is vitiated, and turns the moſt ſeaſonable and ſalutary Phyſick into Poiſon, than if amidſt the Blaze of a thouſand bright Qualities in a great Man, they ſhould only remark there is a *Shadow* about him, as what Eminence is without? I am confident the Author was incapable of imputing any ſuch to one, whoſe whole Life (to uſe his own Expreſſion in Print of him) is *a continued Series* of good and generous Actions.

I know no Man would be more concerned, if he gave the leaſt Pain or Offence to any innocent Perſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if the Satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the Freedom of one whoſe *Cenſures* are *juſt*, and who ſets his *Name* to them.

But this Letter did not do, neither one that he wrote to the Duke, wherein he proteſts himſelf innocent, and that the Inſult to his Grace, was from the Malignity of thoſe who had rais'd the Report, and made the Reſemblance. The Town ſtill continued

mued unconvinced of this, and Mr. *Pope*'s Character lay under a moſt violent Laſh, by the Imputation of this Scandal; it was ſaid, that no one would ſoon be ſafe, and that nothing but a publick Diſowning of theſe Verſes, as meant to ſignfy the Character of the Duke, could poſſibly be ſufficient to obviate the Sentence the Town muſt paſs againſt him; this, in ſome Meaſure, he complied with, having Leave from the Earl of *Burlington* to addreſs it to him, it is in a Letter dated *March* 7, 1731.

My Lord,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epiſtle to you, could not give me ſo much Pain, as I receiv'd Pleaſure in ſeeing the general Zeal of the World in the Caſe of a great Man, who is beneficent; and the particular Warmth of your Lordſhip in that of a private Man, who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deſerv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: But ſure the Writer deſerv'd more Candor, even in thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which, in regard to to that noble Perſon, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great Cauſe to wonder, that a Character belonging to twenty, ſhould be applied to one, ſince, by that Means, nineteen would eſcape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Kuowledge of that noble Perſon's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the Publick about it. But ſince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a dying, I have taken this Opportunity of a third Edition to declare his Belief, not only of my Innocence, but of their Malignity, of the former of which my own Heart is as conſcious, as I fear ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His Humanity

feels

feels a Concern for the Injury done to me, while his Greatneſs of Mind can bear with Indifference the Inſult offered to himſelf.*

However, my Lord I own, that Criticks of this Sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That would be making the Town a Compliment it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This Way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the loweſt Rank can find any Countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the Conduct ſhewn on this Occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Poſſeſſion of their Idols, their Groves, and their high Places; and change my Subject from their Pride to their Meanneſs, from their Vanities to their Miſeries: And as the only certain Way to avoid Miſconſtructions, to leſſen Offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of real Names, and not of Fictitious Ones.

I am, my Lord,
Your Faithful,
Affectionate Servant,
A. POPE.

This at laſt cool'd the falſe Rage of the Town, and was look'd upon as a full Denial of the Character of Lord *Timon* belonging to the beforementioned Duke, and as it could now belong to no Body, it remains the imaginary *Timon*. In the winding up of this Poem, he mentions opening Harbours, making publick Ways, and building Churches, Bridges, and other

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of *Chandos* wrote to Mr. *Pope*.

other useful Parts of Architecture, which would become a Prince:

These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings!

For this Poem was publish'd in the Year 1732: When some of the new built Churches, by the Act of Q. *Anne*, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy Land, and others vilely executed, thro' fraudulent Cavils between Undertakers, Officers, &c. when *Dagenham* Breach had done very great Mischiefs; when the Proposal of building a Bridge at *Westminster* had been petition'd against, and rejected; when many of the Highways throughout *England* were hardly passable, and most of those that were repair'd by Turnpikes, made Jobbs for private Lucre, and infamously executed, even to the Entrances of *London* itself.

These four original Epistles, we desire to distinguish from those wrote when our Poet was younger, as well as from those wherein he professes to imitate *Horace*, and Dr. *Donne*, these being purely his own Wit and Philosophy, and are sufficient, had he wrote nothing else, to have prov'd him a very great Poet and nice Thinker, where nothing but Morals were to be discours'd of; of this Sort, or very like, we have one more to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, which contains an Apology of Mr. *Pope* for himself and Writings; it was drawn up at several Times, as Occasion offer'd; he had no Thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune to attack, in a very extraordinary Manner, not only his Writings, but his Morals, Person, and Family, of which he therefore thought himself oblig'd to give some Account.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* was besides an excellent Physician, a very ingenious Gentleman, his Epitaph on Col. *Chartres* shows it: It was reported that he, as well

as

as Mr. *Pope*, had a Hand in the Comedy call'd, *Three Hours after Marriage*, that goes in the Name of Mr. *Gay*, which not ſucceeding, for it was a mean Performance, occaſioned Reflections on all the three Gentlemen beforementioned: In the Prologue to the Sultaneſs, ſpoken by Mr. *Wilks*, was this Fling at it.

Such were the Wags who boldly did adventure,
To club a Farce by Tripartite Indenture:
But let them ſhare their Dividend of Praiſe.
And wear their own Fools Cap inſtead of Bays.

Mr. *Pope* us'd to ſay, and has confeſs'd it in Writing, that if it had not been for Dr. *Arbuthnot*, he ſhould not have had ſufficient Health to apply himſelf to Study, ſo that much of Mr. *Pope*'s Writings, muſt be allowed to be owing to his Care of him; he had a Brother of the greateſt Affability and good Nature, of whom Mr. *Pope*, writing to Mr. *Digby* then at *Bath*, ſpeaks, *September* 1, 1722.

DOctor *Arbuthnot* is going to *Bath*, and will ſtay there a Fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any Man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. *Mary Digby*: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal Buſineſs and Amuſement of Mind, and as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him; for (as Dean *Swift* obſerv'd to me the very firſt Time I ſaw the Doctor) "He "is a Man that can do every Thing, but walk." His Brother, who is lately come into *England*, goes alſo to the *Bath*; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The Spirit of *Philanthropy*, ſo long dead

dead to our World, is reviv'd in him: He is a Philosopher all of Fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his Vortex. He is a Star that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If there be other Men in the World that would serve a Friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy serve a Friend, *&c.*

In this Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, our Author complains how he is pester'd with troublesome and impertinent Visitants, which put him by better Company, and consequently out of Humour; of these Disturbers of his Peace he reckons up a few:

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in Beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his Father's Soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross?*
Is there, who lock'd from Ink and Paper, scrawls
With desp'rate Charcoal round his darken'd Walls?
All fly to *Twit'nam*, and in humble Strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy Son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd Works the Cause:
Poor *Cornus* sees his frantic Wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope.*

And after he makes a second Person (like *Horace*) object against him for meddling with the Great, with Ministers, and Queens, and Kings; to which he replies:

Whom have I hurt? Has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd Eye-brow, or *Parnassian* Sneer?

And has not *Colley* ſtill his Lord and Whore?
His Butcher *Hinkey* and Free-Maſon *Moor?*

The Lines which reflects on Mr. *Cibber* he quietly let alone, not thinking it (I believe) for his Advantage, to take up a Pen againſt an Adverſary ſo potent, and now ſo much in Favour with the World; but after the Publication of the new *Dunciad*, where Mr. *Pope* was ſtill very bright upon his Dulneſs, he immediately endeavoured to anſwer thoſe Bills of Diſcredit, which *he ſays* Mr. *Pope* had drawn on him: And Mr. *Cibber* has been of that very peaceable Nature, in Regard to the Defence of his Odes and other poetical Performances, that though he has been perſecuted for Twenty Years together, he never 'till now made any Anſwer; nay, he has wrote Verſes againſt his own Odes, meerly for the Pleaſure of ſitting in Coffee-Houſes and hearing them (for they were not known to be his) praiſed and called palpable Hits, keen, Things with a Spirit in them, *&c.* He had in this Conteſt with Mr. *Pope*, which is a Letter to him, the Cunning to write in Proſe, and to keep his Temper, which he has done extremely well. As to his own Poetry, he openly and candidly confeſſes, that he wrote more to be fed than to be famous; and that he is ſo contented a Dunce, that he would not have even Mr. *Pope*'s merited Fame attended with the Solicitude he has been at to mantain it, allowing at the ſame Time the *Dunciad* to be a better Poem, in its Kind, than ever was writ.

He proteſts that he had never uſed Mr. *Pope* nor any Body elſe with Ill-manners, and ſeems to give other Reaſons for his Ill-will towards him. In his Letter he ſays:

THE

THE Play of the *Rehearsal*, which had lain some few Years dormant, being by his present Majesty (then Prince of *Wales*) commanded to be revived, the Part of *Bays* fell to my Share. To this Character there had always been allow'd such ludicrous Liberties of Observation, upon any Thing new or remarkable in the State of the Stage, as Mr. *Bays* might think proper to take. Much about this Time, then, the *Three Hours after Marriage* had been acted without Success; when Mr. *Bays*, as usual, had a Fling at it, which in itself was no Jest, unless the Audience would please to make it one: But however, flat as it was, Mr. *Pope* was mortally sore upon it. This was the Offence; in this Play two Coxcombs being in Love with a learned Virtuoso's Wife, to get unsuspected Access to her, ingeniously send themselves, as two presented Rarities to the Husband, the one curiously swath'd up like an *Egyptian* Mummy, and the other slily covered in the Paste-board Skin of a Crocodile: Upon which poetical Expedient I, Mr. *Bays*, when the two Kings of *Brentford* came from the Clouds into the Throne again, instead of what my Part directed me to say, made Use of these Words, *viz.* "Now, Sir, this "Revolution I had some Thoughts of introducing "by a quite different Contrivance; but my Design "taking Air, some of your sharp Wits, I found, "had made Use of it before me; otherwise, I in-"tended to have stolen one of them in the Shape "of a *Mummy*, and t'other in that of a *Crocodile*." Upon which, I doubt, the Audience by the Roar of their Applause, shew'd their proportionable Contempt of the Play they belong'd to. But why am I answerable for that? I did not lead them, by any Reflexion of my own, into that Contempt: Surely, to

have uſed the bare Word *Mummy* and *Crocodile*, was neither unjuſt, or unmannerly; Where then was the Crime of ſimply ſaying there had been two ſuch Things in a former Play? But this, it ſeems, was ſo heinouſly taken by Mr. *Pope*, that, in the Swelling of his Heart, after the Play was over, he came behind the Scenes, with his Lips pale and his Voice trembling to call me to Account for the Inſult; and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul Language, that a Wit out of his Senſes could be capable of.—— How durſt I have the Impudence to treat any Gentleman in that Manner? *&c. &c. &c.* Now let the Reader judge by this Concern, who was the true Mother of the Child! When he was almoſt choaked with the Foam of his Paſſion, I was enough recover'd from my Amazement, to make him (as near as I can remember) this Reply, *viz.* "Mr. "*Pope*——You are ſo particular a Man, that I muſt "be aſhamed to return your Language as I ought "to do: But ſince you have attack'd me in ſo mon"ſtrous a Manner, this you may depend upon; "That as long as the Play continues to be acted, I "will never fail to repeat the ſame Words over and "over again." Now, as he accordingly found I kept my Word, for ſeveral Days following, I am afraid he has ſince thought, that his Pen was a ſharper Weapon than his Tongue to truſt his Revenge with. And however juſt Cauſe this may be for his ſo doing, it is, at leaſt, the only Cauſe my Conſcience can charge me with.

The *Nonjuror*, and Mr. *Pope* was one as being a Papiſt, being brought upon the Stage with great Succeſs, he was diſpleaſed, and ſpoke of it to Mr. *Jervas* contemptuouſly, *Such a Play as the Nonjuror*: And here Mr. *Cibber* thinks aroſe another Cauſe. Mr. *Cibber* reaſons thus; WELL,

WELL then! upon the great Succeſs of this enormous Play the *Nonjuror*, poor Mr. *Pope* laments the Decay of Poetry; though the Impoliteneſs of the Piece is his only inſinuated Objection againſt it. How nice are the Noſtrils of this delicate Critick! This indeed is a Scent, that thoſe wide-mouth'd Hounds the Daily-Paper Criticks could never hit off! though they purſued it with the Imputation of every Offence that could run down a Play: Yet Impoliteneſs at leaſt they overſaw. No! they did not diſguiſe their real Diſlike, as the prudent Mr. *Pope* did; they all fairly ſpoke out, and in full Cry open'd againſt it, only for its ſo audaciouſly expoſing the ſacred Character of a lurking, treaſon-hatching Jeſuit, and for inhumanly ridiculing the conſcientious Cauſe of an honeſt deluded Jacobite Gentleman. Now may we not as well ſay to Mr. *Pope*, *Hinc illæ Lachrymæ!* Here was his real Diſguſt to the Play! For if Impoliteneſs could have ſo offended him, he would never have beſtowed ſuch Encomiums upon the *Beggars Opera*, which, whatever Beauties it might boaſt, Politeneſs certainly was not one of its moſt ſtriking Features. No, no! if the Play had not ſo impudently fallen upon the poor Enemies of the Government, Mr. *Pope*, poſſibly, might have been leſs an Enemy to the Play: But he has a charitable Heart, and cannot bear to ſee his Friends derided in their Diſtreſs: Therefore you may have obſerved, whenever the Government cenſures a Man of Conſequence for any extraordinary Diſaffection to it; then is Mr. *Pope*'s Time generouſly to brighten and lift him up with Virtues, which never had been ſo conſpicuous in him before. Now, though he may be led into all this, by his thinking it a religious Duty; yet thoſe who are of a different Religion may

ſure be equally excuſed, if they ſhould notwithſtanding look upon him as their Enemy. But to my Purpoſe.

Whatever might be his real Objections to it, Mr. *Pope* is at leaſt ſo juſt to the Play, as to own it had great Succeſs, though it grieved him to ſee it; perhaps too he would have been more grieved, had he then known, that his late Majeſty, when I had the Honour to kiſs his Hand, upon my preſenting my Dedication of it, was graciouſly pleaſed, out of his Royal Bounty, to order me two Hundred Pounds for it. Yes, Sir! 'tis true—ſuch was the Depravity of the Times, you will ſay, and ſo enormous was the Reward of *ſuch a Play as the Nonjuror!*

He expoſtulates with him concerning the various Strokes he has given him in the *Dunciad*, and pleading his own Cauſe not amiſs, proves himſelf (Odes and Tragedies excepted) no Dunce. Then proceeds to the Line above quoted:

And has not *Colley* too his Lord and Whore,

To this he pleads guilty in a Manner, though he denies it to be poſſible for Mr. *Pope* to have certain Knowledge of any Amour of his, but charges it back upon him, to which, he ſays, he was an Eye-witneſs; and tells a comical looſe Story of a Nobleman, who enticed Mr. *Pope* from *Button*'s to a Brothel: The particular Circumſtances are nothing to the Proof which was poſitive, and Mr. *Cibber* dragged him from the private Room; my Lord all the while ſtanding tittering without, called Mr. *Cibber* Puppy for ſpoiling the Diverſion he propoſed himſelf. In this Manner he revenged himſelf, and indeed we think fairly, on Mr. *Pope*, whoſe Friend's Reply (who is but a Bungler) made ſtill more Sport for the Town,

Town, and caus'd another Letter, and ſuppoſing the Advocate of Mr. *Pope*'s to be a Parſon (and really by the miſerable Stile we ſhould gueſs ſo) Mr. *Cibber* ſays:

"Would it not become a Divine (though a Poet "might ſay any Thing) when he detracts from any "Man's Character in ſo publick a Manner, to "have his Aſſertions (though they were true) back'd "with a little better Evidence? Leſt the Licence of "his Pen ſhould be thought a Vice of a *deeper Dye*, "than any you have accus'd me of?"

If this Perſon does no better for Mr. *Pope* in other Things, than he has done in this, we believe he had better (if his Intereſt don't ſuffer by it) let his, i.e. Mr. *Pope*'s Fame and Writings quite alone; we are particularly fearful for the Eſſay on Criticiſm, on which we have not yet had Time (as not having much Leiſure for Trifles) to read the Commentation.

But we were ſpeaking of the Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, in which he does not forget Mr. *Ambroſe Philips*, there having been Enmity ſown between them ever ſince the Writing of Mr. *Pope*'s Paſtorals, which grew by Degrees to almoſt the Breach of the Peace between them; it was reported, that Mr. *Philips* procur'd a great Rod, ſhow'd it at *Button*'s Coffee-Houſe, then reſorted to by all the reigning Wits and Poets, and had it ſtuck up in the publick Coffee Room, vowing to exerciſe it upon Mr. *Pope* whenever he ſhould meet him there; but this is not true, he ſaid ſome fooliſh Things once concerning Mr. *Pope*, but not what was reported; for a Proof of this, we refer to a Letter of Mr. *Pope*'s to an honourable Gentleman, dated *June* 8, 1714.

THE Queſtion you aſk in Relation to Mr. *Addiſon* and *Philips*, I ſhall anſwer in a few Words.

Mr. *Philips* did expreſs himſelf with much Indignation againſt me one Evening at *Button*'s Coffee-houſe (as I was told) ſaying, That I was entered into a Cabal with Dean *Swift* and others, to write againſt the *Whig-Intereſt*, and in particular to undermine his own Reputation, and that of his Friends *Steele* and *Addiſon*. But Mr. *Philips* never open'd his Lips to my Face, on this or any other like Occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every Night in the ſame Room with him, nor ever offer'd me any Indecorum. Mr. *Addiſon* came to me a Night or two after *Philips* had talk'd in this idle Manner, and aſſured me of his Diſbelief of what had been ſaid, of the Friendſhip we ſhould always maintain, and deſir'd I would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord *Halifax* did me the Honour to ſtir in this Matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral People to obviate a falſe Aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall Prejudice with one Party. However *Philips* did all he could, ſecretly to continue the Report with the *Hanover* Club, and kept in his Hands the Subſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The Heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the Terms I ought to be with a Man whom I think to be a Scoundrel) I would not even aſk him for this Money, but commiſſioned one of the *Players*, his Equals, to receive it. This is the whole Matter; but as to the ſecret Grounds of *Philips*'s Malignity, they will make a very pleaſant Hiſtory when we meet. Mr. *Congreve* and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the Gentlemen of the *Hanover* Club have made it the Subject of their Ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this Management of *Philips* that the World owes Mr. *Gay*'s Paſtorals. The ingenious Author is extremely your Servant, and would have comply'd with your kind Invitation, but that he

he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord *Clarendon*, in his Embassy to *Hanover*.

I am sensible of the Zeal and Friendship with which I am sure you will always defend your Friend in his Absence, from all those little Tales and Calumnies, which a Man of any Genius or Merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble Defenders, and in such contemptible Opponents. May their Envy and ill Nature ever increase, to the Glory and Pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me represent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your most devoted Servant, &c.

A. POPE.

This we hope will clear Mr. *Philips* from such ill-manner'd and unlawful Intentions, without that, there was enough pass'd to keep up perpetual Animosity, and draw from Mr. *Pope* in the Epistle we are speaking of, the following Lines:

The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound Brains, eight Lines a Year:
He, who still wanting tho' he lives on Theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning:
And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
All these my modest Satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.

This Gentleman was, as he is often stil'd, *the ingenious Author of the Distress'd Mother*, chiefly a Transla-

Tranſlation from *Rapin*, for in that Tragedy is contain'd moſt, if not all of his *Ingenuity*, *Paſtorals* and *Free Thinkers* excepted; he us'd to write Verſes on Infants, in a ſtrange Stile, which Dean *Swift* calls the *Namby Pamby* Stile, two of theſe *elegant Pieces* we have thought worth inſerting, leſt what we have ſaid might look only like a bare Aſſertion.

To Miſs Charlotte Pulteney, *in her Mother's Arms.*

TImely Bloſſom, infant Fair,
Fondling of a happy Pair,
Every Morn and every Night,
Their ſolicitous Delight;
Sleeping, waking, ſtill at Eaſe,
Pleaſing, without Skill to pleaſe:
Little Goſſip blythe and hale,
Tattling many a broken Tale,
Singing many a tuneleſs Song,
Laviſh of a heedleſs Tongue;
Simple Maiden void of Art,
Babling out the very Heart;
Yet abandoned to thy Will,
Yet imagining no Ill:
Yet too innocent to bluſh,
Like the Linnet in the Buſh,
To the Mother Linnet's Note,
Modelling her ſlender Throat;
Chirping forth her pretty Joys,
Wanton in the Change of Toys;
Like the Linnet green in *May*,
Flutt'ring to each bloomy Spray;
Wearied then and glad of Reſt,
Like the Linnet in the Neſt;
This, thy preſent happy Lot,
This in Time will be forgot;
Other Pleaſures, other Cares,
Every buſy Time prepares;

And

And thou shalt in thy Daughter see,
This Picture once resembled thee.

The other, though it makes no mention of the *Linnet*, like the foregoing, it being to a Sister of the first little tattling simple Heart-babling Gossip, ends with a Prophecy like the foregoing.

To Miss Peggy Pulteney, *in the Nursery.*

DImply Damsel sweetly smiling,
All caressing, none beguiling;
Bud of Beauty, fairly blowing,
Every Charm to Nature owing;
This and that new Thing admiring,
Much of this and that enquiring;
Knowledge by Degrees attaining,
Day by Day some Virtue gaining:
Ten Years hence when I leave chiming,
Beardless Poets fondly rhyming,
(Fescued now perhaps in Spelling)
On thy riper Beauties dwelling,
Shall accuse each killing Feature,
Of the cruel charming Creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averse from killing.

How this Gentleman lost his good Taste, we cannot tell, he having done very well in the *Distress'd Mother*, and in his Pastorals, though the Friends of Mr. *Pope*, in Hopes by decrying them, to enhance the Value of his, will not be brought to allow this: *Scriblerus* in particular, who was deeper in Mr. *Pope*'s Interest than any Man (nay, sometimes we believe he has wrote under that Name himself) mentions

them

them as Things contemptible, and fit Subjects for Satire.

To ſing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdeſſes,
Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dreſſes:
The Manner how they plow, and ſow, and reap,
How ſilly they, more ſilly than their Sheep,
In Mantles blue, can trip it o'er the Green,
In *Namby Pamby*'s Paſt'rals may be ſeen.

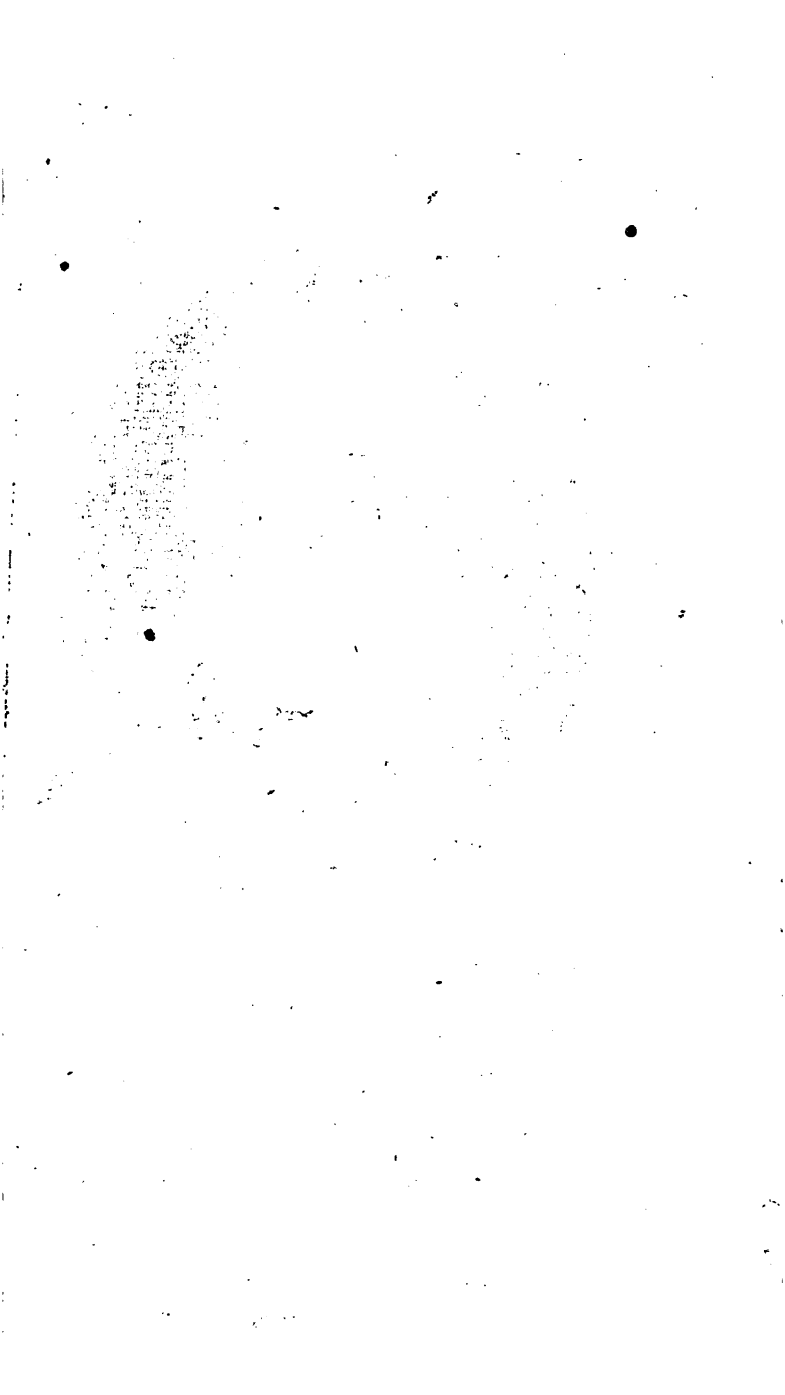
In this Gentleman Mr. *Pope* expected a formidable Enemy and Rival, but was diſappointed; as Mr. *Pope* advanced in Poetry and the Voice of the World, the other gave back, and getting into eaſier Circumſtances, left Mr. *Pope* to his Muſe, always bearing in Mind the old Quarrel, which coſt him this Laſh, and others in the *Dunciad*

Mr. *Pope*, though very converſant with a great Number of the Nobility, was nevertheleſs no Courtier; he had particular Diſlikes to ſome Perſons of the greateſt Quality, and in particular, to the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*; at the Duke he glances in one of the Epiſtles beforementioned:

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's Head,
Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer Cloth or Bread,
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a Groat.

This Diſlike at firſt aroſe from an early Prejudice in Favour of Dean *Swift*, who, in the *Examiner*, has made a great Stir about the Bread Affair, and the Complaints of the Duke that were made from the Army; it was heighten'd, in that he thought himſelf neglected by the Heads of that Family, for he, as moſt of the Nobility took Notice of him, expected it from all; when he went to *Oxford*, he made a Viſit to *Blenheim*, and in a Letter to Mrs. *Blount*, gives

ſuch



DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH
from an Original of Sr Godfrey Kneller's at her first coming to C

such a Description of it, as it does, is rather worse than it deserves, he likewise strikes at the noble Owners in a Manner we believe he did not ever intend should meet the publick Eye:

I Will not describe *Blenheim* in particular, not to foreſtal your Expectations before you see it: Only take a short Account, which I will hazard my little Credit is no unjust one. I never saw so great a Thing with so much Littleness in it: I think the Architect built it entirely in Compliance to the Taste of its Owners: For it is the most inhospitable Thing imaginable, and the most selfish: It has, like their own Hearts, no Room for Strangers, and no Reception for any Person of superior Quality to themselves. There are but just two Apartments, for the Master and Mistress, below; and but two Apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole House. When you look upon the Outside, you'd think it large enough for a Prince; when you see the Inside, it is too little for a Subject; and has not Conveniency to lodge a common Family. It is a House of Entries and Passages; among which there are three Vista's through the Whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery, but spoil'd by two Arches towards the End of it, which take away the Sight of the several Windows. There are two ordinary Stair Cases instead of one great one. The best Things within the House, are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well proportion'd; and the Cellars and Offices underground, which are the most commodious, and the best contriv'd of the Whole. At the Top of the Building are several Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill Effect, and make the Building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best

Taste,

Taſte, is that Front towards the Gardens, which is not yet loaded with theſe Turrets. The two Sides of the Building are entirely ſpoil'd by two monſtrous Bow-windows which ſtand juſt in the Middle, inſtead of Doors: And as if it were fatal, that ſome trifling Littleneſs ſhould every where deſtroy the Grandeur, there are in the chief Front two Semi-circles of a lower Structure than the reſt, that cut off the Angles, and look as if they were purpoſely deſign'd to hide a loftier and nobler Piece of Building, the Top of which appears above them. In a Word, the Whole is a moſt expenſive Abſurdity; and the Duke of *Shrewſbury* gave a true Character of it, when he ſaid, it was a great *Quarry of Stones above Ground.*

We paid a Viſit to the Spring where *Roſamond* bath'd herſelf, on a Hill where remains only a Piece of a Wall of the old Palace of *Henry* II. We toaſted her Shade in cold Water, not without a Thought or two, ſcarce ſo cold as the Liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, &c.

Notwithſtanding theſe his mean Thoughts of thoſe two great Perſonages, his ill Opinion did not fix on their beautiful Deſcendants, as appears in the Epiſtle he wrote to Mr. *Jervas*, with *Freſnoy*'s Art of Painting, of which he ſpeaks thus:

How finiſh'd with illuſtrious Toil appears
This ſmall, well poliſh'd Gem, the Work of Years!
Yet ſtill how faint by Precept is expreſt
The living Image in the Painter's Breaſt?
Thence endleſs Streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the Sketch, or in the Picture glow;

Thence

Thence Beauty, waking all her Forms, ſupplies
An Angel's Sweetneſs, or *Bridgewater*'s Eyes.

Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred Sorrows ſhed,
Thoſe Tears eternal, that embalm the Dead:
Call round her Tomb each Object of Deſire,
Each purer Frame inform'd with purer Fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens Life,
The tender Siſter, Daughter, Friend and Wife:
Bid her be all that makes Mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her Charms inbreathing Paint engage;
Her modeſt Cheek ſhall warm a future Age.
Beauty, frail Flow'r that every Seaſon fears,
Blooms in thy Colours for a Thouſand Years.
Thus *Churchill*'s Race ſhall other Hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy *Wortley*'s Eyes,
Each pleaſing *Blount* ſhall endleſs Smiles beſtow,
And ſoft *Belinda*'s Bluſh for ever glow.

Which is a very fine Complement to the Dutcheſs of *Bridgewater*, and at the ſame Time literally true.

To ſpeak the Truth of Mr. *Pope*, he was not made for Courts; he had nothing inſinuating nor fawning about him, neither could he flatter any Body: His Perſon was not ſuch as is ſought out to make a Figure, and his Conſtitution would not have ſupported the Fatigue of Attendance: His Religion excluded him from all Offices of Truſt and Profit, and he rather wanted ſomebody to humour him than to humour others; ſo that he was calculated for the private Life he led. His Vein of Satire he never wanted, ſubject Matter to ſatisfy; could write plain Truth at any Time; liv'd where his Figure was of no Signification; had Attendance enough for all the Offices he wanted, and could afford to pay double Taxes

Taxes and live like a Gentleman. When he ſpeaks of *the Great*, by *the Great* he generally deſires to be underſtood the *Court*, to which his Diſguſt was augmented by the Diſappointment Mr. *Gay* met with in his Expectations there:

Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me, for they left me GAY.

Of all Mr. *Pope*'s Friends, this may be ſaid to have been one of the moſt dear; he aſſiſted him in his Writings, he lov'd him for his Truth, Honour, Honeſty, and Wit. A firmer Friendſhip we believe is not poſſible to be contracted; diſintereſted, both Parties equally warm, equally faithful, without Interruption or accidental Allay; never leſſened by Diſtance, by no Difference of Humour, Principles, Temper, or Religion, about which it was agreed between them never to diſcourſe; for Mr. *Gay* remembered the vain Effort of the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, and perceiv'd it rather ſower'd than added to the Sweetneſs of their Converſation; ſo Mr. *Pope* thought it againſt the ſuppos'd riſing Intereſt of the other, and therefore was willing to keep ſilent on that Subject.

Mr. *Gay* was born at *Barnſtaple* in *Devonſhire*, in the Year 1688. Mr. *Pope* and he ('tis obſervable) were of the ſame Age. The Time of the *Gays* or *Le Gays* ſettling in that County, is to be ſeen in *Riſdon*'s Survey of *Devonſhire*, Vol. 1, 8vo. Page 80, viz.

That one "*Gilbert le Gay* gave Name to, and "ſettled at a Place called *Hampton-Gay*, in *Oxford-*"*ſhire*; and by Match of a Daughter and Heir of "the Family of *Curtoyſe*, or *Curtis*, he became "Proprietor of the Lordſhip of *Goldworthy* in *De-*"*vonſhire*. This Lordſhip was the ancient Dwell-"ing of the Name of *Gay*, for many Deſcents."

Mr.

Mr. *Gay* was the Son of a Gentleman, but the Estate of his Family was very much diminish'd and incumber'd, insomuch, that not having a Dependance on any Thing worth staying in the Country for, he was sent up to *London*; the Trade which he chose to be put Apprentice to, was a Mercer, but he grew so fond of Reading and Study, that he frequently neglected to exert himself in putting off Silks and Velvets to the Ladies, and suffer'd them (by reason of his wanting to finish the Sale in too few Words) to go to other Shops, where they might be kept longer in Play; this Way of Gossipping about among the Silk Mercers, is said to be practis'd among young Ladies, often for Amusement, or to cure the Vapours, when in Reality they want to purchase nothing: Not being able to go thro' this Slavery, and doing what he did in the Shop with a Mind quite bent another Way, his Master seldom put him forward to serve, but some other, who had the Business more at Heart: By Degrees Mr. *Gay* became entirely to absent himself from the Shop, and at last, by Agreement with his Master, to withdraw from it, and retire into the Country, and having made an Acquaintance with Mr. *Pope*, and contracted a Friendship with him and all his Friends; he wrote several small Poems very full of Wit, and much in Taste, and having espous'd the high Party, appear'd at Court, soon after his writing the *Shepherd's Week*, of which which we shall beg Leave, in a fit Place, (imagining it will be very grateful to most Readers) to make Comparison with Mr. *Pope*, and other great Pastoral Writers.

He would fain have made the Tour of *Europe* with Mr. *Pope*; but, besides that he was unable to leave his Parents, his weak Body could not support the Fatigue, nor had he then Leisure enough, or For-

tune equal to what such a Voyage, as they must have liv'd at great Expence, would have requir'd; for discoursing of these Things, their Resolution if they had gone, was to have pass'd the first Summer in *Tuscany*, and the whole Winter at *Rome*, where they would have found it Time little enough to see only the choicest Part of the Curiosities, and converse with the Learned; but as Mr. *Pope* could not accompany him, who was chiefly also to have born the Expence, these Thoughts were turn'd another Way.

Among many small Pieces of Mr. *Gay's*, *Trivia, or, the Art of walking the Streets*, has had a very great Number of Admirers; but particularly the Rise of the Patten, and its being made by *Vulcan*, for a *Lincolnshire* Girl, and the more witty, and more humourus Birth of the Shoe-boy, from nothing less than a Goddess: It deserves to be quoted.

LIKE mortal Man, great *Jove* (grown fond of Change)
Of old was wont the nether World to range
To seek Amours; the Vice the Monarch lov'd:
Soon thro' the wide Ætherial Court improv'd.
And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then
Would lodge a Night among the Sons of Men;
To vulgar Deities descends the Fashion,
Each, like her Betters, had her Earthly Passion.
Then *Cloacina* * (Goddess of the Tide
Whose *fable Streams* beneath the City glide)
Indulg'd the modish Flame: the Town she rov'd,
A mortal Scavenger she saw, she lov'd;

The

* *Cloacina* was a Goddess, whose Image *Tatius*, a King of the *Sabines*, found in the Common-sewer; and not knowing what Goddess it was, he call'd it *Cloacina*, from the Place in which it was found, and paid to it divine Honours. *Lactant.* I. 20. *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.

The muddy Spots that dry'd upon his Face,
Like Female Patches, heighten'd ev'ry Grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd, for Love can Beauties spy,
In what seem Faults to ev'ry common Eye.
Now had the Watchman walk'd his second Round,
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling Sound
Of her brown Lover's Cart, for well she knows
That pleasing Thunder: Swift the Goddess rose,
And thro' the Streets pursu'd the distant Noise,
Her Bosom panting with expected Joys.
With the Night-wandring Harlot's Airs she past,
Brush'd near his Side, and wanton Glances cast;
In the black Form of Cinder-wench she came,
When Love, the Hour, the Place, had banish'd Shame,
To the dark Alley, Arm in Arm they move;
O may no Link-boy interrupt their Love!
When the pale Moon had nine Times fill'd her Space,
The pregnant Goddess (cautious of Disgrace)
Descends to Earth; but sought no Midwife's Aid,
Nor midst her Anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;
No chearful Gossip wish'd the Mother Joy,
Alone, beneath a Bulk, she dropt the Boy.
The Child, thro' various Risques, in Years improv'd
At first a Beggar's-brat, Compassion mov'd;
His Infant-tongue soon learnt the canting Art,
Knew all the Pray'rs and Whines to touch the Heart.
O happy unown'd Youths, your Limbs can beat
The scorching Dog-star, and the Winter's Air,
While the rich Infant, nurs'd with Care and Pain,
Thirsts with each Heat, and coughs with ev'ry Rain!
The Goddess long had mark'd the Child's Distress,
And long had sought his Sufferings to redress;
She prays the Gods to take the Fondling's Part,
To teach his Hands some beneficial Art,
Practis'd in Streets: The Gods her Suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking Crowd.

To cleanſe the miry Feet, and o'er the Shoe
With nimble Skill the gloſſy Black renew.
Each Pow'r contributes to relieve the Poor:
With the ſtrong Briſtles of the mighty Boar
Diana forms his Bruſh; the God of Day
A Tripod gives, amid the crowded Way
To raiſe the dirty Foot, and eaſe his Toil;
Kind *Neptune* fills his Vaſe with fœtid Oil,
Preſs'd from th' enormous Whale; the God of Fire;
From whoſe Dominion ſmoaky Clouds aſpire,
Among theſe gen'rous Preſents joins his Part,
And aids with Soot the new japanning Art:
Pleas'd ſhe receives the Gifts; ſhe downward glides,
Lights in *Fleet-Ditch*, and ſhoots beneath the Tides.

Now dawns the Morn, the ſturdy Lad awakes,
Leaps from his Stall, his tangled Hair he ſhakes,
Then leaning o'er the Rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black Canal of Mud,
Where Common-Sewers a lulling Murmur keep,
Whoſe Torrents ruſh from *Holbourn*'s fatal Steep:
Penſive, thro' Idleneſs, Tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded Heart, and waſh'd his Face;
At length he ſighing cry'd; That Boy was bleſt,
Whoſe Infant-Lips have drain'd a Mother's Breaſt;
But happier far are thoſe (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a Father and a Mother own:
But I, alaſs! hard Fortune's utmoſt Scorn,
Who ne'er knew Parent, was an Orphan born!
Some Boys are rich by Birth beyond all Wants,
Belov'd by Uncles, and kind good old Aunts;
When Time comes round a Chriſtmas-Box they bear,
And one Day makes 'em rich for all the Year.
Had I the Precepts of a Father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the Coachman's Fare had earn'd;
For leſſer Boys can drive; I thirſty ſtand,
And ſee the double Flaggon charge their Hand,

See

See 'em puff off the Froth and gulp amain,
While with dry Tongue I lick my Lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving Tide
In widen'd Circles beats on either Side;
The Goddess rose amid the inmost Round,
With wither'd Turnip-Tops her Temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping Tresses, lank and black
As the smooth Jet, or glossy Raven's Back;
Around her Waist a circ'ling Eel was twin'd,
Which bound her Robe that hung in Rags behind.
Now beck'ning to the Boy; she thus begun:
Thy Pray'rs are granted; weep no more, my Son:
Go thrive. At some frequented Corner stand;
This Brush I give thee, grasp it in thy Hand,
Temper the Soot within this Vase of Oil,
And let the little Tripod aid thy Toil;
On this, methinks, I see the walking Crew,
At thy Request support the miry Shoe; [brown'd,
The Foot grows black, that was with Dirt im-
And in thy Pocket jingling Ha'pence sound.
The Goddess plunges swift beneath the Flood,
And dashes all around her Show'rs of Mud:
The Youth strait chose his Post; the Labour ply'd,
Where branching Streets from *Charing-Cross* divide;
His Treble Voice resounds along the *Meuse*,
And *Whitehall* ecchoes——*clean your Honour's Shoes.*

The latter Part of this Quotation, we think, bears a very strong Resemblance to some Lines in the *Dunciad.*

The Comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, came out in Mr. *Gay*'s Name, but Dr. *Arbuthnot* and Mr. *Pope* were both said to be concern'd in it: It was levell'd at Dr. *Woodward*, who was pointed at in it under the Name of *Fossile*, acted by the best Comedian, but could not support itself, for indeed it was

but a poor Performance; Mr. *Pope* never own'd to have had any Share in the Compoſition of it: But a Letter from Mr. *Gay* to him, while it was yet under Condemnation, will give a little Light into this Affair.

Dear Pope,

TOO late I ſee, and confeſs myſelf miſtaken, in Relation to the Comedy, yet I do not think had I follow'd your Advice, and only introduc'd the *Mummy*, that the Abſence of the *Crocodile* had ſav'd it. I can't help laughing myſelf, (though the Vulgar do not conſider that it was deſign'd to look very ridiculous) to think how the poor Monſter and Mummy were daſh'd at their Reception, and when the Cry was loudeſt, thought that if the Thing had been wrote by another, I ſhould have deem'd the Town in ſome Meaſure miſtaken, and as to your Apprehenſion that this may do us future Injury, do not think it; the Doctor has a more valuable Name than can be hurt by any Thing of this Nature, and yours is doubly ſafe; I will (if any Shame there be) take it all to myſelf, as indeed I ought, the Motion being firſt mine, and never heartily approv'd of by you: As to what your early Enemy ſaid at the Duke of *Dorſet*'s and Mr. *Pulteney*'s, you will live to prove him a falſe Prophet, as you have already a Liar, and a Flatterer, and Poet in Spight of Nature; whether I ſhall do ſo or no, you can beſt tell, for with the Continuance of your dear Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance, never yet withheld from me, I dare promiſe as much.

I beg of you not to ſuffer this, or any Thing elſe, to hurt your Health. As I have publickly ſaid, that I was aſſiſted by two Friends, I ſhall ſtill continue in the ſame Story, profeſſing obſtinate Silence about Dr.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* and yourself,. I am going Tomorrow to *Hampton Court* for a Week, notwithstanding the Badness of the Weather, where, tho' I am to mix with Quality, I shall see nothing half so engaging as you my dear Friend.

I am (not at all cast down)
Your sincere Friend,
JOHN GAY.

This Comedy, Mr. *Gay* has not inserted in the Collection of his poetical Writings, which, though it met with the Disapprobation of the Town was soon forgot, he still following the Court, writing Verses upon her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*, afterwards Queen, and waiting in Expectation of some Employment, as he was frequently promis'd by my Lord *Oxford* and others, before the Death of Queen *Anne*, and through his Means was nominated and appointed Secretary to the Embassy to *Hanover*, in the Year 1714, the last Year of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, when the Lord *Paget*, the Earl of *Clarendon*, and Mr. *Harley*, were all sent to *Hanover*, to assure that illustrious House, of her Majesty's Affection towards them, but at the same Time to express her high Resentment at the Demand of a Writ for summoning his Electoral Highness as Duke of *Cambridge* to the House of Lords; by this Means (though the Profits arising from the Employment were very small) he had the Honour of being personally known to the present Royal Family, to whom he had shown in many of his Writings, Loyalty and Affection enough to have serv'd them in any Capacity, and it remains a great Question, if ever an honester Man offered himself to the Service of a Court.

As soon as he arriv'd, Mr. *Pope* met him with a Letter, dated *Sept.* 23, 1714, than which nothing

can better expreſs the Love that was between theſe two:

Dear Mr. Gay,

WElcome to your native Soil! welcome to your Friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in Glory, bleſt with Court-intereſt, the Love and Familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the Changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig or a deſponding Tory, equally all hail! equally belov'd and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your Elevation; if unhappy, you have ſtill a warm Corner in my Heart, and a Retreat at *Binfield* in the worſt of Times at your Service. If you are a Tory, or thought ſo by any Man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude to a few People who endeavour'd to ſerve you, and whoſe Politicks were never your Concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine, (as Brother Poets) had ever a Biaſs to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honeſt Man and an inoffenſive one. Upon the Whole, I know you are incapable of being ſo much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever State you are, all hail!

One or two of your old Friends complain'd they hear nothing from you ſince the Queen's Death; I told 'em no Man living lov'd Mr. *Gay* better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing Proof, how truly one may be a Friend to another without telling him ſo every Month. But they had Reaſons to themſelves to alledge

ledge in your Excuſe; as Men who really value one another will never want ſuch as make their Friends and themſelves eaſy. The late univerſal Concern in publick Affairs, threw us all into a Hurry of Spirits: Even I who am more a Philoſopher than to expect any Thing from any Reign, was born away with the Current, and full of the Expectation of the Succeſſor. During your Journeys I knew not whither to aim a Letter after you; that was a Sort of ſhooting flying: Add to this the Demand *Homer* had upon me, to write fifty Verſes a Day, beſides learned Notes, all which are at a Concluſion for this Year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feaſting: We will feed among the Lillies, (by the Lillies I mean the Ladies.) Are not the *Roſalinda*'s of *Britain* as charming as the *Blouſalinda*'s of the *Hague*? Or have the two great paſtoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the ſame Time? For *Philips*, immortal *Philips*, hath deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtick Manner kick'd, his *Roſalind*. Dr. *Parnelle* and I have been inſeparable ever ſince you went. We are now at the *Bath*, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engag'd) your coming would be the greateſt Pleaſure to us in the World. Talk not of Expences: *Homer* ſhall ſupport his Children. I beg a Line from you directed to the Poſthouſe in *Bath*. Poor *Parnelle* is in an ill State of Health.

Pardon me if I add a Word of Advice in the poetical Way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever Foot you may be with the Court, this can do no Harm——I ſhall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many Things I have to ſay to you, tho' they all amount but to this that I am entirely, as ever,

Your ſincere Friend,

A. POPE.

Mr.

Mr. *Gay*'s next Trip was to *France* with Mr. *Pulteney*, which Place was Matter of much Ridicule to him, who was ſo very fond of natural Simplicity; but there he ſaw, he heard nothing, but what was Art and Artifice: It drew from him ſome very witty Lines, on the egregious Fopperies and extravagant Deportment of that Nation:

IN *Paris* there's a Race of Animals,
(I've ſeen 'em at their Operas and Balls)
They ſtand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in Action, Paroquetes in Talk;
They're crown'd with Feathers like the Cockatoo,
And, like Camelions, daily change their Hue;
From Patches, juſtly plac'd, they borrow Graces,
And with Vermilion lacquer o'er their Faces;
This Cuſtom, as we viſibly diſcern,
They by frequenting Ladies Toilets learn.
How happy lives the Man, who ſure to charm,
Whoſe Knot embroider'd flutters down his Arm!
On him the Ladies caſt the yielding Glance,
Sigh in his Songs, and languiſh in his Dance;
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy Hat no Scarlet Plumes adorn;
No broider'd Flowers his Worſted Ankle grace,
Nor Cane emboſs'd with Gold directs his Pace;
No Lady's Favour on his Sword is hung.
What tho' *Apollo* dictate from his Tongue.
His Wit is ſpiritleſs and void of Grace,
Who wants th' Aſſurance of Brocade and Lace:
While the gay Fop genteely talks of Weather,
The Fair in Raptures doat upon his Feather;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For Women chuſe their Men, like Silks, for Show.
Yet let us not their looſe Coquet'ry blame;
Women of every Nation are the ſame.

You

You ask me, if *Parisian* Dames, like our's,
With ratt'ling Dice profane the *Sunday*'s Hours?
If they the Gamester's pale-ey'd Vigils keep,
And stake their Honour while their Husbands sleep?
Yes, Sir; like *English* Toasts, the Dames of *France*
Will risque their Income on a single Chance:
But here no Wife can blast her Husband's Fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable Name.
Stretch'd on the Grass, the Shepherd sighs his Pain;
And on the Grass what Shepherd sighs in vain?
Such were our Pleasures in the Days of Yore,
When am'rous CHARLES *Britannia*'s Scepter bore;
The Nightly Scene of Joy the *Park* was made,
And Love, in Couples, peopled ev'ry Shade:
But since at Court the Rural-Taste is lost,
What mighty Sums have Velvet-Couches cost?
Like *France*, our Courtiers keep a num'rous Train,
To load their Coach; and Tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has Religion left us in the Lurch,
And, as in *France*, our Vulgar croud the Church;
Our Ladies too support the Masquerade;
The Sex, by Nature, love the' Intriguing-Trade.
Here, on the Opera-Stage, the Youth of *France*,
In bright Array attract the Female Glance:
This languishes, this struts, to shew his Mien;
And not a gold-clock'd Stocking moves unseen,
But hark! the full Orchestra strikes the Strings;
The Hero struts, and the whole Audience sings:
My jarring Ear harsh, grating, Murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like *Babel*'s mingled Sound.
O sooth me with some soft *Italian* Air,
Let Harmony compose my tortur'd Ear!
When *Anastasia*'s Voice commands the Strain,
The melting Warble thrills thro' ev'ry Vein;
Thought stands, Suspence and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in her Notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

You'll

You'll think 'tis Time ſome other Theme to chuſe,
And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Muſe.
Should I let Satire looſe on *Engliſh* Ground,
There, Fools of various Characters abound;
But here, my Verſe is to one Race confin'd;
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* Kind.

On his Return from *France*, the Friendſhip between Mr. *Pope* and him, was grown to ſuch an Height, that they began to think of living entirely together, which, however, they did not do, Mr. *Gay* being call'd for a Time to *Stanton Harcourt*, my Lord being exceſſively fond of his Company; while he was there, a Storm of Thunder and violent Lightning put all the Inhabitants into a very great Conſternation, and two People were kill'd by it, who happened to be out in the Field, and too far off other Shelter, could only reach the Side of a Cock of Barley, of which he writes in a very particular Manner to Mr. *Fenton*, dating his Letter from that Place, *Aug.* 3, 1718.

THE only News that you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World, and there is ſcarce any Thing can reach me except the Noiſe of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levell'd by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have eſcap'd: The only Security againſt it is the Laurel, which however, I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary of this oft happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant Heap of Towers in the Univerſe, which is in this Neighbourhood, ſtands ſtill undefac'd, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field

Field has been consum'd to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perish'd! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sate two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewet* was a well-set Man of about five and twenty, *Sarah Drew* might be rather call'd comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had pass'd thro' the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care, to bring the Cows to her Hand; it was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posy on her silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirm'd, that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtain'd the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of the Wedding Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July* between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. *Sarah* was frightned and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John* who never separated from her, sat down by her, having rak'd together two or three Heaps the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the Safety

of

of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field: No Anſwer being return'd to thoſe who call'd to our Lovers, they ſtept to the Place where they lay; they perceiv'd the Barley all in a Flame, and then ſpy'd this faithful Pair: *John* with one Arm about *Sarah*'s Neck, and the other held over her, as to ſkreen her from the Lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffen'd in this tender Poſture. *Sarah*'s left Eye-brow was ſing'd, and there appear'd a black Spot on her Breaſt: Her Lover was all over black, but not the leaſt Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melanchoiy Companions, they were convey'd to the Town, and the next Day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope*'s and my Requeſt, has cauſed a Stone to be plac'd over them, upon Condition that we furniſh'd the Epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eaſtern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
On the ſame Pile the faithful Pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the Country People will not underſtand this, and Mr. *Pope* ſays he'll make one with ſomething of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

Your, &c.

Whenever Mr. *Gay* had any Time upon his Hands, or was free from the Great, who us'd to be giving him continual Invitations to their Seats, Mr. *Pope* was ſtill harping upon the old String of their living together, which only now depended upon the Death

Death of his Mother; this is evident in a Letter of his to Mr. *Gay*, just after he was recover'd from a Fit of Illness, and while Mr. *Pope*'s Mother was in such declining Health, as well as Age, that he daily expected she would be call'd hence. Thus he writes to Mr. *Gay*:

I Faithfully assure you, in the Midst of that Melancholy with which I have been so long encompass'd, in an hourly Expectation almost of my Mother's Death; there was no Circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present Escape from so imminent Danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose Life at best can be but a short Reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two Days past, her most dangerous Symptoms are return'd upon her; and unless there be a sudden Change, I must in a few Days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease) of your Recovery. In the Sincerity of my Heart, I am excessively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear *Gay*, any Part of the Debt I very gratefully remember I owe you on a like sad Occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May your Health augment as fast as I fear her's must decline: I believe that would be very fast — may the Life that is added to you be past in good Fortune and Tranquility, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any Expectations or Trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more Felicity or Acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive:

ceive without Obligations to Greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth ſurviving my Mother. Adieu dear *Gay*, and believe me (while you live and while I live.)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my laſt Letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. *Howard*, and Mrs. *Blount*, give me daily Accounts of you.

Nay, ſo earneſt was Mr. *Pope* for the Recovery of Mr. *Gay*'s Health, that he at laſt reſolves to run the Riſque of all Fatigue, and Change of Climate, and go with him where it might be thought the Climate might afford the beſt Air for him; this was when Mr. *Gay* met with his Diſappointment at Court.

NO Words can tell you the great Concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was not, and is not leſſen'd, by the immediate Apprehenſion I have now every Day lain under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſur'd, no Duty leſs than that ſhould have kept me one Day from attending your Condition: I would come and take a Room by you at *Hampſtead*, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in Danger of Death. I have conſtantly had particular Accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preſerve your Life, and reſtore your Health. I really beg it for my own Sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in Health, though I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good Fortune to have my Prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining Days together.

gether. If, as I believe, the Air of a better Clime, as the ſouthern Part of *France*, may be thought uſeful for your Recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned State already which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear *Gay* be as chearful as your Suff'rings will permit: God is a better Friend than a Court: Even any honeſt Man is better. I promiſe you my entire Friendſhip in all Events, heartily praying for your Recovery.

Your, &c.

P. S. Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: The Doctor tells me all.

This was not an unexpected Turn to Mr. *Pope*, who knew the Uncertainty, Inſtability, and ſtrange quick Turns of Courts, neither ſhould Mr. *Gay* have taken it ſo much to Heart, ſeeing he had been promiſed and diſappointed ſo many Times. When he was in *France*, a young Prince was born here, and Mr. *Pope* thereon writes to him, *Nov.* 8, 1718. The Poſtcript is a Proof of our Aſſertion.

I Have no Story to tell you worth your Hearing; you know I am no Man of Intrigue; but the Dutcheſs of *Hamilton* has one which ſhe ſays is worth my Hearing, that relates to Mr. *Pulteney* and yourſelf; and which ſhe promiſes, if you won't tell me, ſhe will. Her Grace has won in a Raffle a very fine Tweezer-caſe; at the Sight of which, my Tweezer-caſe, and all other Tweezer-caſes on the Globe *hide their diminiſh'd Heads.*

That Dutcheſs, Lord *Warwick*, Lord *Stanhope*, Mrs. *Bellenden*, Mrs. *Lepell*, and I can't tell who elſe, had your Letters: Dr. *Arbuthnot* and I expect

to be treated like Friends. I would ſend my Service to Mr. *Pulteney*, but that he is out of Favour at Court, and make ſome Compliment to Mrs. *Pulteney*, if ſhe is a *Whig*. My Lord *Burlington* tells me ſhe has as much outſhin'd all the *French* Ladies, as ſhe did the *Engliſh* before: I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women ſhould eclipſe thoſe Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe Eyes alone lie all the Hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

P. S. I wiſh you Joy of the Birth of the young Prince, becauſe he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations and no Diſappointments.

In this Letter, we obſerve Mrs. *P--l--t--n--y* mentioned with Reſpect and Eſteem, but ſhe altering her Carriage, and becoming ſuperſelious as ſhe grew great, and prodigious haughty, though only a Glaſs-man's Daughter, was left to her own dear Vanity and Ambition, by Mr. *Gay* and Mr. *Pope* too, though not without a Memorandum:

With ſcornful Mien, and various Toſs of Air,
Fantaſtick, vain, and inſolently fair;
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy Brain,
She looks Ambition, and ſhe moves Diſdain.
Far other Carriage grac'd her Virgin Life,
But charming *Gumley*'s loſt in *P——t——y*'s Wife:
Not greater Arrogance in him we find,
And this Conjunction ſwells at laſt her Mind.
O could the Sire, renown'd in Glaſs, produce
One faithful Mirrour for his Daughter's Uſe,

Wherein

Wherein she might her haughty Errors trace,
And by Reflection learn to mend her Face;
The wonted Sweetness to her Form restore,
Be what she was, and charm Mankind once more.

Now we must speak no more of Mr. *Gay* at Court, nor in Favour with any that ow'd any Dependance to it: Yet was he not left without Friends; the Duke and Dutchess of *Queensberry* took him to their kind and noble Protection, and he was encourag'd as well by the great Reputation, as well as Profit he had receiv'd from the *Beggars Opera*, to write a Sequel to it. The *Beggars Opera* had indeed met with incredible Success, much of which was owing to the Squibs that were thrown at the Court, and many of which, of right appertain'd to Mr. *Pope*. The Song of *Peachum*, the Thief-catcher, was offer'd to the Publick, as follows:

THRO' all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuses his Brother,
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife,
All Professions be-rogue one another.
The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine,
And the Statesman because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

This, before it was alter'd by Mr. *Pope*, was not so sharp, the two last Lines only saying:

And there's many arrive to be Great,
By a Trade not more honest than mine.

And the Song of *Macheath* after his being taken,

SINCE Laws were made for every Degree,
To curb Vice in others as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company
Upon *Tyburn* Tree, *&c.*

Was wholly added by Mr. *Pope*, after Mr. *Gay* had given it the finiſhing Hand, as was moſt of the ſatirical Part upon the Court, and the Courtiers, which makes a very conſiderable Part of the Opera.

Mr. *Pope* encourag'd Mr. *Gay* to write the Sequel, and to write it ſtill more ſevere againſt the Court, which Counſel, though not the beſt, he took, and being patroniz'd as he was, ſeem'd to be alſo without Fear or Apprehenſion of meeting with a Repulſe from Power.

The Sequel was finiſh'd, and nam'd after the favourite Character in the *Beggars Opera*, POLLY; in which Opera, we are fully perſuaded, are as many Lines of Mr. *Pope*'s as Mr. *Gay*'s: It was given into the Hands of Mr. *Rich*, who had conceiv'd Hopes of great Gain from it, which muſt unavoidably have enſued; but Mr. *Gay*, to his no ſmall Surprize, receiv'd Notice from my Lord Chamberlain, to bring to him the Opera, for his Peruſal, which was accordingly done, and when, after ſome Time, he was waited on for it to be return'd to the Houſe, he told Mr. *Gay*, that for ſeveral Reaſons, he did not think proper for it to be acted, and accordingly prohibited it! Nothing was left now but to publiſh it, and firſt, to ſoften here and there an Expreſſion, to cauſe the leſs Reaſon to appear for its being ſuppreſs'd.

It wanted the natural Turn of the *Beggars Opera*, and ſeems upon the Whole, to mean little more than a freſh Satire, levell'd at the ſame Place as the *Beggars Opera* was. Thoſe who had taken Mr. *Gay* into

into Protection, ſtill upheld him, yet he could not bear this (to him) ſo very great a Diſappointment, and on this Subject, not long after, he writes to Mr. *Pope*, who was ſo deeply concern'd at it, that he (being ill before) was made ſo much worſe as to keep his Chamber many Weeks. Mr. *Gay*'s Letter was thus:

Dear Mr. Pope,

MY Melancholy increaſes, and every Hour threatens me with ſome Return of my Diſtemper; nay, I think I may rather ſay I have it on me. Not the divine Looks, the kind Favours and Expreſſions of the divine Dutcheſs, who hereafter ſhall be in Place of a Queen to me, (nay, ſhe ſhall be my Queen) nor the inexpreſſible Goodneſs of the Duke, can in the leaſt chear me. The Drawing-Room no more receives Light from thoſe two Stars. There is now what *Milton* ſays is in Hell, Darkneſs viſible.——O that I had never known what a Court was! Dear *Pope*, what a barren Soil (to me ſo) have I been ſtriving to produce ſomething out of! Why did I not take your Advice before my writing Fables for the Duke, not to write them? Or rather, to write them for ſome young Nobleman? It is my very hard Fate, I muſt get nothing, write for them or againſt them. I find myſelf in ſuch a ſtrange Confuſion and Depreſſion of Spirits, that I have not Strength even to make my Will; though I perceive, by many Warnings, I have no continuing City here. I begin to look upon myſelf as one already dead; and deſire, my dear Mr. *Pope*, (whom I love as my own Soul) if you ſurvive me, (as you certainly will) that you will, if a Stone ſhould mark the Place of my Grave, ſee theſe Words put on it:

Life is a Jeſt, and all Things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

With what more you may think proper.

If any Body ſhould aſk, how I could communicate this after Death? Let it be known, it is not meant ſo, but my preſent Sentiment in Life. What the Bearer brings beſides this Letter, ſhould I die without a Will, (which I am the likelier to do, as the Law will ſettle my ſmall Eſtate much as I ſhould myſelf) let it remain with you, as it has long done with me, a Remembrance of a dead Friend: But there is none like you, living or dead.

I am, dear Mr. Pope,
Your's, &c. JOHN GAY.

When all his Expectations from the Court were thus reduced to nothing, Mr. *Pope*, before this laſt Letter, wrote him one in a Boldneſs of Spirit, and with Freedom; fit to be ſeen and read by him, but never meant to be the Object of the publick Eye. It was dated *Oct.* 6, 1727.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE many Years ago magnify'd in my own Mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture; "Bleſſed is he "who expects nothing, for he ſhall never be diſap-"pointed." I could find in my Heart to congratulate you on this happy Diſmiſſion from all Court-Dependance: I dare ſay, I ſhall find you the better and the honeſter Man for it many Years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the Bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no Men eſcape the Infection, who are hack-

hackney'd and trammelled in the Ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers, (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will ſmile on you the leſs; but Men of Worth and real Friends will look on you the better. There is a Thing, the only Thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet I thank God, *Engliſhmen* need not aſk from their Hands. You will enjoy that, and your own Integrity, and the ſatisfactory Conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch Graces from Courts as are beſtow'd only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving. The only Steps to the Favour of the Great are ſuch Complacencies, ſuch Compliances, ſuch diſtant Decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Paſſions. He is their greateſt Favourite, who is the falſeſt; and when a Man, by ſuch vile Gradations, arrives at the Height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at beſt but in a Circumſtance to be hated, and in a Condition to be hanged, for ſerving their Ends: So many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the Letter you ſent by my Lord *Grantham*; I preſume you writ it not without; and you could not have better, if I gueſs right at the Perſon who agreed to your doing it, in Reſpect to any Decency you ought to obſerve; for I take that Perſon to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without Fears even on that Perſon's Account: I think it a bad Omen; but what have I to do with Court-Omens?—Dear *Gay*, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no Body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all Conditions of Life. While I have a Shilling, you

ſhall have Six-pence, nay Eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a Groat.

I am faithfully, Your's, &c.

And now Mr. *Gay*'s Life was ſpent chiefly in the Country with the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Queenſberry*. His Melancholy and Diſtemper continuing to get the better of him, (though he had been always a Man of but few Words) he began to grow ſtill more reſerved, and ſeem'd to loſe ſomething of his Invention and Strength of Genius. Whether it were ſo in Reality, or whether he began to think it vain and of no Effect, his Stomach grew weak, and his Head began to be troubled with Dizzineſs; he with cold damp Sweats all over him, and ſuch a Dejection of Spirits, that the very Entrance into the Room of any Stranger would give him Diſorder. Of this he wrote, as well as of his Intention of coming to *London*, to Mr. *Pope*; who in his Reply ſtrives to keep him in Heart a little by Mirth, and laughs at *Stephen Duck* and the Laureat, (who was Mr. *Euſden*) whom he calls a drunken *Sot of a Parſon*: It is dated *Oct.* 23, 1730.

YOUR Letter is a very kind one, but I can't ſay ſo pleaſing to me as many of your's have been, thro' the Account you give of the Dejection of your Spirits: I wiſh the too conſtant Uſe of Water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. *Arbuthnot* and another very knowing Phyſician of that Opinion. I alſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immers'd in the Country: I hope your Return to Town will be a prevalent Remedy againſt the Evil of too much Recollection: I wiſh it partly for my own Sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be Phyſicians for one another. It is a Remedy that a-

geeed

greed very well with us both for many Years, and I fancy our Constitutions would mend upon the old Medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good Office, merely for the Love of Wit, which seems to be bidding the Town a long and last Adieu. I can tell you of no one Thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole Age seems resolv'd to justify the *Dunciad*, and it may stand for a publick Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at *Thermopylæ*, on a *whole People perish'd!* There may indeed be a wooden Image or two of Poetry, set up, to preserve the Memory that there once were Bards in *Britain*; and (like the *Giants* at *Guildhall*) show the Bulk and bad Taste of our Ancestors: At present the poor Laureat and *Stephen Duck* serve for this Purpose; a drunken Sot of a *Parson* holds forth the Emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of *Wiltshire* has appear'd at *Amesbury*, or the Dutchess will be thought insensible of all bright Qualities and exalted Genius's, in Court and Country alike. But he is a harmless Man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the News talk'd of at Court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. *Howard* talks of you, tho' not in the same Breath with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the Way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr. *Chubb*, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of *Wiltshire*? I have read thro' his whole Volume with Admiration of the Writer; tho' not always with Approbation of the Doctrine. I have past just three Days in *London* in four Months, two at *Windsor*, half an one at *Richmond*, and have not taken one Excursion into any other Country. Judge now whether I can live in my Library? Adieu. Live

mindful

mindful of one of your firſt Friends, who will be ſo to the laſt. Mrs. *Blount* deſerves your Remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a Friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's Acceptance of my Services: The Contentment you expreſs in their Company pleaſes me, tho' it be the Bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Dear Sir, Your, &c.

A. POPE.

Mr. *Gay* came ſhortly to Town, but his Fever growing inflammatory, he died the 4th of *December*, 1732, at his Grace the Duke of *Queenſberry*'s Houſe in *Burlington Gardens*, near *Piccadilly*.

He, as he had five Years before hinted to Mr. *Pope*, died inteſtate, and out of Place:

Gay dies unpenſion'd, with a thouſand Friends.

POPE.

His Fortune was but ſmall, and fell to his two Siſters; it was wholly owing to his own Labour and Prudence, during his Stewardſhip under the late Dutcheſs of *Monmouth*.

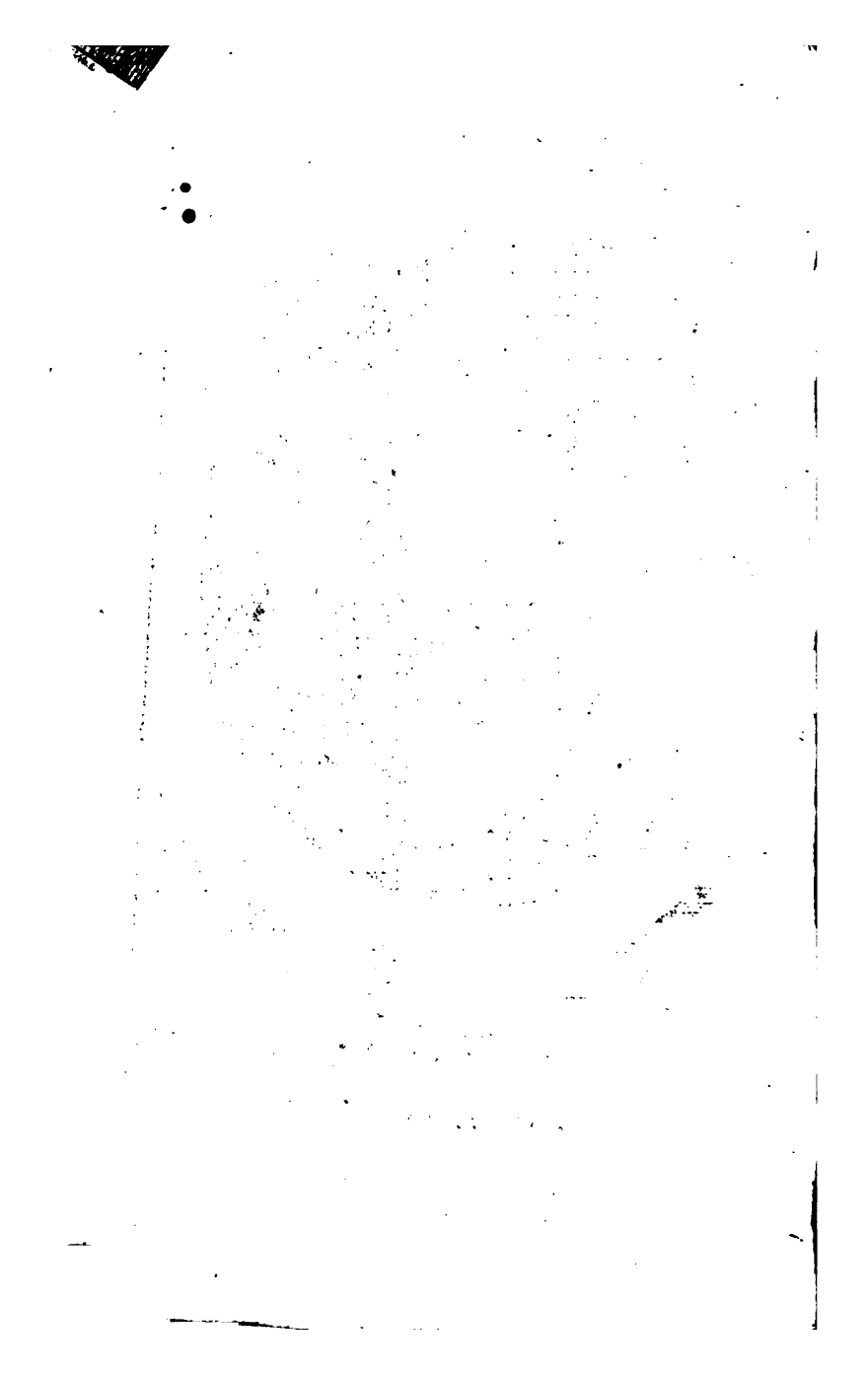
His Body was brought, by the Company of Upholders, from the Duke of *Queenſberry*'s to *Exeter Exchange* in the *Strand*, and on the 23d of *December*, after lying in ſolemn State, was at eight o'Clock in the Evening, drawn in a Hearſe adorn'd with black and white Feathers, attended by three Mourning Coaches and ſix Horſes, to *Weſtminſter Abbey*.

His Pall was ſupported by the Right Hon. the Earl of *Cheſterfield*, the Lord Viſcount *Cornbury*, the Hon. Mr. *Berkeley*, General *Dormer*, Mr. *Gore*, and Mr. *Pope*.

The

JOHN GAY ESQ.r

Parr Sculp



The last Offices were perform'd by the Right Reverend Dr. *Wilcox*, Bishop of *Rochester*, the Choir attending, and his Body was deposited in the South Cross-Ile, over against *Chaucer*'s Tomb.

There is erected to his Memory a fine Monument, by *Rysbrack*; on which, according to his Desire, is put:

Life is a Jest, and all Things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

A LITTLE BELOW.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
In Wit a Man, Simplicity, a Child;
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the Age.
Above Temptation in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, e'en among the Great.
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are thy Honours! Not that here thy Bust,
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust:
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
striking their pensive Bosoms,——Here lies *Gay*.

Here lie the Ashes of Mr. *JOHN GAY*:
The warmest Friend,
The gentlest Companion,
Who maintain'd,
Independency
In low Circumstances of Fortune;
Integrity,
In the midst of a corrupt Age;
And that equal Serenity of Mind,
Which conscious Goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole Course of his Life.

Favourite

Favourite of the Muſes,
He was led by them to every elegant Art:
Refined in Taſte,
And fraught with Graces all his own.
In various Kinds of Poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His Works continue to inſpire
What his Example taught:
Contempt of Folly, however adorn'd;
Deteſtation of Vice, however dignified;
Reverence for Virtue, however diſgraced.

CHARLES and CATHARINE,
Duke and Dutcheſs of *Queenſberry*,
Who lov'd this excellent Perſon Living,
And Regret him Dead,
Have caus'd this Monument to be erected
To his Memory.

Now having decently interr'd Mr. *Gay*, we deſire our Reader to prepare for what was before promis'd, that is, ſome Diſcourſe on Paſtoral, taking Opportunity of Mr. *Gay's Shepherd's Week*, to make a Criticiſm thereon, not ſuch as may only ſhew our Knowledge of Defects, but of Beauty alſo. *There have been always Criticks*, and (ſays a right noble and worthy one indeed) *among a great many bad, ſome good ones*: But I believe there was never ſuch an Age and Nation for that Humour as ours is at preſent. In ſo great a Town as *London* there is always a little of the Plague in ſome odd Corner or other; but ſometimes 'tis epidemical, and ſweeps all away. Juſt ſo 'tis now with Criticiſm, which without the leaſt Diſtinction ſpares no Body. That I mean, which is vented in Eating-houſes, Coffee-houſes, and Play-houſes;

houſes; and is nothing in the World but a Mixture of Ill-nature and Ignorance. But, the worſt is, theſe bleak Winds are ever blaſting our hopeful Bloſſoms; for they hinder the modeſteſt and beſt Wits from writing; but, like Winds too, they can hardly hurt what is well ripened, and come forth: For 'tis almoſt infallible that a real good Thing will bear out itſelf, and get the better of all Oppoſition. Time, therefore, in all Matters of Writing, is the only true Touchſtone of Merit; which at lenghth will prevail over all the Folly and Faction imaginable.

As in old *Rome*, what made ſuch excellent Orators above any ſince, but the univerſal Endeavour of all Mankind then to be eloquent? So here, among ſo many Criticks, 'tis impoſſible but ſome few muſt be fitted by Nature for ſuch an exact Judgment of Things; and it being ſo much the Faſhion, they cannot fail by Art and Practice to improve their Talent.

The Buſineſs of the Critick is mightily miſtaken among us: For our Town-ſparks think it conſiſts in nothing but finding Fault, which is but the leaſt Half of their Work. Every Man who drinks his Pot, can judge a paultry Picture in an Alehouſe to be worth nothing; but how few can diſcern the beſt Touches, and judge of a good Collection!

When I meet with any Thing that deſerves it, I approve it gladly, both for the Juſtice of the Thing, and becauſe I give ſome Proof of my own Candour and Eaſineſs of Humour, which, without Partiality, hath nothing of the Envy ſo common now a-days even among our beſt Wits. Yet perhaps this may proceed from a Sort of Vanity, of which I am as apt to ſuſpect myſelf guilty, as any Body; knowing ſo well that all Sort of Writers, are too much inclin'd to it.

However,

However, (be it from what Motive it may) the following is a Criticism chiefly, if not altogether, on the Praise-worthy Side of our Authors considered, not proceeding from Envy of true Merit, nor Ill-nature in the Critick; therefore expect little except Comparison, Explanation, and bringing to light some beautiful Passages, in several great pastoral Poets; Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay*, Mr. *Philips*, and in dramatick Pastoral, *Tasso*, *Guarini*, and our *British*, and much to be admir'd *gentle Shepherd*, *Allan Ramsay*.

There are four Sorts of Pastorals; the first Sort is that which is wrote with an Eye to antient *Arcadian* Shepherds, and this rises in the Stile, and assumes more poetical Liberty than otherways would be allowed to simple Shepherd Swains; of this Sort are the Pastorals of Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Philips*.

The second Sort keeps in View only modern Shepherds, speaking in more homely Guise, without the poetical Painting mentioned in the first, of this Kind are Mr. *Gay's*.

The third Sort is as either of these are manag'd by the Poet, and is the old *Arcadian*, or else the modern, and more natural Pastoral, either in *Description*, or *Dialogue*, of this Kind are some of the Pastorals of each of the three Poets beforementioned.

The fourth Sort is *pastoral Comedy*, and this admits of Description, Dialogue, Accident, Incident, and Action, and is the greatest Perfection to which pastoral Poetry can be brought; of this Kind, is the *Aminta* of *Tasso*—The *Faithful Shepherd* of *Guarini*, and the *Gentle Shepherd* of *Allan Ramsay*. *Boileau*, in his *Art of Poetry*, has given very good Instruction to a pastoral Writer, in the following Lines, translated from the original *French*, by Sir *William Soames*, and afterwards revis'd by the great Mr. *Dryden*.

AS

AS a fair Nymph, when rising from her Bed,
With sparkling Diamonds dresses no ther Head;
But without Gold, or Pearl, or costly Scents,
Gathers from neighb'ring Fields her Ornaments:
Such, lovely in its Dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect *Pastoral*:
Its humble Method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty Verse:
There, native Beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh Sounds the Ear affrights.
But in this Stile a Poet often spent,
In Rage throws by his rural Instrument,
And vainly, (when disorder'd Thoughts abound,)
Amidst the Eclogue makes the Trumpet sound:
Pan flies, alarm'd, into the neighb'ring Woods,
And frighted *Naiads* dive into the Floods.

Mr. *Philips*, who wrote his Pastorals before Mr. *Pope*, says little concerning the Manner of writing, or of the Nature of this Sort of Poetry, which, for many Years before he took his rural Pipe in Hand, had been quite neglected; it is therefore, I think, a little strange, that on the Revival of pastoral Poetry in *England*, he should only say:

IT is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has been always accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems: *Virgil* and *Spencer* made use of it as a Prelude to heroick Poetry. But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no Sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight. And the Pastoral perhaps may boast of

of this in a peculiar Manner: For, as in Painting, ſo I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the moſt entertaining Scenes, and moſt delightful Proſpects.

Gaſſendus, I remember, tells us, that *Pierefkius* was a great Lover of Muſick, eſpecially that of Birds; becauſe their artleſs Strains ſeem to have leſs of Paſſion and Violence, but more of a natural Eaſineſs, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the ſame Manner that Paſtoral gives a ſweet and gentle Compoſure to the Mind; whereas the Ethick and Tragick Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.

To ſee a ſtately, well built Palace ſtrikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and ſwells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur: But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantagiouſly ſituated amidſt a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers; I feel an unſpeakable Kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing, that my good Fortune would place me in ſo ſweet a Retirement.

When Mr. *Pope* publiſh'd his, he was kinder to the Publick: Beſides what we quoted in the Beginning of the firſt Volume of this Work, he has wrote many Things worthy Notice, and what will be of great Help to future Writers, in this Kind of Poem. The Original of Poetry, ſays Mr. *Pope*, is aſcribed to that Age which ſucceeded the Creation of the World; and as the Keeping of Flocks, ſeems to be the firſt Employment of Mankind, the moſt antient Sort of Poetry, was probably Paſtoral: 'Tis natural to imagine, that the Leiſure of thoſe antient Shepherds requiring ſome Diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary Life, as ſinging, and that in their Songs, they took Occaſion to celebrate their own

own Felicity: From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improv'd to a perfect Image of that happy Time, which, by giving an Emblem of the Virtues of a former Age, might recommend them to the present; and since the Life of Shepherds was attended with more Tranquility than any other rural Employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it receiv'd the Name of Pastoral.

If we could copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Consideration along with us, that Pastoral is an Image of what we call the Golden Age.

By this it is plain, that Mr. *Pope* esteem'd himself a Writer only of that Sort of Pastoral which painted the Golden Age. Mr. *Gay*, on the contrary, leaves that behind, and gives his Shepherds and Shepherdesses a Turn altogether modern and natural, for which he artfully and properly prepares the Reader, in a masterly Manner, affecting Simplicity of Stile, and a Language a little older than what was us'd in his Time. Great Marvel hath it been, says Mr. *Gay*, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy Wits, that in this our Island of *Britain*, in all rare Sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all Kinds of Poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable Cunning in Roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient Guise of *Theocritus*, before this mine Attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain High-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as Nature in the Country affordeth; and the Manners also meetly copied from the rustical Folk therein. In this also my Love to my native Country *Britain* much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the Manners of our own honest and labourious Plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a *British* Poet's Imitation, than those of *Sicily* or *Arcadie*;

cadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a Rout and Rabblement of critical Gallimawfry hath been made of late Days by certain young Men of insipid Delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, golden Age, and other outragious Conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral.

Verily, as little Pleasance receiveth a true home-bred Taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled Fooleries of this gay *Gothic* Garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their Court Clowns, or clown Courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent Citizen journeying to his country Farms, should he find them occupied by People of this motley Make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly Folk; such as be now Tenants to the Burgesses of this Realme.

Furthermore, it is my Purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a Picture, or rather lively Landscape of thy own Country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a Walk in the Fields at the proper Season.

Thou wilt not find my Shepherdesses idly piping on oaten Reeds, but milking the Kine, tying up the Sheaves, or if the Hogs are astray driving them to their Styes. My Shepherd gathereth none other Nosegays but what are the Growth of our own Fields, he sleepeth not under Myrtle Shades, but under a Hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his Flocks from Wolves, because there are none, as Maister *Spencer* well observeth.

Well is known that since the *Saxon* King,
Never was Wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all *Kent* nor in *Christendom*.

For as much, as I have mentioned Maister *Spencer*, soothly I must acknowledge him a Bard of sweetest Memorial,

Memorial. Yet hath his Shepherd's Boy at ſometimes raiſed his ruſtick Reed to Rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverſe grave Points alſo hath he handled of churchly Matter and Doubts in Religion daily ariſing, to great Clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beſt are his Names, indeed right ſimple and meet for the Country, ſuch as *Lobbin*, *Cuddy*, *Hobbinol*, *Diggon*, and others, ſome of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he call'd his Eclogues, the *Shepherd's Calender*, and divided the ſame into the twelve Months, I have choſen (peradventure not over raſhly) to name mine by the Days of the Week, omitting *Sunday* or the *Sabbath*, ours being ſuppos'd to be chriſtian Shepherds, and to be then at Church Worſhip. Yet further of many of Maiſter *Spencer's* Eclogues it may be obſerv'd; tho' Months they be call'd, of the ſaid Months therein, nothing is ſpecify'd; wherein I have alſo eſteem'd him worthy mine Imitation.

And here, much Comfort ariſeth in me, from the Hopes, in that I conceive, when theſe Words in the Courſe of tranſitory Things ſhall decay, it may ſo hap, in meet Time that ſome Lover of Simplicity ſhall ariſe, who ſhall have the Hardineſs to render theſe mine Eclogues into ſuch more modern Dialect as ſhall be then underſtood, to which End, Gloſſes and Explications of uncouth paſtoral Terms are annex'd.

In this *Shepherd's Week*, or Paſtorals for ſix Days, Mr. *Pope* had little Share, he having before declar'd, that Paſtorals ought to be an Imitation of the golden Age, yet not entirely to abandon his Friend, he wrote a few Lines for him in the fifth Paſtoral, call'd the *Dirge*; they expreſs the dying Words of *Blouzelinda*:

Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the Poultry need,
And give the Gooſe wherewith to raiſe her Breed,
Be theſe my Siſter's Care——and ev'ry Morn
Amid the Ducklings let her ſcatter Corn;
The ſickly Calf that's hous'd, be ſure to tend,
Feed him with Milk, and from bleak Colds defend.
Yet e'er I die——ſee, Mother, yonder Shelf,
There ſecretly I've hid my wordly Pelf.
Twenty good Shillings in a Rag I laid,
Be ten the Parſon's, for my Sermon paid.
The Reſt is yours——My Spinning-wheel and Rake,
Let *Suſan* keep for her dear Siſter's Sake;
My new ſtraw Hat that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let *Peggy* wear, for ſhe's a Damſel clean.
My leathern Bottle, long in Harveſts try'd,
Be *Grubbinol*'s——this ſilver Ring beſide:
Three ſilver Pennies, and a Ninepence bent,
A Token kind, to *Bumkinet* is ſent.
Thus ſpoke the Maiden, while her Mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmleſs Lamb, ſhe dy'd.

In this Mr. *Pope* endeavour'd to imitate the Stile of Mr. *Gay*, but the laſt Line betrays him; his *Arcadian* Strain, which charmed him in his Youth, always was his Song, except as now, he by Force chang'd a Note or two: How different are his Verſes in his fourth Paſtoral, to the Memory of Mrs. *Tempeſt*:

Ye gentle Muſes leave your chryſtal Spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans Cypreſs Garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the Stream with Myrtles hide,
And break your Bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
And with your golden Darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a Verſe on this relenting Stone:

" Let

" Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore
" Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Love is now no more!
'Tis done, and Nature's various Charms decay;
See gloomy Clouds obſcure the chearful Day!
Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,
Their faded Honours ſcatter'd on her Bier.
See, where on Earth the flow'ry Glories lie;
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Beauty is no more!
For her, the Flocks refuſe their verdant Food,
Nor thirſty Heifers ſeek the gliding Flood.
The ſilver Swans her hapleſs Fate bemoan,
In ſadder Notes than when they ſing their own.
Echo no more the rural Song rebounds,
Her Name alone the mournful Echo ſounds,
Her Name with Pleaſure once ſhe taught the Shore,
Now *Daphne*'s dead, and Pleaſure is no more!
No grateful Dews deſcend from Ev'ning Skies,
No Morning Odours from the Flow'rs ariſe.
No rich Perfumes refreſh the fruitful Field,
Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incenſe yield.
The balmy *Zephyrs*, ſilent ſince her Death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter Breath.
Th' induſtrious Bees neglect their golden Store;
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Sweetneſs is no more!
No more the mounting Larks while *Daphne* ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid Air ſuſpend their Wings;
No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,
Or huſh'd with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:
No more the Streams their Murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter Muſick than their own to hear;
But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Muſick is no more!
Her Fate is whiſper'd by the gentle Breeze,
And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees;

The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood,
Her Fate remurmur to the silver Flood;
The silver Flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new Passion, and o'erflows with Tears;
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,
Daphne, our Grief! our Glory now no more.

Here you see all the Harmony of Numbers, and Beauty of Poetry. It is, notwithstanding, a very great Pity, that Mr. *Pope* did not, instead of writing Pastoral so young, defer it to be one of his last Works; for Pastoral Poetry (we dare boldly assert) is the most difficult of all, and never so well conducted as when it is Dramatick: This Mr. *Walsh* seems thoroughly sensible of, when he so earnestly perswades Mr. *Pope* to write a Pastoral Comedy. It was this high, harmonious Verse, made Sir *Richard Steele* say, it was not Pastoral, but somewhat better; allowing at the same Time, that Mr. *Philips* had wrote in a Stile truly Pastoral, which evidently shews the Partiality of Sir *Richard* to that Author: For when he writes on the same Subject in his third Pastoral, speaking of the Death of *Albina*, (under which Character he endeavours to figure the young Duke of *Glouceſter*, the only Child of Queen *Anne*) we should be gladly inform'd, whether he has not aimed as high as Mr. *Pope*, though, to be sure, his Strain is widely different. Give Attention, Reader, to his Attempt:

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
And sympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,
Presaging future Woe, when, for our Crimes,
We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy
Of all the Plains, and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.

No

No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the grassy Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood;
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.
In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the damping Clay;
The Roses on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd:
Bleating around him lye his pensive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crowds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd;
Ye, conscious Trees and Fountains, can attest
With what sad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She clasp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliss,
And teach him young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.
As milk-white Swans on silver Streams do show,
And silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains:
In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat:
A thin Increase our woolly Substance yields,
And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Fields.

What wants there here of the *Arcadian* Stile. This also must be pronounced to be no Pastoral, but something better; that is, Sir *Richard Steele* means finer Verses, too high for Shepherds Notes: Nay,

this Poet ſoar'd ſo high in his Paſtorals, that he has aſpired to rob the Canticles:

Breath ſoft, ye Winds; ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her ye Trees; ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lie.

In the Song of *Solomon*, from which he has tranſlated it, our Verſion has it, Chap. ii. Verſe 5, "*I charge you, O ye Daughters of* Jeruſalem! *by the Roes and by the Hinds of the Field, that you not ſtir not up nor awake my Love, 'till he pleaſes.*" We would by no Means be underſtood to blame this Liberty, more eſpecially in this Place, the Song of *Solomon* being moſt beautifully Paſtoral; we rather take an Opportunity to encourage Poets, to adorn their Verſes with Flowers from that *Eaſtern* Garden, and make no Scruple, thinking it is thereby profaned, for it is indeed thereby the more honour'd. And certain it is, the aforementioned Song of *Solomon* is fitlier imitated by Paſtoral Writers, than many Poets pretending to have touch'd on the Strains of Shepherds. Leſs pleaſeth me Mr. *Philips*, (notwithſtanding much Sound be in the Verſe) where he laments the Death of *Stella*: Such courtly Lines are meet for Perſonages, more than ruſtick Swains and Youths, who have ſpent great Travail in Education, might wail in ſuch Guiſe:

Unhappy *Colinet!* What boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damſel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil, and Roſe;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compoſe,
With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-ſhade dreſt;
A Garland, that may witneſs thy Unreſt.

My

My Pipe, whose soothing Sound could Passion move,
And first taught *Stella*'s Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, shall hang upon this blasted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak:
Nor Lark, nor Linnet shall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Let us see how these three Writers of Pastoral Dialogue have described their favourite Shepherdesses, or Mistresses. We shall, in Order as they were wrote, begin with Mr. *Philips*,

Mild as a Lamb, and harmless as a Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in secret love, I shall not say;
Divine her Name, and I give up the Day.

Here is enough Simplicity, and rather too much; for the Shepherd is very thoughtless to risque his Prize that he contends for, on *Hobbinol*'s guessing his Mistress's Name, and then after saying, that she is as harmless as a Dove, it is too much Sameness to say in the very next Line, that *she is as true as a Turtle*, that might have been well express'd in one Line;

As true and harmless as the Turtle Dove.

And to speak the Truth, the Turtle Dove had been pretty well flown by most Pastoral Writers. And herein lies one of the greatest Difficulties in these Sort of Compositions, to avoid common-place Epithets, or else to introduce them in a Manner which may seem new. Upon this Head we cannot over-praise Mr. *Pope*, who speaketh himself in his own fine Phrase, instead of the Shepherd's:

Strephon.

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Showers;
Hush'd are the Birds, and clos'd the drooping Flowers:
If *Delia* smile, the Flowers begin to spring,
The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to sing.

Daphnis.

All Nature laughs, the Groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air;
If *Sylvia* smiles new Glories gild the Shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

This last Line has so very remote Sense, and is of such difficult Reading, that it is more like a strain'd Line in Heroick, than what it ought here to be, the Praise of a young Shepherdess by a Swain. Think not, benign Reader, that we venture to find any Fault with these fine Verses, all we intend, or would be thought to mean is, that they are misplac'd: In what Manner has Mr. *Gay* express'd himself, who left the *Arcadian* Plains, and draws his Scene of Action at home.

Lubbin Clout.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blithest Lass,
Than Primrose sweeter, or the Clover-grass.
Fair is the King-cup that in Meadow blows,
Fair is the Daisie that beside her grows,
Fair is the Gillyflow'r, of Gardens sweet,
Fair is the Mary-gold for Pottage meet.
But *Blouzelind*'s than Gillyflow'r more fair,
Than Daisie, Mary-gold, or King-cup rare.

Cuddy.

Cuddy.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateſt Maid,
That e'er at Wake delightſome Gambol play'd.
Clean as young Lambkins or the Gooſe's Down,
And like the Goldfinch in her *Sunday* Gown.
The witleſs Lamb may ſport upon the Plain,
The friſking Kid delight the gaping Swain,
The wanton Calf may ſkip with many a Bound,
And my Cur *Tray* play defteſt Feats around:
But neither Lamb nor Kid, nor Calf nor *Tray*,
Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of *May*.

Lobbin Clout.

Sweet is my Toil when *Blouzelind* is near,
Of her bereft 'tis Winter all the Year.
With her no ſultry Summer's Heat I know;
In Winter, when ſhe's nigh, with Love I glow.
Come *Blouzelinda*, eaſe thy Swain's Deſire,
My Summer's Shadow and my Winter's Fire!

Here is nothing but plain and ſimple Nature: The Flowers, the Beaſts, the Seaſons, nothing out of their Sight, or Reach, nothing affected, but all in Character, and all beautifully ſo.

Now coming to ſpeak of the Dramatick Paſtoral Writers, and firſt of *Taſſo*, we cannot help thinking, that his artful Manner of praiſing the Beauty of *Sylvia*, by another Woman, as quoted in the 20th Page of the foregoing Volume, has ſomething in it very maſterly, to which we refer, and proceed to *Guarini*, the other great *Italian* dramatick paſtoral Poet, who makes his *Faithful Shepherd* ſpeak of his Miſtreſs's Beauty thus:

CRUDA

CRUDA *Amarilli*, che col nome ancora
D'amar, ahi laſſo, amaramente inſegni.
Amarilli del candido liguſtro
Più candida, e più bella:
Ma del'aſpido ſordo
E più ſorda, più fera, e più fugace:
Poiche col dirt' offendo,
I'mi morrò tacendo:
Mà grideran per me le piagge, e i monti,
E pueſta ſelva, à cui
Si ſpeſſo il tuo bel nome
Di riſonare inſegno:
Per me piangendo i fonti,
E mormorando i venti
Diranno i miei lamenti:
Parlerà nel mio volto
La Pietate, e'l dolore;
Eſe fia muta ogn'altra coſa, al fine
Parlerà il mio morire,
E ti dirà la morte il mio martire.

Which I have tranſlated thus:

Ah *Amarillis*! far more beautiful,
And much more fair than are the whiteſt Lillies;
But than deaf Adders far more deaf and cruel;
Since I offend thee when I ſpeak my Love,
My Tongue ſhall never dare; but yet for me
Shall ſpeak the Fields, the Mountains, and the [Woods,
By me ſo often taught to ſound thy Name:
For me ſhall Fountains weep, and murmuring Winds
Whiſper out my Complaints; in my ſad Face
Grief and Diſtreſs ſhall ſpeak, and if at laſt
All other Things are mute, even then my Death
Shall ſpeak, and tell thee, that Love's Martyr dies.

I shall speak with the more Pleasure on the next Poet; first, as he is a *Briton*, next, that he has Beauties equal to the two great *Italians* mention'd before, and lastly, that I have the Pleasure of being the first to point out to the Inhabitants of this Part of our Island, a Beauty that was conceiv'd and born in the North. Reader, be well aware, and despise not the Diction of this pastoral Comedy of the *Gentle Shepherd*: It is a Dialect well adapted to the Subject, and has great Applause from very great Men; Mr. *Pope* preferr'd it to any Pastoral in the *Italian*, except those wrote by *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and thou mayst understand, that *Tasso* was the Inventor of this Kind of Poesy.

In this Pastoral of our Countryman, Mr. *Allan Ramsay*, are many cooth Words and Phrases, right worthy being brought into the Dialect spoken by the most polite, in this most courtly Part of *Britain*; neither can we without Marvel, see so many Words borrow'd from *France* and other Countries, and grafted into our Speech, and see our best Writers, and most courtly Speakers, neglect so many well sounding Expressions and significant Words, as are to be found in our northern Dialect.

The other Poets we have quoted have brought in Shepherds praising their belov'd Shepherdesses, but Mr. *Allan Ramsay* introduces a Maiden praising and describing the *Gentle Shepherd*.

Peggy. *Patie* to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I dread nae other (a) Skaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the Green
Has sic a Smile or sic twa glancing Een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
His Words they (b) thirle like Musick thro' my Heart.
How

(a) Damage. (b) Thrill.

How blithely can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at little Fears that fright the (a) Lave.
Ilk Day that he's alone upon the Hill,
He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
He is—but what need I ſay that or this,
I'd ſpend a Month to tell you what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a Gate,
The reſt ſeem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.

This Writer has with Mr. *Gay* left *Arcadian* Strains, and Plains, to which Stile the Reſt keep, but then *Taſſo* and *Guarini* as their Stile is *Arcadian*, their Scenes are in *Arcady*; what moſt diſpleaſeth us is, when, as Mr. *Philips* in his third Paſtoral keeps up to the *Sicilian* Stile, yet talks of *Thomas* and *Britain*.

Next to praiſing and deſcribing thoſe that they love, generally paſtoral Writers are fond of making young Lovers complain of their Love, and here Mr. *Philips* has done himſelf and our Language great Credit and Honour. Hear his charming *Shepherd's Boy*.

Ah well a Day! How long muſt I endure
This pining Pain? Or who ſhall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have; ſeeks no Repoſe;
Delights in Grief; nor any Meaſure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to riſe;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the (b) Skies;
The Winds are huſh'd; the Dews diſtil; and Sleep
With ſoft Embrace has ſeiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prouling Wolf, conſtrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can ſtop the growing Flame?
Whilome did I, all as this Poplar fair,
Up-raiſe my heedleſs Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong

(a) Reſt, (b) Boobies.

'Mong ruſtick Routs the chief for wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.
Who better ſeen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
To pleaſe the Lads and win the Laſſes Hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten Reed ſo ſweet,
Wont they, upon the Green, to ſhift their Feet?
And, when the Dance was done, how would they
Some well deviſed Tale from me to learn? [yearn
For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chaſe the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
But, ah! ſince *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitleſs Moan.
Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentleſs Fair!
E'er, lingring long, I periſh thro' Deſpair.
Had *Roſalind* been Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Tho' not ſo fair, ſhe would have been more kind.
O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
How flying Years impare our youthful Prime!
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever ſtay;
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The Flow'rs a new returning Seaſons bring;
But Beauty faded has no ſecond Spring.
My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,
Takes Pleaſure in the Miſchief of her Eyes.
Like friſking Heifers, looſe in flow'ry Meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome Chace!
While, wing'd with Scorn, ſhe flies my fond Em-
She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind, [brace.
Fly where ſhe will, her Likeneſs in my Mind.
Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damſel! Why,
Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, ſhould'ſt thou
No cruel Purpoſe in my Speed I bear: [fly?
'Tis all but Love; and Love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?

What

What idle Fears a Maiden Breaſt alarm!
Stay, ſimple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.

What can be finer! It would be Injuſtice to Mr. *Philips*, and to our own Soul, not to confeſs, that we think no Body who has any the leaſt Harmony in their Mind, but it muſt be awak'd, and ſympathize with this.

Mr. *Pope* introduces *Alexis*, and puts into his Mouth a very ſweet Complaint:

That Flute is mine, which *Colin*'s tuneful Breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death:
He ſaid, *Alexis*, take this Pipe, the ſame
That taught the Groves my *Roſalinda*'s Name:
But now the Reeds ſhall hang on yonder Tree
For-ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee:
Oh! Were I made by ſome transforming Pow'r,
The captive Bird that ſings within thy Bow'r,
Then might my Voice thy liſtning Ears employ,
And I thoſe Kiſſes he receives, enjoy.
And yet my Numbers pleaſe the rural Throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the Song:
The Nymphs forſaking ev'ry Cave and Spring,
Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring,
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain,
On you their Gifts are all beſtow'd again!
For you the Swains the faireſt Flow'rs deſign,
And in one Garland all their Beauties join;
Accept the Wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found *Elyzium* here.
In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* ſtray'd,
And chaſte *Diana* haunts the Foreſt-ſhade.

Come,

Come, lovely Nymph, and bleſs the ſilent Hours;
When Swains from ſhearing ſeek their nightly Bow'rs;
When weary Reapers quit the ſultry Field,
And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield.
This harmleſs Grove no lurking Viper hides,
But in my Breaſt the Serpent Love abides.
Here Bees from Bloſſoms ſip the roſy Dew,
But your *Alexis* knows no Sweet but you,
Some God conduct you to theſe bliſsful Seats,
The moſſy Fountains, and the green Retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool Gales ſhall fan the Glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a Shade,
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing Flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all Things flouriſh where you turn your Eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my Days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your Praiſe;
Your Praiſe the Birds ſhall chant in ev'ry Grove,
And Winds ſhall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival *Orpheus'* Strain,
The wond'ring Foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,
And headlong Streams hang liſt'ning in their Fall.

Great has been the Strife whether theſe Verſes, or thoſe of Mr. *Ambroſe Philips* juſt mentioned, are moſt worthy of Praiſe, which we believe no ſmall Difficulty to decide.

Either of them may ſerve for future Poets to imitate, who purpoſe to excel in this *Sicilian*, or *Arcadian* Paſtoral Stile: Many Friends has this Manner of Writing, its Softneſs ſtealing thro' the Ear; moſt young Minds are moſt ſtrongly affected with it, it warms the very Hearts of all who are touch'd with the fine Paſſion of Love, and infuſes a diſintereſted and noble Spirit into the Soul: It baniſhes from the Breaſt every Thing mean and contemptible, and

places in the Stead, a generous Beneficence and Benevolence, ſo that the Mind becomes perfectly ſerene and humane.

Not leſs pleaſing is our *Devonſhire* Shepherd, Mr. *Gay*, tho' his Images are much more familiar. *Sparabella* bewails her loſt Love, deviſing her ſad Plaint in theſe mournful Notes:

Come Night as dark as Pitch, ſurround my Head,
From *Sparabella Bumkinet* is fled;
The Ribbon that his val'rous Cudgel won,
Laſt *Sunday* happier *Clumſilis* put on.
Sure, if he'd Eyes (but Love, they ſay, has none)
I whilome by that Ribbon had been known.
Ah, well a-day! I'm ſhent with baneful Smart,
For with the Ribbon he beſtow'd his Heart.
My Plaint, ye Laſſes, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a Damſel dies a Maid.
I've often ſeen my Viſage in yon Lake,
Nor are my Features of the homelieſt Make.
Though *Clumſilis* may boaſt a whiter Dye,
Yet the black Sloe turns in my rolling Eye;
And faireſt Bloſſoms drop with ev'ry Blaſt,
But the brown Beauty will like Hollies laſt.
Her wan Complexion's like the wither'd Leek,
While Katherine Pears adorn my ruddy Cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas! The witleſs Lout hath won,
And by her Gain, poor *Sparabell*'s undone!
Let Hares and Hounds in coupling Straps unite,
The clocking Hen make Friendſhip with the Kite,
Let the Fox ſimply wear the nuptial Nooſe,
And join in Wedlock with the wadling Gooſe;
For Love hath brought a ſtranger Thing to paſs,
The faireſt Shepherd weds the fouleſt Laſs.
My Plaint, ye Laſſes, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a Damſel dies a Maid.

Ah!

Ah! didſt thou know what Proffers I withſtood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder Wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his Game,
While all my Cheek was glowing red with Shame;
My Lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful Look,
Then from his Purſe of Silk a Guinea took,
Into my Hand he forc'd the tempting Gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his Hold.
He ſwore that *Dick* in Liv'ry ſtrip'd with Lace,
Should wed me ſoon to keep me from Diſgrace;
But I nor Footman priz'd nor golden Fee,
For what is Lace or Gold compar'd to thee?
My Plaint, ye Laſſes, with this Burthen aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a Damſel dies a Maid.

An Image ſo naturally painted, never fails to pleaſe good Judges; Mr. *Gay* has (I think we may venture to ſay ſo) pleas'd all, for he liv'd ſuch an inoffenſive Life, that he made no Enemies, and in his Writings copied Nature ſo cloſely, and kept up ſuch a Spirit of Wit and good Humour in his Performances, that all judicious Readers were his Admirers.

Let us turn to our Dramatick Paſtoral Writers, and juſt ſee how they have acquitted themſelves, whether their Lovers do not complain as ſweetly as poſſible, and how finely *Taſſo* has brought in *Amintas* ſpeaking to *Thyrſis*, making him in his Reply aſſiſt the Love-ſick and ſcorn'd Shepherd.

Amintas.

O! I have heard the Waves and ſenſeleſs Stones,
Echo my Sighs, and Trees return my Groans;
Compaſſion I muſt never hope to ſee
In her whoſe Chain I wear, that cruel She,
Whoſe lovely Form conceals a ſavage Heart,
Where Want of Pity heightens all my Smart:

Than Things inanimate is ſhe leſs kind,
And more ſevere than ſhows an human Mind.

Thyrſis.

On tender Tops of Graſs the Lambkins feed;
For hungry Wolves the tender Lambkins bleed;
But cruel Love is ever fed with Tears,
Yet never full, or ſatisfied appears.

Amintas.

Ah! Thou miſtak'ſt, Love will have other Food;
Cloy'd with my Tears, he now demands my Blood:
Love, and her Eyes, drink hourly from my Veins;
Ah! quickly drain forth all, and end my Pains.

Thyrſis.

Alas! *Amintas* ſpeak not ſo diſtreſt;
But hope, and gather Comfort in thy Breaſt;
Who knows but Time may cure, and thou may'ſt find
Another Nymph as fair, and much more kind?

Amintas.

Loſt to myſelf, no other me can pleaſe:
Thy Remedies are not for my Diſeaſe.

Is not this Shepherd drawn as truly ſick of Love? He has been us'd to ſigh alone, and remarks, that the Waves, and the very Stones, have echoed or replied to his Sighs and Sorrows, which he, quite deſpairing, ſays he expects not from *Sylvia*. The Anſwer of *Thyrſis*, concerning what Love feeds on, and the Reply of *Amintas*, are Beauties but ſeldom well imitated by our modern Poets: Indeed Mr. *Allan Ramſay*, who we will venture to compare to *Taſſo* in many Places, and Mr. *Gay* in more, has (not illjudgingly) put Thoughts into his Shepherds, not leſs pleaſing. The Scene is between *Patie*, the

gentle

gentle Shepherd, and *Roger*, a rich Swain, who is deeply in Love with *Jenny*.

Patie.

This ſunny Morning, *Roger*, chears my Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing Plants,
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleaſing Rants?
How haleſome 'tis to ſnuff the cawler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care.
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? What gars thee
Tell me the Cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd Pain. (a) [grane?

Roger.

I'm born, O *Patie*, to a (b) thrawart Fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with Hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to (c) grein for Lambkins Blood.
But I, oppreſt with never ending Grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on Relief.

Patie.

The Bees ſhall loath the Flour, and quit the Hive,
The (d) Saughs on boggie Ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornful Queans, or Loſs of warldly Gear,
Shall ſpill my Reſt, or ever force a Tear.

Roger.

Sae might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe Saul is ſadly out of Tune.

By this Time it muſt appear that our Countryman has an exceeding fine Talent at Paſtoral, nor do we think, if the Paſtoral we quote from, had been dreſs'd in our more courtly Dialect, it would have been better clad.

(a) Groan. (b) Wayward. (c) long. (d) Willows.

Our laſt Quotation on the Subject of the Complaints of Lovers, ſhall be from *Guarini*; and now, Reader, if thou art delighted with fine Poetry, (as if thou art not, little Pleaſure will ariſe to thee from reading this Book, it being of the Life and Writings of a Poet, who did little but what was in the Study and Purſuit thereof) thou ſhalt find no ſmall Contentment and Delight. After that *Amaryllis* (notwithſtanding ſhe bears a very ſtrong Affection for *Mirtillo*) has given him a Repulſe and Denial, and he by her Command is withdrawn, ſhe exclaims this Soliloquy:

O Mirtillo, Mirtillo, anima mia,
Se vedeſti quì dentro,
Come ſtà il cor di queſta,
Che chiami crudeliſſima Amarilli;
Sò ben, che tù di lei
Quella pietà, che da lei chiedi, havreſti.
O anime in amor troppo infelici.
Che giova à te, cor mio, l'eſſer amato?
Che giova à me l'haver sì caro amante?
Perche crudo deſtino
Ne diſunisci tù, s'amor ne ſtringe?
E tù perche ne ſtringi,
Se ne parte il deſtin, perfido amore?
O fortunate voi fere ſelvagge,
A cui l'alma natura
Non diè legge in amar, ſe non d'amore:
Legge humana inhumana,
Che dai per pena de l'amar la morte.
" Se'l peccar è ſi dolce,
" E'l non peccar ſi neceſſario; ò troppo
" Imperfetta natura,
" Che repugni à la legge:
" O troppo dura legge,

" Che

" Che la natura offendi.
" Ma che? poco ama altrui, ch'il morir teme.
Piaceſſe pur' al ciel, Mirtillo mio,
Che ſol pena al peccar fuſſe la morte.
Santiſſima honeſtà, che ſola ſei
D'alma ben nata inviolabil nume,
Queſt' amoroſa voglia,
Che ſvenato hò col ferro
Del tuo ſanto rigor, qual' innocente
Vittima à te conſacro.
E tù, Mirtillo (anima mia) perdona
A chi t' è cruda ſol, dove pietoſa
Eſſer non può: perdona à queſta ſolo
Ne i detti, e nel ſembiante
Rigida tua nemica; ma nel core
Pietoſiſſima amante.
F ſe pur hai deſio di vendicarti,
Deh qual vendetta haver puoi tù maggiore
Del tuo proprio dolore?
Che ſe tù ſe'l cor mio;
Come ſe' pur, mal grado
Del cielo, e de la terra;
Qualhor piangi, e ſoſpiri,
Quelle lagrime tuo ſono il mio ſangue:
Quei ſoſpiri il mio ſpirto: e quelle pene,
E quel dolor, che ſenti,
Son miei, non tuoi tormenti.

Which, that it may be the more generally underſtood, I have tranſlated:

O My *Mirtillo!* if within my Breaſt,
Thou couldſt but ſee, how far'd the Heart of her,
Who thou haſt call'd moſt cruel *Amarillis*;
Full well I know, the Pity thou haſt aſk'd,
Now thou wouldſt give: Ah Lovers too unhappy!

To be belov'd, ah! What avails it thee?
Or me, to have a Lover, ſo belov'd?
Why, cruel Fate, doſt thou the Hearts divide,
Which Love has join'd? Or why, perfidious Love,
Doſt thou, what Deſtiny divides unite?
Happy the Brutes! to whom kind Nature gives,
No Laws in Love, but thoſe of Love alone:
Inhuman human Laws, give Death for Love.
If it be ſuch a Pleaſure to tranſgreſs,
And not to offend, be yet ſo neceſſary;
O too imperfect Nature, Law t'oppoſe!
O Law too hard, free Nature to reſtrain!
That Love which is afraid of Death is light,
Ah! would ro Heaven that nothing elſe but Death,
Stood between thee and me: O ſacred Virtue!
Thou, who to Souls above the Vulgar rais'd,
A Power inviolable art alone,
With thy Severity, all ſoft Deſires
I kill within; and like an harmleſs Victim,
To thee I conſecrate: Pardon, *Mirtillo*,
If I am cruel, where I muſt not pity:
O pardon her, who in her Looks and Words,
Seems a fierce Enemy, but is at Heart,
A tender Lover; if thou ſeek Revenge,
What greater canſt thou have than thine own Grief?
For if thou art my Heart, as ſuch thou art,
In Oppoſition, both to Heav'n and Earth,
Then if thou weep or ſigh, thoſe Tears are thine,
They are my Blood, and all thoſe Sighs my Breath;
ThoſegrievousPains, thoſe Griefs and Groans of thine,
Are not thy Pains, are not thy Griefs, but mine.

In this ſingle Paſſage *Guarini* has, in our Opinion, outgone all other Poets in this Subject of Complaint.

Let

Let no one think it ſtrange, or foreign to Mr. *Pope*, that we thus largely diſcourſe, and ſhall diſcourſe comparatively, on theſe Poets with him, for he fill'd up all his Time almoſt in ſuch a Way; take from his Life his Peruſal and Comparing the Poets, his Converſation about Literature with his Friends, receiving Letters on learned Subjects and Criticiſm from them, and writing again to them all, Mr. *Pope*'s active Part of Life would not fill one Sheet of Paper. The two greateſt Actions of his Life are, that he went from *London* when young to live at *Windſor-Foreſt*, and in the Year 1716 moved to *Twickenham*, for the Remainder of his Days: See his Letter to Mr. *Blount*, confeſſing the ſame; it is dated *June* 22.

IF a Regard both to publick and private Affairs, may plead a lawful Excuſe in Behalf of a negligent Correſpondent, I have really a very good Title to it. I cannot ſay, whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this Time to give up my whole Application to *Homer*; when, without that Employment, my Thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the Violence, Madneſs, and Reſentment, of modern (*) War-makers, which are likely to prove (to ſome People at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame Qualities in *Achilles* did to his unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the Change of my Scene of Life from *Windſor-Foreſt* to the Side of the *Thames* be one of the grand Æras of my Days, and may be called a notable Period in ſo inconſiderable a Hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any Hero paſſing from one Stage of Life to another with ſo much Tranquility, ſo eaſy

a

(*) *This was written in the Year of the Affair at* Preſton.

a Tranſition, and ſo laudable a Behaviour. I am become ſo truly a Citizen of the World (according to *Plato*'s Expreſſion) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have loſt, and on what I have gain'd. The Times and Amuſements paſt are not more like a Dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing Kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at leaſt from Obſcurity, that the Darkneſs helps me to *ſleep* the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember much as ſeperate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals, neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours; but, in general, conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one Day in their Company.

To grow indifferent to the World, is to grow philoſophical or religious; (whichſoever of thoſe Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is ſuch a Thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natur'd. So the moſt politick Way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, greater Lovers, and, in ſhort, greater Fools than we really are: So ſhall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, favour'd by our Maſters, and happy with our Miſtreſſes. I have filled my Paper, and ſo adieu.

So that all Readers will be diſappointed, who look into the Life of Mr. *Pope*, expecting to find any thing elſe but a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Poet. He filled no Office or Place, was involv'd in no Law-Suits, was no Traveller, mov'd but little from one Place to another, never married and confined his Conver-

Converſation within the Circle of his Friends; in ſhort, his Life was wholly a State of Inaction, and ſpent in Converſation, Study, and Books: Upon this Subject, and we hope you will believe what he himſelf ſays, he writes (eight Years before the forementioned Letter) to *Henry Cromwell*, Eſq; *April* 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this Letter; but I was reſolv'd to write to you to tell you ſo. Why ſhould not I content myſelf with ſo many great Examples, of deep Divines, profound Caſuiſts, grave Philoſophers; who have written not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatiſes about Nothing? Why ſhould a Fellow, like me, who all his Life does nothing, be aſham'd to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole World has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be employ'd about: But, pray, Sir, caſt up the Account, put all theſe Somethings together, and what is the Sum Total but juſt Nothing? I have no more to ſay, but to deſire you to give my Service (that is nothing) to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than,

Dear Sir, &c.

This Humour rather grew on him than abated, and he often ſaid, *His Time was employ'd in multiplying of Nothings*. It was his taking ſo much Leiſure that gave him an Opportunity to honour our Language, and oblige the World with ſo many fine Pieces, he never ſeems to wiſh to have been in the buſy Part of the World, and never but once ſeem'd to repent his having liv'd ſingle, that is in a Letter

to

to his dear Friend, Mr. *Blount*, (deareſt except Mr. *Gay*) the Date of it is *October* the 21ſt, 1721.

"*Dear Sir*,

YOur very kind and obliging Manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt Concerns of Life at your Reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledg'd. I ſincerely rejoice at your Recovery from an Illneſs that gave me leſs Pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the Thought of your Danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and a natural Thought, which I lately read in a Letter of *Montaigne*'s, publiſh'd by *P. Coſte*, giving an Account of the laſt Words of an intimate Friend of his: "Adieu my Friend! The Pain I feel "will ſoon be over, but I grieve for that you are to "feel, which is to laſt you for Life."

I join with your Family in giving God Thanks for lending us a worthy Man ſomewhat longer. The Comforts you receive from their Attendance, put me in mind of what old *Fletcher* of *Saltoune* ſaid one Day to me. *Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor Individual; no Creature to wiſh, or to fear, for my Life or Death: 'Tis the only Reaſon I have to repent being a ſingle Man; now I grow old, I am like a Tree without a Prop, and without young Trees to grow round me, for Company and Defence.*

This, we believe, will juſtify us in proceeding in our further Diſcourſe on Paſtoral, intending to continue our Compariſon of the Authors under our Conſideration, as well as to bring forward ſome of their greateſt Beauties, which every Reader may not have ſeen in ſo good a Light.

Beſides that Air of Piety which ought always to accompany the Character of a Shepherd, there is generally

generally, by the beſt Poets, thrown in a little Superſtition, making them, for Want of more Knowledge, take for granted the Power of Magick and Witchcraft; this appears in all the ſix paſtoral Poets about which we are now ſpeaking, *Guarini* too, in the laſt Scene of the ſecond Act, when *Coriſca* has left her falſe Hair and Head-dreſs in the Hands of the Satyr, makes him call out to the Nymphs and Shepherds to come and ſee a Miracle, he at firſt imagining, that by ſome Magick, ſhe had run away from him and left her Head in his Hands; it is the common Method of all theſe Poets, to give their Readers to underſtand that they themſelves had no Belief in Magick, ſo that the Satyr is ſoon undeceiv'd, finding it to be nothing but a dreſs'd up Ornament for the Head of that old Coquet, which was deſign'd as a gentle Satire upon thoſe *Italian* Ladies who at that Time wore falſe Hair; but this now is grown ſo common as well there as in *France*, and here in *England* too, that it is no longer wondered at.

Taſſo, in like Manner introduces *Amintas*, in his Complaint to *Thyrſis*, ſaying, that his hard Lot was prophecy'd to him by *Mopſus*:

All my hard Fate me *Mopſus* did foretel,
Who knows each Plant and all their Virtues well;
In Springs the hidden Qualities can trace,
And talk familiar with the feather'd Race.

But *Thyrſis* (under which Name the Poet figures himſelf) ſoon undeceives him, and lets him know, that the pretended Fortune-teller was only an Impoſtor, and that what he had told him was not in future Fate, but Words ſpoke only to deject and frighten him; he inſtances himſelf, who having Inclination to ſee the great City, as well as having ſome

Buſineſs

Buſineſs there, *Mopſus* had adviſed him not to go near the Court, which he calls *the Magazine of idle Sounds*, threatning him with abundance of Things that ſhould happen to him, inſtead of which, he tells *Amintas* how he was invited thither, and with what Grace he was receiv'd, and with what Rewards honour'd, contrary to the Prediction of the wicked and falſe *Mopſus*; on which Grounds he encourages him to purſue his Love, and promiſes him Succeſs, which happens accordingly.

Mr. *Pope*, in his third Paſtoral, makes *Ægon* a Shepherd ſay, that *Pan* ask'd him if he was under a Charm of Magick? Which is intimating more than the other Poets, as if there was ſuch a Thing in reality, otherways a God would not have aſk'd ſuch a Queſtion. *Ægon* ſays:

Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a Prey"—
Ah! What avails it me the Flocks to keep!
Who loſt my Heart while I preſerv'd my Sheep.
Pan came, and aſk'd what Magick caus'd my Smart,
Or what ill Eyes malignant Glances dart.

This is to be conſidered, that *Pan* is but a Sylvan Deity, that is, one of the lower Rank, and the laſt two Lines may be taken rather as a Suggeſtion, riſing in the Breaſt of the Shepherd, than a Suppoſition of a real Appearance of *Pan*, and the next two Lines make it plain, that his laſt Determination is, that there is indeed no ſuch Thing as Magick:

What Eyes but her's; alas! have Power to move!
And is there Magick but what dwells in Love?

Young as Mr. *Pope* was when he wrote his Paſtorals, we will not ſhew ſo little Eſteem for his Judgment, as to fancy that he ſubſcrib'd to Magick, Witchcraft

craft is now pretty well exploded, though in former Years many Persons suffered Death, it having been pretended they were prov'd guilty of it, but now (for any Law to the contrary) People may bewitch one another as fast as they can.

The first Notions of it are from Superstition, that Bane of all Minds, where it prevails; nay, the Delusion run so high, that many Persons using Means with Intention to hurt or harm other People, if those People came to any Harm, or did not prosper, both the Sufferer and the Self-deceiv'd imaginary Witch or Wizard, thought it was the Effect of Charms.

Mr. *Philips* differs a little from Mr. *Pope*, *Colinet* makes heavy and grievous Complaint of his Unhappiness, and thinks that all Nature conspires against him to make him wretched, to which *Thenot* replies:

Thenot.

Sure thou in some ill-chosen Hour wast born,
When blighting Mill-dews spoil the rising Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd forth
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes, [shows,
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee still.

Colinet.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

Thenot.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongst our Sheep;
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

Colinet.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.

Unhappy

Unhappy Hour! when firſt, in youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina*'s ſilver Flood:
Ah ſilly I! More ſilly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when ſhall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When, in the Cryſtal of thy Waters, ſee
My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Miſery?
When ſhall I ſee my Hut, the ſmall Abode
Myſelf had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' ſmall it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet there is room for Peace and me to dwell.

Here all manner of Thoughts of Magick is laid aſide, and all is aſcribed to Fortune that happens to us. It is *Luckleſs Lad! Unhappy Hour!* and *Luckleſs Day!* and not the Force of Charms, that cauſes the Shepherd's Unreſt.

Thus far our *Arcadian* Poets; and now our other two, who fetch their Thoughts no farther than from their Native Country, Mr. *Gay*, inſtead of a *Sylvia* or *Amarillis*, has choſe the Parſon's Maid; and for his Witchcraft, that of no higher Sort than ſtudied and practis'd by Gypſies:

Laſt *Friday's* Eve, when as the Sun was ſet,
I, near yon Stile, three ſallow Gypſies met:
Upon my Hand they caſt a poring Look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their Heads they ſhook;
They ſaid, that many Croſſes I muſt prove,
Some in my wordly Gain, but moſt in Love.
Next Morn I miſs'd three Hens and our old Cock,
And off the Hedge two Pinners and a Smock.
I bore theſe Loſſes with a Chriſtian Mind,
And no Miſhaps could feel, whilſt thou wert kind.
But ſince, alaſs! I grew my *Colin*'s Scorn,
I've known no Pleaſure, Night, or Noon, or Morn.

Help

Help me, ye Gypsies, bring him home again,
And to a constant Lass give back her Swain.

If there wants Nature and Humour here, despair of finding it in Description; though equally excellent, and equal to any Thing of the Kind we ever met with, is the Description of the suppos'd Witch by *Bauldy*, in the *Gentle Shepherd* of Mr. *Allan Ramsay*; he, certainly, as a Pastoral Writer, exceeds Mr. *Gay*, (though may-be only equal to him in this Place) not only as he has a great many Characters and more Scope, but even in his Diction and Choice of Terms. The following Quotation is exceeding fine, it declares a great many finish'd Strokes from a very Masterly Hand:

O *Peggy*, sweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than *a* gowany *b* Glens or new-mawn Hay:
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out-oer the Knows,
Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows:
Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines. [Een,
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her
Will be my *c* Deid, that will be shortly seen!
For *Pate* loos her,—waes me! and she loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate,
Made a *d* daft Vow!—O! but ane be a Beast,
That makes rash Aiths, 'till he's afore the Priest.
I darna speak my Mind, else a' the three,
Bot *e* Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis *f* fair to *g* thole—I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
To brak with ane, and win the other's Heart.
Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch, that for sma' Price,
Can cast her *h* Cantraips, and give me Advice.
She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.

a Full of Daisies. *b* Vales. *c* Death. *d* rash. *e* without. *f* sore. *g* suffer. *h* Spells.

At Midnight Hours o'er the Kirk-yard ſhe raves,
And *a* howks uncriſten'd *b* Weans out of their
Bells up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow; [Graves;
Rins *c* witherſhins about the Humlock Low;
And ſeven Times does her Pray'rs backwards pray,
Till *Plotcock* comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
Mixt with the Venom of black Taids and Snakes.
Of this *d* unſonſy Pictures aft ſhe makes
Of any ane ſhe hates;—and gats expire
With ſlaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,
Stuck fou of Prines; the deviliſh Pictures melt,
The Pain by Fowk they repreſent is felt.
And yonder's *Mauſe:* Ay, ay, ſhe kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes rinning to the Deil.
She and her Cat ſit beeking in her Yard,
To ſpeak my Errand ah! amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I ſhou'd never thrive;
They gallop faſt, that Deels and Laſſes drive.

This is all a Miſtake of *Bauldy* taking a poor old Woman to be a Witch, becauſe ſo reputed; and very well expreſſes the common Notions of ignorant People, about the Power of thoſe, to whom they are pleaſed to aſcribe the Art of Witchcraft, or practiſing diabolical and ſupernatural Charms.

The more this Paſtoral paſſes under our Eye, the more are we won to admire and praiſe it; every Reader may obſerve, that in many Love Dialogues, either they are ſtuff'd with an unnatural and fulſome Fondneſs of the Woman, or ſuch a Scorn and Waywardneſs of Behaviour, which is ſuppos'd to be put on by her, to ſhow and exert the Power ſhe has over her Lover; but it is very ſeldom ſeen that the Man and Woman meet, in the Dialogues of the Poets, (which is very natural, and what they often do in Life) with a reciprocal Affection openly profeſs'd to each

a digs. *b* Children. *c* moves contrary Ways. *d* unlucky.

each other, and a plain Declaration of their mutual Intention of paſſing the Remainder of their Lives together. I am afraid very few of our Poets (Paſtoral Writer know I none) are able to paint ſuch a Scene; it would keep them too cloſely confined to Nature, from whence they are fled far away; and, inſtead of looking round on all Sides, opening each Ear, and ſtudying Mankind and the Operations of Nature working every-where, look only into their own barren Boſoms, where is nothing but Stuff which they weave their Fuſtian out of; they have added Pride to their Ignorance, and nothing, it is to be fear'd, can reform or do them good; nothing indeed is ſo likely as good Example, which certainly, as the Proverb teaches, goes beyond Precept: But unhappily for them and us, theſe Gentlemen, tho' they write much, ſeldom or never read, except the Title-Pages of Books and *Gildon*'s Dictionary of Rhymes; which a young Smatterer the other Day told us, *had every Rhime of Mr.* Pope's *in it, except two or three Proper Names.* Thus ſet up for Poets they go to Work; the firſt Thing they attempt is a Song, where, after having wiredrawn one poor Thought 'till it will hold out no longer, they catch hold of ſome falſe Image or Sentiment, and very muſically and nonſenſically conclude.

One prays for *Fruit, after gathering all the Bloſſoms from the Tree*; another, *that as the loud Thunder did not daunt nor wound him, ſo he mayn't die by the Lightning*, which he ſuppoſes is to come after; a Third ſays, *back to the Rivers let the Fountains flow*; a Fourth *deſcribes a Miſtreſs reclining over a Stream.* Theſe, and ſuch as theſe, are the beſt Effects of much Preſumption, a little dangerous Learning, and the Vanity of being call'd a Poet. Nor is it ſtrange, that ſome of theſe Songs are ſet by more than one or

two Compoſers; for the Authors are hard to be put by, and do not eaſily take a Denial: Nay, they have been ſeen making a Voyage to another Kingdom, in Hopes to put Songs on Foot there, ſuitable to what they imagine the Genius of the Nation.

But, dear Countrymen, pocket up your Miſtakes, and know that it promiſes fair, there ſhall be no Diſtinction of Taſte between *England* and *Ireland*; and look up (we own it is a great Way up, and enough to dazzle ſuch weak Eyes) to the Poets we have lately quoted: Make Mr. *Pope* your Example, and carefully read Mr. *Allan Ramſay*'s *Gentle Shepherd*, and the Songs there; ſo by Degrees (if Nature has not poſitively denied it) you may, though perhaps late, get into the Road of Senſe and good Imitation; and for a Scene of reciprocal Love, ſuch as but now we were ſpeaking about, keep in Mind the following, which is inimitable, and yet quite beautiful:

Patie.

Here, where Primroſes thickeſt paint the Green,
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
Hark how the * Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads,
How ſaft the Weſtlin Winds ſough thro' the Reeds.

Peggy.

The ſcented Meadows, Birds, and healthy Breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than *Peggy* pleaſe.

Patie.

Ye wrang me ſair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I could fancy aught's ſae ſweet or fair
As my ſweet *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.

Thy

* Larks.

Thy Breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt Brier,
Thy Cheek and Breaſt the fineſt Flowers appear.
Thy Words excel the maiſt delightfu' Notes,
That warble thro' the Merl or Mavis' Throtes.
With thee I tent nae Flowers that buſk the Field,
Or ripeſt Berries that our Mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiſs of thee.

Peggy.

But *Patrick* for ſome wicked End may * fleech,
And Lambs ſhould tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna ſtay,---ye Joker, let me gang,
Or ſwear ye'll never tempt to do me Wrang.

Patie.

Sooner a Mother ſhall her Fondneſs drap,
And wrang the Bairn ſits ſmiling in her Lap.
The Sun ſhall change, the Moon to change ſhall ceaſe;
The Gaits to clim, the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall do thee Wrang, I ſwear by all aboon.

Peggy.

Then keep your Aith--But mony Lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in Half a Year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if anither Laſs your Heart ſhou'd ſteel,
Your *Meg*, forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs *Pate*.

Patie.

I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a Year.
I mind it well. When thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang

* Flatter.

Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
Aff to the Tansy-know or rashy Strand;
Thou smiling by my Side--I took Delyte
To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and * Snood.

Peggy.

When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bought at Even I met with thee.

Patie.

When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether Bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me:
Gif I could find blae Berries ripe for thee.

Peggy.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flichtering fain:
At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie.

Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden Knows*,
And *Rosie* lilts the *Milking of the Ews*;
There' nane, like *Nansie*, *Jenny Nettles* sings:
At Turns in *Moggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings:
But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter Skill
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of* Patie's *Mill*;
It is a thousand Times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well they canna sing like thee.

There is some fine Moral couch'd under almost every Speech in the whole Pastoral, and I well with that

* Garland.

that Mr. *Pope*, who lov'd it ſo much, had mark'd out thoſe Paſſages that pleas'd him beſt, whereas we find no Notice but of two Places, diſcourſing to a Gentleman at two different Times, when ſpeaking of thoſe Poets who had wrote for and againſt the Marriage State, he mentioned *Milton* and the northern Dramatiſt together. *Milton* ſays *Hail*, and in a ſolemn Manner addreſſes himſelf to wedded Love, but Mr. *Ramſay* was only to tune a Reed:

But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The Loſs of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind:
Bairns and their Bairns make ſure a firmer Tye,
Than aught in Love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side; [Bride:
Suppoſe them for ſome Years ſyne Bridegroom and
Nearer and nearer ilk a Year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading Branches are encreas'd,
And in their Mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the Eaſtlin Blaſt,
That in return defends it frae the Weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle (a State ſo lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk Storm frae every Airth maun bow.

This in the Mouth of a young Girl under Promiſe of Marriage, to one pretending to admire a ſingle Life, ſounds very ſweetly.

The other Paſſage, which Mr. *Pope* to the ſame Gentleman one Day pointed out, was where the *Gentle Shepherd* and his Miſtreſs exchange Vows:

Speak on!--ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my Grief,
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts a gentler Face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice Air ſwims round in ſilk Attire;

Then I! Poor me!--With Sighs may ban my Fate,
When the young Laird's nae mair my heartſome
Nae mair again to hear ſweet Tales expreſt, [*Patie.*
By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair be envied by the tatling Gang,
When *Patte* kiſs'd me, when I danc'd or ſang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
And rin half breathleſs round the Rucks of Hay,
As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on Purpoſe that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee, while aſleep.
But hear my Vow--'twill help to give me Eaſe,
May ſudden Death, or deadly fair Diſeaſe,
And warſt of Ills attend my wretched Life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

Patie.

Sure Heav'n approves—and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Iſle;
Yet Time, nor Diſtance, nor the faireſt Face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my riſing Fortune, ſhould it move
The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Sceptres laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior Things
To ſic as have the Patience to be Kings.

And right worthy Mr. *Pope*'s Approbation it was, and that of all Judges.

Surely if our Youth of ſolid Learning, good Taſte, and riſing Genius, would attend to the Study of this Paſtoral, we ſhould not be long without a paſtoral Co-

Comedy on this Side of our Island. The Subject not worn out, pleasing to every Body, and the Glory certain (if worthily compos'd) to be rank'd with *Tasso*, *Guarini*, and our own Countryman, of no less Merit: If any Author should hereby be excited to such an Attempt, we give as our best Council, to omit the little Prologues to each Scene, which seem to us not at all necessary, and rather pall our Curiosity than otherway.

Great was the Expectation of the Town, that Mr. *Pope* would have set a Hand to this Work; if he had, he declares it should have been on the Plan of *Tasso*, whom he sets up a great Way above *Guarini*, which we cannot so well do, except in the Singleness and Simplicity of the Plot; they are easily compar'd, and every Reader may judge for himself. *Tasso's Sylvia* is a very young Shepherdess, who will by no Means be brought to love, to which *Daphne*, an older and much more experienc'd, would fain perswade her. The Scene is abundantly prais'd by Mr. *Pope*; *Daphne*, after many other Arguments, urges these:

Daphne.

Tygers, Lions, Beasts of Prey,
Love finds Harbour in their Breast;
Thou more savage yet than they,
To refuse so kind a Guest.
Lions, Tygers, Beasts of Prey,
Strong Sensations all have these;
Great and stranger Truths to say,
Love has reach'd to Plants and Trees.
How the Vine does twine and cling!
Not a Tree that fills this Grove,
Could, or Beach, or Firr-tree, bring,
Without propagating Love.

That

That tall Oak that lifts its Head,
Has its ſympathetick Pow'rs;
Different Paths in Love we tread,
They have their's and we have of our's.
Has thy Spirit ſuch Allay,
Not to ſee with Truths like theſe;
Thou haſt thrown all Senſe away,
Thou haſt leſs than Plants and Trees.
Ah! change thy Carriage, change thy Heart;
Late Repentance cauſes Smart;
What a ſilly Girl thou art.

Which Way of reaſoning, *Silvia* by no Means ſeems to comprehend; and makes her, in a careleſs and inſenſible Manner, the following Reppartee:

When Sighs from Plants and Trees ſhall reach my *Aminias* then may ſpeak, and I ſhall hear. [Ear,

Which angers *Daphne* ſo, that ſhe can no longer bear with this Over-coyneſs of *Silvia* to a Lover, who, in the Eſteem of *Daphne*, has altogether as much Merit as ſhe; inſomuch, that ſhe leaves off perſwading of her, and begins to threaten her with Loſs of her Beauty unenjoy'd, and future Puniſhment for her Barbarity, in ſuch an artful Manner, as makes the young Shepherdeſs not quite ſo ſevere; but notwithſtanding this, after aſking a Queſtion, ſhe flies from *Daphne*, as perceiving a little Irreſolution coming upon herſelf: The Scene is wonderful fine. *Daphne* makes Reply to the two Lines, which *Silvia* has proudly ſpoke above:

Fooliſh, deaf to all Advice,
Are my Reaſons but a Jeſt?
Thou hadſt better hear them twice,
They are Rules might make thee bleſt.

Live

Live a While, the Time comes on,
Thou ſhalt wiſh to call back this;
When thy Youth and Beauty gone,
Every Fountain thou wilt miſs:
Fountains, where thy Face to view,
Now ſo many Hours are ſpent,
Always blooming, always new,
Beauty gives the full Content.
Then the Fountains thou wilt fly,
Shunning, hating to behold;
Wrinkled Cheek and faded Eye,
Locks of Grey and not of Gold.
Age at length, the common Ill,
Steals on and Youth before it flies:
Stor'd for thee a greater ſtill,
Thy Deſert, in Fate there lies.
Doſt not thou remember well,
What *Elpino* t'other Day,
Did among the Shepherds tell,
Pleas'd and all Attention they?
Licoris his belov'd was there,
She who did his Pain prolong;
Grace and Beauty was her Care,
Love was his and charming Song.
He the full Relation gave,
Solemn was the Place and fit,
Great *Aurora*'s awful Cave,
At whoſe Entrance there is writ;

HENCE YE PROPHANE! FAR HENCE! AND FEAR
TO APPROACH OR ENTER HERE.

He ſaid, and it to him was told
By him who ſung of Arms and Love,
(That great Poet fam'd of old,
Favour'd by the Gods above)

Dying

Dying, to him he bequeath'd
That Pipe he taught him how to uſe;
Nay, there's many think he breath'd
In him his departing Muſe.

He ſaid, *That low in Hell a Cave there lies,*
From whence offenſive ſtinking Fumes ariſe,
Exhal'd from Acheron; *in which Abode,*
Eternal Puniſhments do ſting and goad,
Eternal Torments, Darkneſs, and Deſpair,
Prepar'd for all the deaf and all th' ungrateful Fair.

Place of Horrour! be aſſur'd
This is all for thee prepar'd,
This by thee muſt be endur'd,
Thou to merit it haſt dar'd.
'Tis but juſt, that Smoak ſhould force
From thoſe Eyes inceſſant Tears,
Which could ſee, without Remorſe,
Hourly Love and Love of Years.
Never ſtrive to change thy Heart,
Keep obdurate as thou art.

Silvia gives a great Deal of Attention to this, and underſtanding *Elpino* was ſpeaking to his Miſtreſs, who had not liſten'd to his Complaint, a Queſtion naturally ariſes, What Effect it had on her?

But tell me, *Daphne*, to *Elpino*'s Tale
Reply'd *Licoris?*——

And the old Shepherdeſs perceiving her a little alter'd, immediately replies;

——— What can that avail?
Why of others wouldſt thou learn?
Mind thyſelf and ſo be wiſe.
Did ſhe ſpeak? I tell the no,
But ſhe anſwer'd with her Eyes.

To

To this *Silvia* pretends to be an utter Stranger; and with a ſeeming Wonder draws *Daphne* to a further Explanation:

Silvia.

O ſay, what Anſwer Eyes alone can make?

Daphne.

They can either give or take.
Smiling her's on him were caſt,
As to ſay this Heart is thine;
Thou haſt conquer'd at the laſt;
All is won, and I reſign.
That's enough to eaſe his Pain,
If the Lover but believe;
But ſince Virgins learn'd to feign,
Eyes as well as Tongues deceive.

Now *Silvia* is ſilenc'd in this Argument; and leaving *Daphne* ſays, almoſt half conſenting to what was ſaid:

With thee converſing too much Time I waſte.

And leaves her wholly in Uncertainty.

This we don't by any Means deny to be exceding fine, and Paſtoral in the true *Arcadian* Stile, where the Scene of Action is laid, but yet we cannot give up *Guarini* as any Way inferior. His *Silvio* is a young Shepherd who is averſe to Love, and *Linco* an older and more experienc'd, ſuppos'd a Servant of his Father, who was High-Prieſt, endeavours to perſwade him to the receiving ſo deſirable a Paſſion: Among many more cloſe Arguments he urges theſe:

Dimmi, ſe'n queſta sì ridente, e vaga
Stagion, che'nfiora, e rinovella il mondo,
Vedeſſi in vece di fiorite piagge,

Di

Di verdi prati, e di veſtite ſelve,
Starſi il pino, e l' abete, e l' faggio, e l' orno
Senza l' uſara lor frondoſa chioma,
Non direſti tù Silvio, il mondo langue?
La natura vien meno? hor quell' horrore,
E quella maraviglia, che devreſti
Di novità sì moſtruoſa havere,
Habbila di te ſteſſo.
Mira d' intorno, Silvio,
Quanto il mondo hà di vago, e di gentile,
Opra è d' Amore.
Quell' augellin, che canta
Sì dolcemente, e laſcivetto vola
Hor da l' abete al faggio,
Et hor dal faggio al mirto,
S' haveſſe humano ſpirto,
Direbbe, ardo d'amore, ardo d'amore:
Ma ben arde nel core,
E parla in ſua favella,
Sì che l' intende il ſuo dolce deſio:
Et odi à punto, Silvio,
Il ſuo dolce deſio,
E ſerà Silvio ſolo,
Che gli riſponde, ardo d' amore anch' io.
In Cielo, in terra, in mare
Anima ſenza amore?
Deh laſcia homai le ſelve,
Folle garzon, laſcia le fere, ed ama.

From which Original we, as all along before have tranſlated:

Tell me O *Silvio*, now the Seaſon ſmiles
Renews the World, and Nature is in Bloom;
Inſtead of flow'ry Meads, and verdant Fields,
And ſhady Woods, ſhould'ſt thou behold the Pine,
The Oak, and Elm, without their Leaves and bald,
Fields

Field without Graſs, and Banks without their Flowers,
Would'ſt thou not ſay, the World is weak and languid,
Nature is ſick? Then think thus of thyſelf,
Let all the Wonder ſuch a Sight would raiſe
Be center'd there: Look *Silvio* all around,
All that the World has beautiful and pleaſing
Is but the Work of Love; that little Bird
That ſings ſo ſweetly, and ſo wanton flies
From Oak to Beech, from Beech to Elm, or Mirtle;
Had it a human Spirit and a Voice,
Would ſay, I burn with Love, I burn with Love;
For in its Heart it burns, and ſpeaks in Sounds
Well underſtood by its dear Mate; and hark,
Its Mate returns, I alſo burn with Love.
Art thou alone exempt? Leave, leave the Woods,
Leave following Beaſts, fond Boy, and follow Love.

We know not where *Guarini* in theſe Lines can loſe by the Compariſon. *Guarini* wrote after *Taſſo*, and doubtleſs was in Hopes to have excell'd him; but that is impoſſible in the paſtoral Way, on a Plot ſo extricate and full of Contrivance, as that of the *Faithful Shepherd*, yet we believe that *Guarini*'s Verſes have more univerſally pleas'd than *Taſſo*'s. How genteel and fine are the Sentiments of *Amarillis*, in Soliloquy:

Felice paſtorella,
Cui cinge à pena il fianco,
Povera sì, ma ſchietta,
E candida gonnella.
Ricca ſol di ſe ſteſſa,
E de la grazie di Natura adorna,
Che'n dolce povertade
Nè povertà conoſce, nè i diſagi
De le richezze ſente;

Ma

Ma tutto quel poſſede,
Per cui deſio d'haver non la tormenta:
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Co' doni di natura
I doni di natura anco nudrica,
Col latte il latte auviva,
E col dolce del api
Condiſce il mel de le natie dolcezze.
Quel fonte, ond' ella beve,
Quel ſolo anco la bagna, e la conſiglia
Paga lei, pago'l mondo;
Per lei di nembi il ciel s'oſcura indarno,
E di grandine s'arma,
Che la ſua povertà nulla paventa:
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno ſgombra
Cura le ſta nel core.
Paſce le verdi herbette
La greggia à lei commeſſa, ed ella paſce
De' ſuoi begli occhi il paſtorello amante,
Non qual le deſtinaro
O gli huomini, ò le ſtelle;
Ma qual le diede Amore.
Nè per lui
Sente foco d'amor, che non gli ſcopra;
Ned' ella ſcopre ardor, ch'egli non ſenta:
Nuda sì, ma contenta.

We render it thus into *Engliſh*:

Happy the Shepherdeſs who ſome coarſe Stuff,
Uſeful and plain and clean, but meanly cloaths;
Rich in herſelf alone, and only deckt
With Nature's Graces; whoſe ſweet Poverty
Knows nought of Poverty, nor feels the Plagues
That Riches often bring: Low, but content

With

With Nature's Gifts, ſuſtains the Gifts of Nature,
And with the Sweets ſhe gathers from the Bee,
Seaſons the Honey of her native Sweetneſs:
The Fountain where ſhe drinks, ſhe makes her Bath,
Makes that her Mirrour; if loud Storms ariſe
Her Poverty fears not: Low, but content:
Her only Thought is how to tend her Sheep
Committed to her Care, and how to bleſs,
And look with Eyes of Love on her young Shepherd,
Not deſtin'd for her by the Stars, or Men;
But one that Love has given, nor ſhe for him
Feels ought of Love, but what ſhe dares diſcloſe;
Nor can ſhe own a Flame he does not feel:
Low, but content,

At the ſame Time we allow, that the Sentiments in many Places of the *Faithful Shepherd* are (taking *Taſſo* for a Rule) too lofty, and the Stile too ſounding for paſtoral Comedy; nevertheleſs, thoſe very Paſſages by themſelves are beautiful, and ſome of them as great as any to be found in the Tragedies of the Antients and Moderns; this Poet has in ſeveral Places in this Drama ſcattered Thoughts, which were indeed his own Sentiments, which, he did not dare to write, to ſpeak, or even own to think, as a Chriſtian Poet, but a Perſon filling a Character in a heathen Paſtoral, ſafely enough: Of this we could give a great many Inſtances, but ſhall content ourſelves with one, which has not eſcap'd Cenſure, and for which a Monk once told me, that all his Works ought to be burnt; this Recluſe would have inſinuated, as if he (through the blind Prophet *Tirenio*) abſolutely denied all Revelation, or poſſible Intercourſe between Man and the Divinity; I ſhall put the Paſſage I ſpeak of in the beſt Light I may—*Amarillis* being falſely accus'd of Breach of Faith, is

condemn'd to Death, but the Law allowing any Person who should offer themselves, to die in her Stead, *Mirtillo*, the *Faithful Shepherd*, takes the Advantage of it, and demands that he may die, and she be set at Liberty. Upon which the Solemnity of the Sacrifice begins, and the Victim, after a certain limited Time of Speech, is to remain silent; but the Sacrifice is interrupted by the coming in of *Carino*, the suppos'd Father of *Mirtillo*, to whom unwittingly *Mirtillo* speaks, which makes void the preceding Rites, and he is sent back to the Temple to renew his Vow, and Messengers with him for fresh Wine and Water, and other Things proper for the Sacrifice: Mean time the Discovery is made, that *Mirtillo* is the Son of *Montano* the high Priest, who was going to offer him up, this raises a violent Conflict in the Breast of *Montano*, who declares, that he will instead of *Mirtillo*, kill himself; in this Circumstance Things are, when the blind Prophet is led in, and discovers *Mirtillo* to be the *Faithful Shepherd*, foretold by the Oracle to free this Land of Offerings of human Blood. It is the Beginning of *Tirinto*'s Speech only that we shall quote.

O quanto spesso giova,
La cecità de gli occhi al veder molto;
Ch' alhor non traviata
L'anima, ad in se stessa
Tutta raccolta, suole
Aprir nel cieco senso occhi Lincei.
Non bisogna, Montano,
Passar sì leggiermente alcuni gravi
Non aspettati casi,
Che tra l' opere humane han del divino.
Però che i sommi Dei
Non conversano in terra,

Nè

Nè favellan con gli huomini mortali;
Mà tutto quel di grande, ò di ſtupendo,
Ch' al cieco Caſo il cieco volgo aſcrive,
Altro non è, che favellar celeſte:
Coſì parlan trà noi gli eterni Numi:
Queſte ſon le lor voci;
Mute à l' orecchie, e riſonanti al core
Di chi le 'ntende.

The following is as cloſe a Tranſlation as we are able to give:

How often does the Want of Eyes give Sight!
The Soul not wanders then, but in itſelf
Collected, opens Eyes within. Nor we
Slightly ſhould paſs o'er great and ſtrange Events,
Which ſpeak a Hand divine: For the high Gods
Converſe not here on Earth, nor ſpeak to Men;
But all that's wonderful! All we admire
Which the blind Vulgar to blind Chance aſcribe,
Is nothing but the Voice of Heaven: For thus
To mortal Men, ſpeak the eternal Gods:
Mute to the outward Ear, but loud to him
Whoſe Underſtanding hears, and happy he
Who hearing underſtands.

Of this we ſhall not make the ſame Application as the Monk did; let every one judge for himſelf.

It is objected by Mr. *Pope* and others, that *Guarini* has, beſides theſe deep and ſpeculative Verſes, too much Contrivance and too ravell'd a Plot for a Dramatick Paſtoral: But this is ſuppoſing that every Paſtoral Writer muſt follow *Taſſo* exactly, becauſe he invented this Sort of Poem. *Taſſo*'s Characters are nothing but Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes on their native Plains, ſuppos'd to know little elſe, but about

their Flocks and Sports, and a little Love; though you ſee his *Thyrſis* has been at Court, and ſpeaks high Phraſe to *Daphne*, of the Prince whoſe Favour he enjoy'd: Nay, *Daphne* tells him, *he has ſoar'd aloft.* However in *Taſſo*'s *Amintas* there appears no Plot, but all happens by Accident; the little Contrivance of bringing *Silvia* to the Fountain excepted. Take all this for granted, may not another Poet, ſtill keeping the *Arcadian* Stile, introduce Characters, who may be ſuppos'd (though inhabiting the Plains) to act Parts fuller of Deſign. *Guarini*'s Characters are, except two or three, of another Sort from thoſe of *Taſſo*. *Montano* is High-Prieſt of *Diana*, deſcended from the Gods; *Silvio* and *Mirtillo* are his Children; *Mirtillo* has ſeen the World, and liv'd a great While at *Elis*, to which Place *Amarillis* had alſo been conducted, to ſee the Sports that were celebrated there in Honour of *Jupiter*, and ſhe is the Daughter of *Titirus*, deſcended likewiſe from the Gods; *Coriſca* is an old Coquet and a Traveller, had liv'd in great Towns, come but lately from *Argos*, and the Satire is a Character which allows great Liberty. Here is a Prophet; and *Carino*, who had travelled all over thoſe Parts, beſides ſeveral other Characters. We can't ſee why it ſhould be denied the Poet, to form what Plot might ſuit his Genius beſt out of theſe, who are naturally ſuppoſed to be capable of ſuch Actions as we ſee them employ'd in: So that we think Mr. *Pope*, had he attempted ſuch a Work, would have been deceiv'd, where he ſays, *he ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe, who are charm'd with* Bonarelli *and* Guarini, *and imitate* Taſſo; becauſe (ſetting *Bonarelli* quite aſide) we find almoſt all Lovers of Poetry equally charm'd with *Taſſo* and *Guarini*; who, with Mr. *Allan Ramſay* are the beſt Writers

Writers of the Paſtoral Drama, that have ever yet wrote.

We hope it will be obſerved, that we have impartially ſhown the Beauties of theſe Poets; not having any Regard to the Differences between Mr. *Philips* and Mr. *Pope*, we have done Juſtice to the former, and ſhall ſtill quote from his Fifth Paſtoral the Story of the Nightingale; which, though not entirely of Mr. *Philips*'s Invention, (being firſt touched by *Strada*, and then by Mr. *Craſhaw*) is very finely improved:

When Shepherds flouriſh'd in *Eliza*'s Reign,
There liv'd in great Eſteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and ſing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his Cuſtom was, at Leiſure laid
In ſilent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures wild
By Nature form'd inſenſibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.
Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.
She tun'd her Ear; and emulous with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain ſhe ſhapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or briſker Motion to his Meaſure gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:

But ſo repeats, that *Colin* half deſpis'd
His Pipe and Skill, ſo much by others priz'd:
And, ſweeteſt Songſter of the winged Kind,
What Thanks, ſaid he, what Praiſes can I find
To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee
The Rudeneſs of my Rural Fife I ſee;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.
Aloft in Air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd Swain: Provok'd at laſt, he ſtrove
To ſhew the little Minſtrel of the Grove
His utmoſt Art; if ſo ſome ſmall Eſteem
He might obtain, and Credit loſt, redeem.
He draws in Breath, his riſing Breaſt to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to ſhrill.
From Note to Note in Haſte his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
And now they thrill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change, with ſweet Surprize.
Attentive ſhe does ſcarce the Sounds retain,
But to herſelf firſt cons the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at Length,
And adds in Sweetneſs, what ſhe wants in Strength.
Then *Colin* threw his Fife diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud Triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty Conqueſt. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore:
The Harp itſelf was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he a-croſs his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my laſt Farewel,
He ſaid; and learn from hence, thou doſt excel
No trivial Artiſt. And at that he wound
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd every Sound.
Then earneſt to his Inſtrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.

The

The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The low'r answ'ring still to those above.
His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,
And in Pursuit of Harmony they go;
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,
Like Winds that gently brush the plying Grass,
And melting Airs arise at their Command.
And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
He sinks into the Cords with solemn Pace,
And gives the swelling Tones a manly Grace:
Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.
The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, she does her troubled Spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents here and there.
Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing sung:
She, with the fatal Love of Glory stung,
Hears all in Pain; her Heart begins to swell;
In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguish. He, still singing, plies
His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a Conq'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
And fetches from her Breast melodious Groans.
Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great too quell,
Down breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

Mr. *Pope*'s Pastorals, being but four, afford not so much Room for Criticism as the others do, *Guarini*'s Pastoral being near Seven Thousand Lines; but we venture to say, that those four of Mr. *Pope*'s are without any Fault almost, and were esteemed by the Author as the most perfect of his Works. In few Words, they were wrote in his first Manner, a

ſmooth, ſoft Harmony in the Numbers, and a laboured Correctneſs in the Stile. That this is true, we appeal to the following Lines ſpoken by the deſpairing Shepherd *Ægon*, in the third Paſtoral:

Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strains!
I'll fly from Shepherd's Flocks to flow'ry Plains.
From Shepherds Flocks and Plains I may remove,
Forſake Mankind, and all the World—but Love!
I know thee, Love! wild as the raging Main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain:
Thou wert from *Ætna*'s burning Entrails torn,
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born!
Reſound, ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
Farewell ye Woods, adieu the Light of Day!

All Mr. *Pope*'s Paſtoral Verſes are very ſerious and ſolemn, whereas Mr. *Gay* (with whom this Diſcourſe of Paſtoral began, and with whom it ſhall end) has a great Deal of Comic Deſcription in his; he has many very pretty quick Turns, that are ſure to make the Reader ſmile, which was his natural Genius. The laſt Day of his *Shepherd*'s *Week* he calls THE FLIGHTS; where *Bowzybee*, drunk and aſleep under a Hedge, being wak'd by the Crowd of Lads and Laſſes, begins to ſing, they making a Circle round him:

Of Nature's Laws his Carrols firſt begun,
Why the grave Owl can never face the Sun,
For Owls, as Swains obſerve, deteſt the Light,
And only ſing and ſeek their Prey by Night.
How Turnips hide their ſwelling Heads below,
And how the cloſing Colworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wiſp miſleads night-faring Clowns,
O'er Hills, and ſinking Bogs, and pathleſs Downs.

Of

Of Stars he told that ſhoot with ſhining Trail,
And of the Glow-worm's Light that gilds his Tail.
He ſung where Wood-cocks in the Summer feed,
And in what Climates they renew their Breed;
Some think to northern Coaſts their Flight they tend,
Or to the Moon in midnight Hours aſcend.
Where Swallows in the Winter's Seaſon keep,
And how the drowſy Bat and Dormouſe ſleep.
How Nature does the Puppy's Eyelid cloſe,
Till the bright Sun has nine Times ſet and roſe.
For Huntſmen by their long Experience find,
That Puppies ſtill nine rolling Suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and ſings of Fairs and Shows,
For ſtill new Fairs before his Eyes aroſe.
How Pedlars Stalls with glitt'ring Toys are laid,
The various Fairings of the Country Maid.
Long ſilken Laces hang upon the Twine,
And Rows of Pins and Amber Bracelets ſhine;
How the tight Laſs, Knives, Combs and Sciſſars ſpys,
And looks on Thimbles with deſiring Eyes.
Of Lott'ries next with tuneful Note he told,
Where ſilver Spoons are won and Rings of Gold.
The Lads and Laſſes trudge the Street along,
And all the Fair is crouded in his Song.

His Carrols ceas'd: The liſt'ning Maids and Swains
Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect Strains.
Sudden he roſe; and as he reels along
Swears Kiſſes ſweet ſhould well reward his Song.
The Damſels laughing fly: the giddy Clown
Again upon a Wheat-ſheaf drops adown;
The Pow'r that guards the drunk, his Sleep attends,
'Till, ruddy, like his Face, the Sun deſcends.

Thus have we (ſtill under the Correction of abler Pens) by Examples from ſix very great Writers of Paſtorals, ſhown that Sort of poetical Compoſition

to

to consist of the finest Descriptions of the Passions, of Landskape, Actions of the most graceful and moving Kind, and inferior to no other Kind of Poetry whatever.

This Digression was made on the Mention of Mr. *Gay* in the Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, which, though it mentions Mr. *Gay* with Praise, is not very full of that Sort of Address: It was indeed design'd a Satyr, and *Sporus*, who in the first Edition was call'd *Paris*, and is in real Life the same as Lord *Fanny*, lies under a most unmerciful Lash; Mr. *Pope*, whenever he takes this Gentleman in Hand, seems to have a particular Delight in touching him to the very Quick; nay, he has turn'd the Fineness of his Person to what Disadvantage he could, for my Lord had a very particular Softness, and a Clearness of Complexion usual to few Men, insomuch that when he was married, it occasioned a Ballad, Part of which was:

For *Venus* had never seen bedded
So perfect a Beau and a Belle,
As when *H--rv--y* the handsome was married
To the beautiful *Molly Le P--ll.*

But the first Bloom of his Youth was worn off, before Mr. *Pope* had any Thing satirical to say of him, the Occasion he took, was from my Lord's Behaviour after he became a Courtier, when it was imagin'd he said something of Disadvantage to Mr. *Pope* to the late Queen, and to a certain Duke, of whom we have before spoke, besides his Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, where he dropt an Allusion to scandalous Reports made of Mr. *Pope*, farther intimating, that he was a Mechanick, some said a Hatter, some a Farmer, nay, a Bankrupt, which latter false Character this Nobleman (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) gave into.

into. Mr. *Pope* never wrote Replies to *Curl*'s, to his, or other Pamphlets, but in a few Lines, occasionally as he wrote, generally answered the same End: He begins this cutting Piece of Satire with a Threat:

Let *Sporus* tremble—"What? that Thing of Silk,
"*Sporus*, that mere white Curd of Ass's Milk?
"Satire or Sense alas! can *Sporus* feel?
"Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?"
Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded Wings,
This painted Child of Dirt, that stinks and stings,
Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys,
Yet Wit ne'er tastes, nor Beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.
Eternal Smiles his Emptiness betray,
As shallow Streams run dimpling all the Way.
Whether in florid Impotence he speaks,
And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet squeaks,
Or at the Ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half Froth, half Venom, spits himself abroad,
In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lies,
Or Spite, or Smut, or Rhymes, or Blasphemies.
His Wit all See-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious Thing! That acting either Part,
The trifling Head, or the corrupted Heart,
Fop at the Toilet, Flatt'rer at the Board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's Temper thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's Face, a Reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, Parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the Duſt.

After

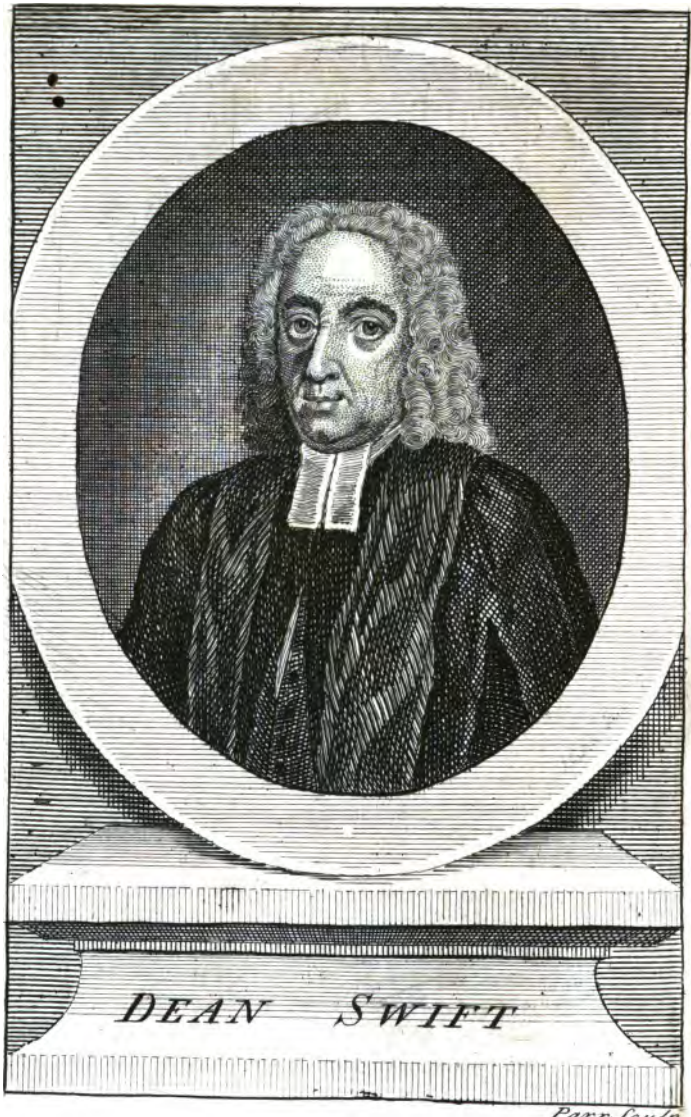
After this Heat is a little over, our Poet pretending to magnify his former Patience, ſeems in cool Blood to give Correction to ſeveral, and moſt deſervedly on Mr. *Budgell*, *Welſted*, and the other Poetaſter who turn'd Plagiary: What he ſays of poor *Dennis* is light, he, though he thought him too proud, did not think him unworthy his Regard, when in Diſtreſs, and here he only acknowledges, that he has been ſo intimate with Mr. *Theobald*, as to ſeek him at his own Houſe.

He had drank with *Cibber*, very well! And ſo have moſt ingenious Men of his Time, this hurts them nothing, but the other Imputations are home. WELSTED's LYE; (and he was a Parſon) three thouſand Suns went down on it. Mr. *Budgell*; he let him charge him with *Grub-ſtreet*, and write what he would, except his WILL: The Affair of Mr. TOLAND's WILL was then recent. As to the Plagiary, Mr. *Pope* owns he had rhym'd for him, which was to be ſure a very great Favour; but Mr. *Pope*'s Father and Mother had been abus'd, for which he very juſtly demands Reaſon; his Father being a Man ſo innocent and ſo harmleſs of Tongue, that he accounted it Sin to call his Neighbour a Fool: But now comes the Rod for the Fool's Back:

That Harmleſs Mother thought no *Wife* a *Whore*;
Hear *this*, and ſpare *his* Family, *James Moor*.

When we read this Epiſtle over and over again, after freſh Admiration, a melancholy Thought ariſes, that we are without Hope of ſuch another Genius, ſo expreſſive, ſo compact, ſo affecting, and ſo very full of Light and Brightneſs.

The Vanity which ſome have charged the Beginning of this Epiſtle with, where our Author intimates the Impoſſibility almoſt of hiding himſelf from impertinent


DEAN SWIFT
Parr Sculp

pertinent Visitors, if it be really so, will be easily pardoned, no Man but what has (at least, we believe so) greater Foibles.

What Walls can guard me, or what Shades can hide?
They pierce my *Thickets*, thro' my *Grot* they glide,
By Land and Water they renew the Charge,
They stop the *Chariot* and they board the *Barge*.

Sweetly intimating, say the Enemies of our Author, that he did not want the Conveniency of a Barge or a Chariot, that he had Gardens with fine Thickets, and an elegant Grotto.

We dare be perswaded that Mr. *Pope* had no Vanity in the Mention of either Barge or Chariot, for his Gardens we cannot so well answer; he had spent a great deal of Money and Time in them, and laboured to have every Thing there as great (that is as to Taste, not to Compass of Ground) as possibly might be, he ask'd Counsel with all he knew, who were likely to give him any good Advice; but at last he was forc'd chiefly to depend on his own good Sense and natural Taste, for in laying out of Gardens as in all other Things, different People have different Designs and Opinions, and one admires what is entirely disagreeable to another; one declares, he would not have too much Art in it, for my Notion (says he) of Gardening is, that it is only sweeping Nature; another declares, that Gravel Walks are not of a good Taste, for all the finest abroad are of loose Sand; a third advises peremptorily, there should not be one Lime Tree in the whole Plantation; a fourth makes the same exclusive Clause extend to Horse Chesnuts, which he affirms not to be Trees, but Weeds; *Dutch* Elms are condemn'd by a fifth, and about half the Trees are proscrib'd.

Some

Some cannot bear Ever-greens, and call them Never-greens; ſome who are only angry at them when they are cut in Shapes, and give the modern Gardiners the Name of Ever-green Taylors; ſome have no Diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Foreſt-Trees; ſome are in a Paſſion againſt any Thing in Shape, even againſt clipp'd Hedges, which they call green Walls. We have the ſame Sort of Criticks in Poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroicks; another can't reliſh Tragedy; another hates Paſtorals, but delights mightily (as all little Wits do) in Epigrams. Let me add there are the ſame in Divinity, where many leading Criticks are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furniſh'd, or very oddly trimm'd: But Mr. *Pope* had the Happineſs to like all that was good, and excluded no beautiful Tree or Flower his Garden.

It is natural for a Man, when he has taken a great Deal of Pains about any Thing, to be fond of it, eſpecially if it anſwers to the Idea of Beauty which he firſt intended it ſhould: This was Mr. *Pope*'s Caſe in his Gardens and Grotto, of which laſt ſee his own Deſcription to Mr. *Blount*, dated *June* 2, 1725.

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt Man and a Friend, in thoſe Gueſſes and Suppoſitions you make at the poſſible Reaſons of my Silence; every one of which is a true one. As to Forgetfulneſs of you and yours, I aſſure you the promiſcuous Converſations of the Town ſerve only to put me in Mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a Corner of the World (undiſturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no Acceſs of any Diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy Day from what you do in the moſt ſun-ſhiny Weather.

ther. Let the young Ladies be assured I make nothing new in my Gardens, without wishing to see the Print of their fairy Steps in every Part of 'em. I have put the last Hand to my Works of this Kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way and Grotto: I there found a Spring of the clearest Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the Cavern Day and Night. From the River *Thames*, you see thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderness to a Kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the rustick Manner; and from that Distance under the Temple you look down thro' a sloping Arcade of Trees, and see the Sails on the River passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective Glass. When you shut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the Instant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obscura*; on the Walls of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their visible Radiations; and when you have a Mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene; it is finished with Shells interspersed with Pieces of Looking-glass in angular Forms; and in the Cieling is a Star of the same Material, at which when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaster) is hung in the Middle, a thousand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Passage two Porches, one towards the River of smooth Stones full of Light and open; the other toward the Garden shadow'd with Trees, rough with Shells, Flints, and Iron-ore. The Bottom is paved with simple Pebble, as is also the adjoining Walk up the Wilderness to the Temple, in the natural Taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the aquatick Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing to compleat it but a

good

good Statue with an Inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of;

Hujus Nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora ſomnum
Rumpere, ſeu bibas, ſive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the Grot, theſe ſacred Springs I keep,
And to the Murmur of theſe Waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my Slumbers, gently tread the Cave!
And drink in Silence, or in Silence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this Deſcription, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wiſh you were here to bear Teſtimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itſelf, or the Deſcription I give of it.

I am, *&c.*

Here is no great Matter of Wonder, if what ſeem'd a little Vanity ſhould appear, though in Reality there might be none; but wearied out with the Impertinence of troubleſome Viſitants, which prevented him from enjoying that Privacy and Retirement he lov'd, might make him ſpeak in Terms ſeeming to ſay, that he was indeed above thoſe Intruſions, and thoſe bemus'd Parſons (as he calls them) and maudlin Poeteſſes ſhould have known it, have waited his Leiſure, and not have behav'd with ſo little Decency, as to ſtop his Chariot, or ruſh into his Houſe and Gardens, without knowing whether it would incommode him or no.

Here, in all Likelihood, the Vein of Satire had ſtopp'd, had not many Perſons, taking Shame to themſelves, made a great Stir about theſe Epiſtles; and a certain Lady of Quality and a great Wit took Offence;

Offence; (once in Esteem enough to have the following Character:)

I.

IN Beauty, or Wit,
No Mortal as yet
To question your Empire has dar'd;
But Men of Discerning,
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent Schools,
With musty dull Rules,
Have Reading to Females deny'd,
So *Papists* refuse
The BIBLE to use,
Lest *Flocks* should be wise as their *Guide*.

III.

'Twas a WOMAN at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In *Knowledge* that tasted *Delight*;
And Sages agree,
That Laws shou'd decree,
To the first Possessor the Right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Resume the old Claim,
Which to your whole Sex does belong;
And let MEN receive,
From a *Second* bright EVE,
The Knowledge of *Right* and of *Wrong*.

V.

But if the *Firſt* EVE
Hard Doom did receive,
When only *One Apple* had ſhe,
What a Puniſhment new,
Shall be found out for you,
Who, taſting, have robb'd the *whole Tree.*

But (ſuch is the Uncertainty of all Things) now from one Step of Diſlike and Diſguſt to another, there was a total Miſunderſtanding between Mr. *Pope* and her; and as ſhe took all Occaſions to inſinuate Things to the World diſadvantagious to Mr. *Pope*, that he did not underſtand *Greek*, but was forc'd to hire Perſons to tranſlate *Homer*, and then have no farther Labour than to put it into Rhyme; that he was a Man of an unquiet Spirit and dangerous Converſation; that he was a Tool for *Rome*, and a great many other Reports, the baſer for being falſe; ſo he, on the other Hand, (as 'twas reported to her) gave himſelf great Liberties about her; and great Mockery was made, and much loud Laughter, at the Story of a Viſit, it was pretended the ſaid Lady was permitted to make to the Seraglio, when her Huſband was Ambaſſador at the *Porte*. It is certain, let the Tale ariſe from whence it will, it was very ſcandalous, neither can we think (if true) that it could poſſibly have ever come to their Knowledge; for it is to be thought, that the Lady, for the Sake of her own Fame, would never have divulg'd ſo ſtrange a Secret; ſeeing that the World afforded no Remedy for the one Act, and the other ſlight Injury of being obliged to conform to the *Cuſtom of the Eaſt*, a little Time would repair. However, as moſt Stories of the like Nature do, it gained Credit, and moſt

moſt prodigiouſly exaſperated the Lady, who neglected no Opportunity of raiſing whoever ſhe could againſt Mr. *Pope* and his Writings; imagining him the great Diſperſer of this Tale, and, perhaps, he was not entirely clear. He, on the defenſive Part, flies to *Horace* and Dr. *Donne*, and imitates the former and modernizes the latter, which he introduces into the World by Advertiſement:

THE Occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Perſon; and the Example of ſo much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, ſeem'd a Proof with what Indignation and Contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom they lived: The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I verſify'd, at the Deſire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewſbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerv'd in. And indeed there is not in the World a greater Error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good Reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a *Satyriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satyriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame Reaſon as to a Man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

In the firſt Satyr of *Horace* imitated, he vindicates himſelf, and ſhows the Reaſons why he writes ſo ſeverely, and then declares, that he would not ſpare even himſelf:

In this impartial Glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my Foes, my Friends;
Publiſh the preſent Age, but where my Text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it to the next.

Peace is my dear Delight, not *Fleury*'s more;
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends at ſome unlucky Time,
Slides into Verſe and hitches into Rhyme;
Sacred to Ridicule his whole Life long,
And the ſad Burthen of ſome merry Song.

To this his Friend makes Anſwer, that it is dangerous, and that there are People who take Revenges upon ſuch Occaſions; inſinuating, that a Sixpenny Drug may chance to cut him off in the Middle of a Song: To which he makes this bold and open Reply:

What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the Pen,
Brand the bold Front of ſhameleſs, guilty Men,
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her Cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd *Boileau* laſh in honeſt Strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis*' Reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* fall in a Rage?
And I not ſtrip the Gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, un-penſion'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave?
I will, or periſh in the gen'rous Cauſe:
Hear this and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble Knave
Shall walk in Peace, and Credit, to his Grave.

In

In this Satire, (though we point not out the Place, it being too harsh) the forenamed Lady of Quality and great Wit is said to be struck at, or at least she imagined so; for now, comes into the Publick; *Verses address'd to the Imitator, of the first Satire of the Second Book of* Horace, BY A LADY; where she takes a Fling at him about his Birth.

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.

She, having taking it upon Trust, that Mr. *Pope* was meanly born; whereas, we have already prov'd him to be descended from genteel Families. But, this angry Lady let's nothing slip, that might any way contribute to the making Mr. *Pope* look mean and contemptible; she calls his Numbers crabbed, and makes a stinging Reflection on the Badness of his Person.

Thine is but such an Image of *his* Pen,
As thou thyself art of the Sons of Men:
Where our own Species in Burlesque we trace,
A Sign-post Likeness of the noble Race;
That is at once Resemblance and Disgrace.
Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You, only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His Stile is elegant, his Diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed Numbers can endure.
If *he* has Thorns, they all on Roses grow;
Thine like rude Thistles, and mean Brambles show,
With this Exception, that tho' rank the Soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produc'd by Toil.
Satire should like a polish'd Razor keen,
Wound with a Touch, that's scarcely felt or seen.

She keeps up her Spirit, and after having (as she thinks) lower'd his Pride pretty handsomely, she endeavours to insult him:

Is this the *Thing* to keep Mankind in Awe,
To make thoſe tremble who eſcape the Law?
Is this *the Ridicule* to live ſo long,
The deathleſs Satire, and immortal Song?
No: like thy ſelf-blown Praiſe, thy Scandal flies;
And, as we're told of Waſps, it ſtings and dies.

It was ſaid, that this Lady was one of thoſe who hired the Perſons to wait for Mr. *Pope* in *Ham-Walks*; and, indeed, in another Part of this Poem, ſhe ſeems to hint at ſomething like it:

When God created Thee, one would believe,
He ſaid the ſame as to *the Snake of Eve*;
To human Race Antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and Thee be everlaſting War.
But oh! the Sequel of the Sentence dread,
And whilſt you *bruiſe their Heel*, beware your Head.
Nor think thy Weakneſs ſhall be thy Defence;
The Female Scold's Protection in Offence.
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel thoſe who cannot write.
And if thou draw'ſt thy Pen to aid the Law,
Others a Cudgel, or a ROD, may draw.
If none with Vengeance yet thy Crimes purſue,
Or give thy manifold Affronts their Due:
If Limbs unbroken, Skin without a Stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketted, unkick'd, unſlain,
That wretched little Carcaſs you retain;
The Reaſon is, not that the World wants Eyes;
But thou'rt ſo mean, they ſee, and they deſpiſe.

By this an Obſervation may be made, that this Lady's Pen is ſharp enough, and too ſharp for her Subject; for all muſt own Mr. *Pope*'s Numbers not crabbed, that he is not thorny, and full of Thiſtles and

and Brambles, the Beauty of his Perſon is not contended for, ſo that the Lady got nothing there; neither was Mr. *Pope* ever deſpis'd ſo, as to be thought too mean for Notice: Tho' we think the Lady's Anger juſt, yet had ſhe ſhow'd the real Injury ſhe receiv'd by his Reports or Pen, and prov'd what was ſaid or wrote to have been Falſhood, Mr. *Pope*, in the Opinion of moral People, would have ſuffer'd more; for now nothing is ſeen but the Lady's Reſentment, while the Cauſe, or pretended Cauſe, lies conceal'd. Mr. *Pope*, towards the latter End of his Time, ſaid, that ſetting apart Raillery and the Love of Satire, he wiſh'd he had never offended this Lady; which Repentance will, we hope, palliate and mitigate any too hard Sentence from the Ladies on him. 'Tis great Pity that any private Pique ſhould ſo far influence Wits and Scholars, as to divide them againſt themſelves; they have already too many Enemies, the Ignorant, the Dull, even the Schools and Colleges are Seminaries for their Foes, and the reverend Tutor breathes his No-ſpirit into the Pupil. If the few (tho' they are but few) of Wit, Senſe, Taſte, and Learning, would unite, the Dunces would either reform, or elſe it would be eaſy to keep them quiet; now they riggle to the Bar, up to the Pulpit, and higher up, where none but wiſe and good Men ought to ſit.

The Second Satire of *Horace*, which Mr. *Pope* has imitated, is chiefly a Satire againſt Luxury and bad Oeconomy, and takes Occaſion to ſhow the Waſte of ſome, and the ſordid Penuriouſneſs of others, recommending the Medium to him that knows how to live properly, then ſhows the great Advantages of Temperance, and the contrary:

Now hear what Bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: The Stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry Dish,
A Tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and Fleſh, and Fiſh,
Where Bile, and Wind, and Phlegm, and acid Jar,
And all the Man is one inteſtine War)
Remembers oft the School-boy's ſimple Fare,
The temp'rate Sleeps, and Spirits light as Air.
How pale each worſhipful and rev'rend Gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City, Feaſt!
What Life in all that ample Body, ſay,
What heav'nly Particle inſpires the Clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.

Then ſpeaking of the Boaſt of prodigious Wealth, our Author again darts his Satire at the Family of our greateſt and moſt ſucceſsful Soldier and General of the Age, not excepting Prince *Eugene:*

Oh Impudence of Wealth! with all thy Store,
How darſt thou let one worthy Man be poor?
Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall?
Make *Keys*, build *Bridges*, or repair *Whitehall*;
Or to thy Country let that Heap be lent,
As *M*——*o*'s was,—but not at Five per Cent.

Theſe Words he puts into the Mouth of Mr. *Bethel*, a Gentleman of ſingular Probity, Temperance, Humility, and Good-nature. After this Mr. *Pope* deſcribes his own Manner of Living, and concludes, that *Fortune*, if ſhe leaves but a little, a prudent Man will make the moſt of it, and be content:

Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Though double-tax'd, how little have I loſt?

My

My Life's Amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after Standing Armies came.
My Lands are ſold, my Father's Houſe is gone!
I'll hire another's: is not that my own?
And yours, my Friends? thro' whoſe free opening
None comes too early, none departs too late; [Gate
(For I, who hold ſage *Homer*'s Rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going Gueſt.)
" Pray Heav'n it laſt! (cries *Swift*) as you go on;
" I wiſh to God this Houſe had been your own:
" Pity! to build, without a Son or Wife:
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your Life."—
Well, if the Uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the Name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*?
Let Lands and Houſes have what Lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own Maſters ſtill.

Of thoſe two Satires which he has modernis'd from Dr. *Donne*, we ſhall only ſay, that under that Cover he takes the Liberty to ſay, what without the Doctor at his Back, he would not.

Dr. *Donne* is known to be a keen Satiriſt, and wants nothing of Mr. *Pope* but his Numbers—He meets at Court, whither he was accidentally driven, a threadbare Parſon ſeeking Preferment there, and affecting the Air of a Courtier already. This Scene, in the Doctors original Text, we have quoted in *Italicks*, and as altered by Mr. *Pope*, on the Page on the other Side, in *Roman* Characters, by which will appear the Conformity of their Sentiments, and how our Language is altered and refined ſince Dr. *Donne*'s Time, who was born in *London* in the Year 1573, deſcended from a very good Family in *Wales*, and had Parents capable of giving him the beſt Education, which they did; for at nine Years of Age he was ſent to *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*, having attain'd beſides

beſides the *Latin* and *Greek*, a Knowledge in the *French* Tongue. Here he became acquainted with that great Maſter of Language and Art, Sir *Henry Wotton*, with whom he contracted a laſting Friendſhip. From *Oxford* he was tranſplanted to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where he made great Improvements in his Literature. Coming from thence to *London*, he was entered of the Society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and applied himſelf to the Study of the Law, but even here, he chiefly employ'd his Time in accompliſhing himſelf with the politer Kinds of Learning. He ſoon enjoy'd the beſt Converſation in Town, to whom the Acuteneſs of his Wit, and the natural Gaiety of his Temper, ſoon render'd him highly acceptable: In which State of Life he compos'd moſt of his Love-Poems. His Father dying and leaving him a pretty handſome Fortune, he travelled into *Italy*, *Spain* and other foreign Countries, where he acquired a Perfection in thoſe Languages, and returned home with many uſeful Obſervations. Being now qualified for the greateſt Employments, he was made Secretary to the Lord *Elſmere*, Keeper of the Great Seal; in whoſe Service he became enamour'd with the Lady *Elſmere*'s Neice, Daughter to Sir *George Moor*, Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the *Tower*, who greatly oppoſed this Match; yet notwithſtanding they were privately married: Which exaſperated Sir *George* to ſuch a Degree, that he prevailed on the Lord *Elſmere* to diſcharge him from his Service, and ſoon after caſt him into Priſon. But Mr. *Donne* had not been long confined before he found Means, by the Aſſiſtance of his Kinſman Sir *Francis Woolley*, to facilitate his Enlargement, and a Reconciliation between him and Sir *George Moor* enſuing, he was reſtored to his former Poſt. Now he was ſought after by Men of the beſt

beſt Learning more than ever, and his Company very much deſired by the Nobility and foreign Embaſſadors, who were extremely fond of his Acquaintance. At laſt, at King *James*'s Requeſt, he applied himſelf to the Study of Divinity, and entered into Holy Orders: Whereupon, his Majeſty firſt made him Preacher of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and he was afterwards advanced to the Deanery of St. *Paul*'s. He died the 31ſt of *March*, 1631, and was buried in St. *Paul*'s Church with great Solemnity, attended by many Perſons of Quality.

Dr. *King* Biſhop of *Chicheſter*, who was his Executor, erected a Monument to his Memory, with this Inſcription.

JOHANNES DONNE, S. T. P.
Poſt varia Studia, quibus ab Annis tenerrimis fideliter,
Nec infeliciter, incubuit.
Inſtinctu & impulſu Spiritus ſancti, monitu & hortatu
Regis Jacobi Ordines Sacros Amplexus
Anno ſui Jeſu 1614. *& ſuæ Ætatis* 42
Decanatu hujus Eccleſiæ, indutus 27. *Novembris* 1621.
Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic, licet in Occiduo Cinere, aſpicet Eum,
Cujus Nomen eſt Oriens.

But we muſt not forget our promiſed Quotation: The Parſon that Dr. *Donne* met, had travell'd it ſeems, which was not an uncommon Thing then, and his Dreſs was not unlike that of a Scholar; his Cloaths were coarſe, and black and bare, and his Jerkin had been Velvet, but now it was almoſt rubb'd to Raſh, and began to let the Air in, ſo that in a very little Time it would not hang together, to be known what it originally was made of.

He

He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God
How have I ſinn'd, that thy Wraths furious Rod,
This Fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your Judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepines *Dictionary.*
Nay, but of Men moſt ſweet, Sir? Beza *then,*
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend Men
Of our two Academies I named: here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts, ſo Panurgus *was;*
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By Travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His Tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch Wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, if you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babels *Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.*
He adds, if of Court Life you knew the good,
You would leave Loneneſs. I ſaid, not alone
My Loneneſs is; but Spartanes *Faſhion*
To teach by painting Drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines *Pictures have made few chaſte;*
No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
Better Pictures of Vice, teach me Virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Lute-ſtring ſqueakt, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the Man that keeps the Abby Tombs,
And for his Bribe, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys, *and our* Edwards *talk,*
From King to King, and all their Kin can walk:
Your Ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your Eyes meet
Kings only: The Way to it is King-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, courſe,
So're all your Engliſhmen *in their Diſcourſe.*

Are

He ſpies me out. I whiſper, gracious God!
What Sin of mine cou'd merit ſuch a Rod?
That all the Shot of Dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy Blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no Stranger to your Fame
To crave your Sentiment, if *Pope*'s your Name.
What *Speech* eſteem you moſt?—"The King's, ſaid I,
But the beſt Words?—"O Sir, the Dictionary.
You miſs my Aim: I mean the moſt acute
And perfect Speaker?—"*Oxford* paſt Diſpute.
But Sir, of Writers? "*Swift*, for cloſer Stile,
"But *Ho**y* for a Period of a Mile.
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs;
Good common Linguiſts, and ſo *Pimargo* was;
Nay troth, th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty Gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I date
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others Talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by fate Tranſition to his own:
'Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Draggerman at *Babel*;
For had they found a Linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no Queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
"Why then for ever buried in the Shade?
"Spirits like you, ſhou'd ſee and ſhou'd be ſeen,
"The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajole us—
But *Tully* has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus*:
And as for Courts, forgive me if I ſay
No Leſſons now are taught the *Spartan* Way;
Tho' in his Pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts *Ariſtine* has made;

And

Are not your Frenchman *neat? Mine, as you ſee,*
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this Mind am,
Your only Wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this Pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as ſich
Scratch'd into Smart, and as blunt Iron grown'd
Into an Edge, hurts worſe: So, I (Fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my Sullenneſs,
He to another Key his Stile doth dreſs;
And aſks, what News? I tell him of new Playes,
He takes my Hand, and as a Still which ſtayes
A Sembrief, 'twixt each Drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a Ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, *or* Halls, *or* Stows,
Of trivial houſhold Trafh: He knows, he knows
When the Queen frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle States-man may gather of that;
He knows whom loves whom; and who by Poyſon
Haſtes to an Offize's Reverſion;
Who waſts in Meat, in Clothes, in Horſe, he notes,
Who loveth Whores, and who Boys, and who Goats.
He knows who hath ſold his Land, and now doth beg
A Licenſe, old Iron, Boots, Shoes, and Egge-
Shels to tranſport; ſhortly Boys ſhall not play
At Span-counter, or Blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home Meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſt on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus *without Book,*
Speaks of all States and Deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards *came, to th' Loſs of* Amyens.
Like a big Wife, at Sight of loathed Meat,
Ready to travail: So I ſigh and ſweat

To

And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhou'd, by my Advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his Hands and Eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd Lute-ſtring, and replies
" Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly Things,
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
Then happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He, ev'ry Day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk,
And get by ſpeaking Truth of Monarchs dead,
What few can of the Living, Eaſe and Bread.
" Lord! Sir, a meer Mechanick! ſtrangely low,
" And courſe of Phraſe—your *Engliſh* all are ſo.
" How elegant your *Freuchman?*—Mine d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me die,
" Your only Wearing is your *Padua-ſoy*."
Not Sir my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my Diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe Iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And Itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a Sore;
So when you plague a Fool, 'tis ſtill the Curſe,
You only make the Matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy Smile
At all my Peeviſhneſs, and turns his Stile.
He aſks, " What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with Simples in it,
Between each Drop it gives, ſtays half a Minute;
Loth to enrich me with too quick Replies,
By little, and by little, drops his Lies. [Shows,
Meer houſhold Trafh! of Birth-night Balls and
More than ten *Hollingſheads*, or *Halls*, or *Stows*.
When

To hear this Makaron talk: In vain, for yet,
Either my Humour, or his own to fit,
He like a privileg'd Spie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great Man.
He names a Price of every Office paid;
He ſaith, our Wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt Day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards *ſhare, and* Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circe's *Priſoners, when*
They felt themſelves turn Beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his Jaw,
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Letchers do grow ſound
By giving others their Sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All Signes of Loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my Forefather's Sin
To the laſt Farthing. Therefore to my Power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this Croſs; but the Hower
Of Mercy now was come: He tries to bring
Me to pay a Fine to 'ſcape his Torturing,
And ſayes, Sir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid; willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a Crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as Ranſom; but as Fiddlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more Jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complemental Thanks vex me:
But he is gone, Thanks to his needy Want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown: Scant
His Thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange Things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more Haſte than One.
Who fears more Actions doth haſte from Priſon.

At

When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that; [what
Who ſins with whom; who got his Penſion Rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a Drug;
Whoſe Place is quarter'd out three Parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop or a Whore;
Who, having loſt his Credit, pawn'd his Rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government;
Who in the Secret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow, and the Poor;
Who makes a Truſt, or Charity, a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob;
Why Turnpikes roſe, and now no Cit, nor Clown,
Can gratis ſee the Country, or the Town:
Shortly no Lad ſhall chuck, or Lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have Toll.
He tells what Strumpet Places ſells for Life,
What 'Squire his Lands, what Citizen his Wife!
And laſt, (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's Face is not a whited Wall.
As one of *Woodward*'s Patients, ſick and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more;
Trims *Europe*'s Ballance, tops the Stateſman's Part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by Heart;
Like a big Wife, at Sight of loathſome Meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, I ſweat.
Then as a licens'd Spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man:
Swears every Place entail'd for Years to come,
In ſure Succeſſion to the Day of Doom:
He names the Price for ev'ry Office paid,
And ſays our Wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by Connivance of the Court,
That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk*'s ſtill a Port.
Not more Amazement ſeiz'd on *Circe*'s Gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into Beaſts,

At home in loneſome Solitarineſs
My pitеous Soul began the Wretchedneſs
Of Suiters at Court to mourn, and a Trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw Hell, did advance
It ſelf o'er me: Such Men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at Court, and worſe and more. Low Fear
Becomes the Guilty, not th' Accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's Slave, of high-born or rais'd Men
Fear Frowns; and my Miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For the huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince Yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole World, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun, in all thy Journey, Vanity,
Such as ſwells the Bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your (*) Waxen-garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, *to ſtand*
With us at London, *flouts our Courtiers; for*
Juſt ſuch gay painted Things, which no Sap, nor
Taſte have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the Stocks are, their Friuits Baſtard all.

(*) A Show of the *Italian* Gardens in Wax-work, in the Time of King *James* the Firſt.

Than mine to find a Subject ſtay'd and wiſe,
Already half turn'd Traytor by Surprize.
I fear'd th' Infection ſlid from him to me,
As in the Pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its Jaw!
In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again——
Then cloſe as *Umbra*, joins the dirty Train.
Not *Fannius* ſelf more impudently near,
When Half his Noſe is in his Prince's Ear.
I quak'd at Heart; and ſtill afraid to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger Things than he,
Run out as faſt, as one that pays his Bail
And dreads more Actions, hurries from a Jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the Nurſe of Senſe:
There Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings,
And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings.
The ſober Thought purſu'd th' amuſing Theme
'Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion Hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And force ev'n me to ſee the Damn'd at Court.
Not *Dante* dreaming all th' infernal State,
Beheld ſuch Scenes of Envy, Sin, and Hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the Guilty, not the Free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful Town,
Care if a livery'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair Miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee,
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who ſince Yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle Blockheads of the Ball;

Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier Sort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this Bladder of a Court?
Now Pox on thoſe who ſhew a (†) *Court in Wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their Backs:
Such painted Puppets, ſuch a varniſh'd Race
Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dreſs and Face,
Such waxen Noſes, ſtately ſtaring Things——
No Wonder ſome Folks bow, and think them Kings.

(†) *A famous Show of the Court of* France *in Wax-work.*

Theſe were the laſt Satires Mr. *Pope* wrote, except the new *Dunciad*, which was his laſt poetical Work of all; but before we enter into Diſcourſe about that, it is proper that we omit not ſpeaking of the *Eſſay on Man*, this Poem has a large Party of Admirers, and a large Party againſt it, it is addreſs'd to the Lord *Bolingbroke*. As this is a very improper Place and Time for Debate, we ſhall only tell the Matter generally contain'd in it, and the Principles it chiefly builds upon.

He deſires his Friend *Lælius*, that is my Lord, *to expatiate freely* with him over all this Scene of Man, which is a very generous Way of thinking, Epiſtle the Firſt, Line 4; by which Means he thinks there will be found Subject for Laughter, but Motive for Candour, and ſufficient Argument to vindicate the Ways of God to Man. Line 16, he ſays, that of God or Man we can only reaſon from what we know, that is, that there is an Extent of human Knowledge, and then immediately he checks the Searcher after Knowledge in ten Lines together, From Line 34 to Line 44, he ſays, that there is an infinite Chain of depending Beings, among which there muſt be ſuch an one as Man, and that the only

only Queſtion is, whether God has plac'd him in his right Place or no? which becomes no Queſtion at at all, if all the Chain of Beings are in a natural Relation, and can't be otherways than where they are: He ſays, whatever ſeems wrong reſpecting Men, is right, as relative to all, which he does not attempt to prove, becauſe he ſays, we ſee but a Part and not the Whole: Then he checks the Searcher again in eight Lines, from 60 to 68; all future Things he ſays are hid from Men, therefore he recommends inſtead of Knowledge unattainable, what he here calls Hope, but in his Definition it is Faith:

Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions ſoar,
Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore,
What Bliſs above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy Bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human Breaſt,
Man *never is*, but always *to be* bleſt:
The Soul uneaſy and confin'd at home
Reſts, and expatiates in a Life to come.

He ſpeaks very freely of Angels, tho' before he ſays, what can we reaſon but from what we know? He ſays, that of the ſtupendous Whole, the Soul is God, and the Body Nature, and inſtead of farther Search, allows all to be unſearchable, and ſays, *ſubmit*, and in Spight of erring Reaſon—*Whatever is is right.*

In the ſecond Epiſtle, he begins with checking Searchers in the firſt 48 Lines, and then goes on diſcourſing of the Paſſions, and his favourite Theme the ruling Paſſion; but at laſt aſſerts, that all the Paſſions may be called Modes of Self-love; he quotes an allegorical Paſſage of the Bible, to prove that God is not always in the ſtill Calm, but *that he walks upon the Wind*. The ruling Paſſion he affirms is brought into the World with us, and like *Aaron's* Serpent,

ſwallows all the reſt; that *Spirit*, and *Wit*, and *Reaſon*, are aiding and aſſiſting to it: Virtue and Vice, he ſays, are ſo blended together in our Natures, that we can't ſee where the Virtue ends, or the Vice begins, and he looks on Pride as our great and common Friend, and concludes, that tho' Man is a Fool, yet God is wiſe, and thus by him vindicated.

The third Epiſtle promiſes to ſpeak of Man with Reſpect to Society, as the former had done as an Individual: This he begins with checking the Searcher, and talks again about the Chain; he proceeds to call him Fool; he prefers Inſtinct to Reaſon, from Line 86 to Line 98, and afterwards ſays, that the Buſineſs of Reaſon was but to copy Inſtinct, and as to Government (let it be arbitrary or what it will) *that which is beſt adminiſtred is beſt*; and concludes this Epiſtle, that Self-love and ſocial are the ſame.

The fourth Epiſtle of Happineſs, is where he ſays, that common Senſe and Eaſe are equal; he ſays, the Rich are no happier than the Poor, the Great than the Little; but that Happineſs is Health, Peace, and Competence; yet, he ſays, ſome are happy (but wrongly ſo) in other Things:

And grant the Bad what Happineſs they woul'd,
One they muſt want, which is to paſs for Good.

In this Epiſtle he checks the Searcher again, and calls him Fool, as he does many other contemptuous Names, thro' the whole Poem.

And diſcourſing further, (for Happineſs is a Theme, of which every one may ſpeak in their own Way) he reflects on ſome Courtiers, and now ſays, VIRTUE is the only Happineſs, and not Health, Peace, and Competence; he concludes,

—What-

——————Whatever is, is right,
That Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim,
That true Self-love and social are the same,
That Virtue only makes our Bliss below,
And all our Knowledge is ourselves to know.

We refer the Reader to the Essays, which upon the Whole seem to have been Notes collected from different Books, and by Mr. *Pope* turn'd into these fine Verses; for the Sentiments of different Authors differing in Opinion, we think may be easily trac'd; there has been a Commentary wrote on it, which is rejected by most Philosophers and Scholars, and is indeed a very mean Performance.

This Essay has been (tho' but indifferently) translated into *French*, and a considerable Price has been offer'd a Gentleman here in *England*, who resided many Years in *Italy*, and has translated several Pieces out of *Italian*, to render it into that Language, but he has hitherto refus'd it; it would abundantly please the Jesuits, and the following eight Lines are of the College:

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our Pride)
The Virtue nearest to our Vice allied;
Reason the Bias turns from Good to Ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus* if he will:
The fiery Soul abhor'd in *Cataline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.
The same Ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave.

When these Epistles were publish'd, they came out singly and without a Name. A little after the Appearance of the first, a certain Gentleman, who has attempted some Things in the poetical Way, particularly a Piece for Musick, which was perfor-

med in private before ſome of the Royal Family; this Gentleman accidentally about that Time paid a Viſit to Mr. *Pope*, who, after the firſt Civilities were over, enquired of him, What News there was in the Learned World, and what new Pieces were brought to Light: The leſſer Poet reply'd, that there was little or nothing, or at leaſt little or nothing worthy Notice: That there was indeed a Thing come out, call'd *An Eſſay on Man*, the firſt Epiſtle, threatning more, for he had read it, and it was a moſt abominable Piece of Stuff, ſhocking Poetry, inſufferable Philoſophy, no Coherence, no Connection at all; if I thought (continued he) that you had not ſeen it, I would have brought it with me. Upon this Mr. *Pope* very frankly told him, that he had ſeen it before it went to the Preſs; for it was his own Writing, a Work of Years, and the Poetry ſuch as he thought proper for the Expreſſion of the Subject, on which Side he did not imagine it would ever have been attack'd, eſpecially by any pretending to the Study of Harmony and Knowledge of Numbers.

This was like a Clap of Thunder to the miſtaken Bard; he took his Hat, and with a Bluſh and a Bow took his Leave of Mr. *Pope*, and never more ventured to ſhew his unlucky Face there again. For the Verity of this Story we have the Teſtimony of a learned Gentleman, who has obliged the World with ſeveral Theological Treatiſes, and who was at that Time and always very intimate with Mr. *Pope*.

It was expected, after what had happened, that the ſaid unlucky Gentleman would have given ſome Reaſon in publick for his Diſlike of the Eſſay, and have ſhow'd where the Poetry was defective, where the Philoſophy; but whether intimidated by Fears of being clapp'd into the *Dunciad*; or whether what

he

he ſaid was only Wantonneſs, and the Love that a Poet has too often to ſpeak ill of all others, we cannot ſay; but he always remained ſilent.

This Eſſay is the Poem that the Biſhop of *Rocheſter* enquires after, and wiſhes to peep into the Manuſcript: It would have done it no Harm; he would have honeſtly declar'd againſt all which he did not like, as he did in Relation to the Epitaph upon Mr. *Harcourt*, which did not entirely pleaſe my Lord Chancellor, as appears by his Letter to Mr. *Pope:*

I Cannot but ſuſpect myſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your Friendſhip draws this Trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my Tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfy'd with any Thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy Subject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no Alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual Monument of your Friendſhip, and I aſſure myſelf you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the Word, *deny'd*, in the third Line, will juſtly admit of that Conſtruction which it ought to bear, viz. renounced, deſerted, *&c. deny'd* is capable, in my Opinion, as having an ill Senſe put upon it, as too great Eaſineſs, or more good Nature than a wiſe Man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could ſcarce mend thoſe too Lines, and therefore I can ſcarce expect your Forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſider them:

Harcourt *ſtands dumb, and* Pope *is forc'd to ſpeak.*

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without further diſcourſing you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt Part of that Line;

and

and the Word *forc'd* (which was my own, and I perſwade myſelf for that Reaſon only ſubmitted to by you) ſeems to carry too doubtful a Conſtruction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily to be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as a very particular Favour, if at your beſt Leiſure you will peruſe the inclos'd, and vary it, if you think it capable of being mended, and let me ſee you any Morning next Week.

I am, *&c.*

Mr. *Harcourt* was the Lord Chancellor's only Son, and it is prov'd by his Letter, that Mr. *Pope* was in ſome Meaſure directed by him: The Line pointed at was alter'd, and the Inſcription on the Monument in the Church of *Stanton-Harcourt*, in *Oxfordſhire*, ſtands thus:

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear,
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If POPE muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!

Beſides theſe, and other Epitaphs mention'd before, Mr. *Pope* wrote ſeveral more; on Sir *William Trumball*; on the Earl of *Dorſet*; on General *Withers*; on Mr. *Corbet*; on the Hon. *Robert*, and on his Siſter *Mary Digby*; on Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, and on Sir *Iſaac Newton*, and Mr. *Fenton*.

Mr. *Fenton* was a Gentleman, for whom Mr. *Pope* had a very high Regard, and who was in much Eſteem for his excellent Poems. He was educated at

at *Jesus-College* in *Cambridge*, and was preferr'd to be Secretary to the Right Hon. *Charles* Earl of *Orrery*. He was interr'd at *Easthamstead* in *Berks*, in the Year 1730. His Epitaph:

THIS modest Stone, what but few Marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest Man.
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and Great.
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

Never was Character more true; and it was Men of this quiet and contented State, (notwithstanding Mr. *Pope* was not without Pride and some Ill-nature, being almost always indispos'd) that pleas'd him best; to these he was continually making his Court, and shewing himself in his best Humours, and tho' he entertain'd them but sparingly, he entertain'd them chearfully: When we say sparingly, we only mean temperately, for he was not a Niggard, but always avoided Luxury; less than which he could not well do, having openly exclaim'd against it, and endeavoured to prove Temperance the more happy State, therefore he shew'd an Example of it; and it is seen at all Times, where the Occasion permits, as it does in the Invitation he gives Mr. *Fenton*, to come and remain with him, 'till Mr. *Craggs* should be ready to receive him at the House he had taken near Mr. *Pope*. The Letter we have copied:

Dear

Dear Sir,

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt Month, but out of a Deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory Account, which Way, and at what Time you might take your Journey. I am now commiſſion'd to tell you, that Mr. *Craggs* will expect you on the Riſing of the Parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive you in the Manner he would receive a Man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in Tranquility and full Leiſure. I dare ſay your Way of Life (which, in my Taſte will be the beſt in the World, and with one of the beſt Men in the World) muſt prove highly to your Contentment. And I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a Joy to me, as I ſhall reap a peculiar Advantage from the Good I ſhall have done in bringing you together, by ſeeing it in my own Neighbourhood. Mr. *Craggs* has taken a Houſe cloſe by mine, whither he propoſes to come in three Weeks: In the mean Time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical Diet for a Time, may give you a higher Reliſh of that elegant Way of Life you will enter into after. I deſire to know by the firſt Poſt how ſoon I may hope for you?

I am a little ſcandaliz'd at your Complaint that your Time lies heavy on your Hands, when the Muſes have put ſo many good Materials into your Head to employ them. As to your Queſtion, what I have been doing? I anſwer, juſt what I have been doing ſome Years, my Duty; ſecondly, relieving myſelf with neceſſary Amuſements, or Exerciſes which ſerve me inſtead of Phyſick, as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tir'd; and laſtly, Writing when I have no other Thing in the World

to

to do, or no Friend to entertain in Company. Believe me very affectionately,

Dear Sir, &c.

A. POPE.

When Mr. *Pope* receiv'd the News of the Death of this Gentleman, he was writing to a Friend, and was so much mov'd with it, that he broke off abruptly, giving the melancholy Reason; for Mr. *Fenton*'s Death lessen'd the Circle of those who were in Mr. *Pope*'s real Esteem, and was never mention'd by him without regretting the great Loss of him.

Mr. *Fenton* had some valuable Letters from Mr. *Pope*, which, at his Request, were again return'd to him, by that Means preventing their falling into Hands which might (perhaps not too faithfully) make them publick, which was done by many of his, by *Curl*, and Mr. *Pope* was so exasperated at it, that he was very near making an Oath never to write a Letter, but such as might be immediately about Business, for in Reality he did not correspond with a Friend upon the Terms of any free Subject of this Kingdom, so that he was at last reduc'd to beg of all his Acquaintance to secure him from the like Usage for the future, by returning him any Letters of his they might have preserv'd, lest they should be publish'd after his Death, perhaps being improper to be seen, or altered by the mercenary Purchaser, to serve their base Ends: For of such Things they make no Scruple, how many Instances might we give? And how many Things have been made publick, and Mr. *Pope* insinuated to have been the Author? *Curl* was continually accusing him with what came out in the *Grub-street Journal*, which Mr. *Pope* positively denies to have had any the least Correspondence with; but the Town, though mistaken, were never more assur'd

ſur'd than of his writing the Dialogue in the Paper call'd the *Champion*, *Thurſday Feb.* 19, 1740-1, juſt before the Election of the preſent Parliament:

Fulvius —— *Probus.*

Probus.

I Would not ſee my Country ſold abroad,
Or brib'd away at home.

Fulvius.

Who ſays it is?——————
But Greatneſs ſpeaking by a Parallel,
Is ſet far off, and never fairly ſeen,
Diminiſh'd by its Height to thoſe that gaze;
Nor judg'd to true Proportion: Can the Eye
Diſtinguiſh clearly, what it ſcarcely ſees?

Probus.

I grant it true, that Diſtance makes Things ſeem
Much ſmaller than they are to our weak Sight,
And Power, and Greatneſs, do to ſome ſick Fancies
Create that Diſtance; and the Cheat lies there:
For he that wears a Crown and Ermine Robes,
Is juſt what he appears, as near an Object,
As plain a Subject of my Thoughts and Judgment,
As he that goes in Rags; Man can't remove
One Step from Man; his Nature fixes him.

Fulvius.

When well directed, take Mankind in groſs,
They form their Judgment beſt. How ſhould they know?
Are they in Council? Do they ſee what moves?
Can they perceive the Balance of our Court?
And where we ſhould incline? Could they ſee this,

Have

Have they capacious Minds to poize the Weight
In Wisdom's Scale?

Probus.

Wisdom is out of Place, ——
The Master *Villain*, he who bears the Purse,
Except to a *furr'd Fox, or two*, gives forth
To none but Fools; for what wise Man could bear
To see the dress'd up Puppets that are sent
To other Realms, to buy these Fools their Caps;
Who bring home nothing but disastrous Writs,
Expensive Peace, and over-bought Delusions?
Shame to our Land! or what wise Man could read,
(His Patience keeping Indignation quiet,)
The Heap of clashing Treaties, each with each
At natural War, and all with common Sense
And our home Interest? We are Slaves to Fools,
They so to Knaves, the Knaves to Wealth and Power;
But all are Slaves; and many boast their Chains,
Shewing their silken Bandage to the Sun;
Or bear the Mark of Slavery aloft,
In glittering Mitres, or in little Crowns:
Tho' some there are that would conceal their Shame,
And underneath long Robes, and Forms of Law,
Hide the detested Truth; but, as they speak,
The Prompter's seen; and yet the Farce goes on.
O! Folly has got up o'er Wisdom's Head,
Spurning at either Eye; where she but blind,
All might seem right; now, tho' they labour to
To keep up unmix'd Folly; she spoils all,
With some harsh Counsel, or unwelcome Jest.

Fulvius.

Change for the better, or not change at all.

Probus.

Probus.

Come * *Cardinal*, Daughter of † *Parma* come,
And ſet your Feet on our ſubjected Necks,
Rather than have this *No-body* in Fact
Thus lord it o'er our Liberties and us.
I urge not, Sir, in Wantonneſs; my Heart
Speaks in my Tongue; I own I hate the Man,
Or in, or out of Place, whoe'er conſents,
And to his utmoſt Cunning, and no Cunning,
Buys Power at home, to give away abroad;
Digs and prepares a Pit to *ſink* us in,
And makes us all *ſubſcribe* to our Undoing;
Who by ſtrange *Lots* gives Miſery to Chance,
Making it ſeem to the miſtaken Crowd
A ‖ May-Play, a Diverſion, tho' their Bane?
Nay more, who forges *empty Names of Office*,
Where Office there is none, except to take
The unearn'd Salary, and vouch for him.
Whoſe Heart is open to receive this Man?
Whoſe, but the Caterpillars which he feeds
With Grain from all our Garners?

Fulvius.

Still I hope———
That Zeal tranſports you; ſhould theſe Things be ſo,
Who could enough lament a fallen State?

Probus.

Was it for this our great Fore-fathers ſtrove
With domineering Stateſmen, to preſerve
Freedom intire? Did *Mortimer*, the *Spencers*,
And even mitred *Wolſey* fall for this?
Actions ſo ſalutary to this Land,
Compaſſion's

* *Cardinal* Fleury. † *Queen of* Spain. ‖ *Lotteries.*

Compaſſion's ſelf look'd on, and ſaw, and ſmil'd;
Wolſey, whoſe Eye was on the Triple Crown;
Whoſe Hand prepar'd to change this Nation's Treaſury
For Papal Power: Who ſhall be more ſecure?
Was *Gaveſton?* And did not *Strafford* fall
Againſt his Maſter's Will? Comes all to this?
Was it for this the *Royal Victim* bled,
Crowns were ſuſpended, and the Throne kept vacant?
The mighty Rage of dreadful Civil War,
The Blood of Nobles, nay, the Blood of all,
Has been at Stake; certain the Loſs of Freedom
Is BRITAIN's All, and ſhall ſhe loſe that All?
Then take your Chains, and ſound your own Diſ-grace,
As far as your Renown has ever reach'd.
But if, inſtead of this, ye dare aſſert
Your own and Country's Cauſe, the Time is now!
Arm for the preſent, let *new* Councils lay
A ſure Foundation for your future Glory.

Fulvius.

In ſuch a Criſis Council's needed much.

Probus.

As well as Councils, we want Counſellors:
'Tis not becauſe I'm call'd a Man o' the Law,
Or ſit in certain Seats, that makes me wiſe;
Mens Actions prove them beſt; but *one* there was,
Was, nay there is, why ſaid I that there was?
For where's the Power on Earth pretends to frown
On Man 'till he be nothing? Still he is,
And darkens with the Splendor of his Virtue
Numbers of *little Stars*: He could adviſe;
In Courts, and Camps, and Councils, ſeaſon'd well:
Has he not ſpoke already? I was *there*,
I heard this *Northern* * *Wonder* from his Tongue,
Dropp'd

* *Duke of* Argyle.

Dropp'd Words that might create a Patriot Soul
In Boſoms dead to Liberty: He ſhone
With Rays of honeſt Policy; his Eyes
Sparkling with Freedom, and his Country's Love;
But as he ſpoke, methought he look'd like Light
Taking the Veil from Truth, who bluſh'd on Fame,
Sounding our Annals; but I can no more——
Choak'd by Reflection.

Fulvius.

Yet I don't deſpair,——
Not think our State ſo deſp'rate as you ſpeak:
Who knows but after *ſeven* Years Dearth and Famine,
Another *ſeven* of Plenty may ſucceed?
It ſtands confeſs'd our Soil is not in Fault;
We are not barren, but have lain untill'd,
Suffering unthrifty Stewards to run behind
And mortgage for themſelves.

Probus.

A Prophet's Voice——
Be your's; and our Redemption near at Hand!
Uninterrupted Freedom bleſs the Land!

This Dialogue, in a publick Office of the King's, a Gentleman publickly proteſted that it was Mr. *Pope*'s; who though (he ſaid) he had diſguiſed himſelf in Blank Verſe, there was ſome Phraſes and Paſſages, that very plainly declar'd it to be his: On this a Gentleman then preſent took the Paper to Mr. *Pope*, then much indiſpos'd, and told him what he had heard; when Mr. *Pope* aſſur'd him, that he had never ſeen nor heard the Lines 'till that Hour, however, that he ſhould be glad to know who the Author was, which the Gentleman who brought them took upon himſelf to find; accordingly, after a little Enquiry,

Enquiry, he met with one at the *Temple-Exchange* Coffee-houſe, who had privately ſeen the Verſes in Manuſcript, being acquainted with the Author; by which Means, after proper Explanation of his Intention and good Meaning, theſe Gentlemen had an Interview with the Author, and prevailed on him to reprint the Dialogue on a Sheet of fine Paper, fitted for a Frame and Glaſs, and from one of theſe Frames the foregoing Copy was taken, by Direction of a Perſon of Honour, our Obedience to whom we value ourſelves much upon.

But a great many Things were father'd on him by Bookſellers and others his Enemies, which were wholly unworthy his, or any other Pen; burleſquing every Thing moral and ſacred, monſtrouſly obſcene and profligate, and without the leaſt Reliſh of either Wit, Learning, or Taſte: Of theſe is the firſt Pſalm traveſtied, and many others, for which we make no Room, for as our witty Poet Mr. *Abraham Cowley* pronounces;

Much leſs muſt that have any Place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such Droſs the Fire ſhould purge away; 'tis juſt
The Author bluſh there, where the Reader muſt.

This made Mr. *Pope* ſo angry, when his Letters were publiſh'd without his Conſent or Knowledge, and ſo deſirous to call into his own Hands any that might remain in thoſe of his Friends; which had he done, we make no Doubt, but the Fire had purg'd away that Droſs, which is now (tho' very thinly) mix'd with the bright Metal. Certainly it is very hard, that an Author ſhall not have the Liberty to preſent to the Publick only ſuch of his Writings as he thinks proper, but ſhall have forcibly dragg'd into the Light all the little Privacies acted in Youth, and

only thought, ſpoke to ſome particular Friend, and to be ſoon forgot: It is unpardonable Cruelty, for we are fully perſwaded had Mr. *Pope* revis'd all the Works publiſh'd as his, he would have left nothing indecent or to be complain'd of, and the *Rondeau*, the *Letter to a Lady about an Hermaphrodite*, and all in that Strain, had never had a Place any where but in the Fire, which is propereſt for them; not that there is any Thing ſo very heinous in them that they may be call'd wicked, they are only jocoſely obſcene; but it is unmannerly, only to ſhew any tho' the leaſt Indecency to the Publick, and thoſe Things which are pardonable among Companions and Intimates, would be inſufferable to be done or ſpoke, where Perſons of both Sexes, and all Ages and Degrees, are ſuppos'd preſent.

These, tho' very great, were not all the Injuries which Mr. *Pope* receiv'd; he was by different People publickly accus'd to be an *open and mortal Enemy to his Country*; it was ſaid he had abus'd the KING, the QUEEN, his late MAJESTY, both Houſes of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Eſtabliſh'd CHURCH, and the preſent Miniſtry. It was ſaid he had been brought up with a Contempt of the ſacred Writings, and having ſaid in one of his Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*, "*Prieſts in-*
"*deed in their Characters, if they repreſent God, are*
"*ſacred, and ſo are Conſtables, as they repreſent the*
"*King; but you will own a great many of them are*
"*very odd Fellows, and the Devil a Bit of Likeneſs*
"*in them.*" This was interpreted a general Diſlike to all Chriſtian Prieſts, tho' others ſaid, he was wholly biaſs'd and govern'd by them. They declared, that he was no Poet only a Verſifier, underſtood no *Greek*, and trick'd his Subſcribers; call'd him *Ape*, *Aſs*, *Frog*, *lurking way-laying Coward*, *Knave*,

Knave, *little abject Thing*, *Fool*; nay, *Welsted* had the Impudence to tell in Print, (as all the other Abuses are) that Mr. *Pope* had occasion'd *a great Lady's Death*, talking about what he was not at all inform'd, for he nam'd a Lady which Mr. *Pope* had never heard of: This Man added, that he had libell'd the Duke of *Chandos*, with whom this false Parson said he had liv'd in great Familiarity, and receiv'd from him a Present of Five Hundred Pounds, the Falsehood of both which was known to his Grace. Mr. *Pope* never receiv'd any Present, farther than the Subscription for *Homer*, from him or *any Great Man* whatsoever; and all he ow'd in the whole Course of his Life to any Court, was a Subscription for his *Homer* of Two Hundred Pounds, from the late King, and One Hundred from his present Majesty and the late Queen, then Prince and Princess of *Wales*.

All this and more had Mr. *Pope* to bear, not only these Falsehoods and uncommon Scurrilities, but even Threats; and one declares, he ought to have a *Price set on his Head*, and be hunted down as a *wild Beast*; another protests, that he does not know *what may happen*, advises him to *insure his Person*, says he has *bitter Enemies*, and expressly declares, it will be well if he *escapes with his Life*.

Not intimidated with these bold and open Threats, he, as we have shown before, continued to oppose and satirize Vice and Folly, and defend Wisdom and Virtue, and at length publishes his last poetical Work, a fourth Book of the *Dunciad*; in which the Poet being to declare the *Completion* of all the Prophecies mentioned at the End of the former, makes a new *Invocation*, as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy Matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddess coming in her Majesty to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute

the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon Earth: How ſhe leads captive the *Sciences*, and ſilenceth the *Muſes*; and what they be who ſucceed in their Stead. All her Children by a wonderful Attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them alſo divers others, who promote her Empire by Connivance, weak Reſiſtance, or Diſcouragement of Arts; ſuch as half Wits, taſteleſs Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All theſe crowd round her: One of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but ſhe commends and encourages both. The firſt who ſpeak in Form are the *Geniuſes* of the *Schools*, who aſſure her of their Care to advance her Cauſe, by confining Youth to *Words*, and keeping them out of the Way of real Knowledge. Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer; with her Charge to them and the Univerſities. The Univerſities appear by their proper Deputies, and aſſure her, that the ſame Method is obſerved in the Progreſs of Education: The Speech of *Ariſtarchus* on this Subject. They are driven off by a Band of young Gentlemen, return'd from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite Oration, an Account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels*: preſenting to her at the ſame Time a young Nobleman perfectly accompliſh'd. She receives him graciouſly, and indues him with the happy Quality of *Want of Shame*. She ſees loitering about her a Number of indolent Perſons abandoning all Buſineſs and Duty, and dying with Lazineſs; to theſe approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuoſos*, and aſſign them over to him: But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent Proceeding, ſhe finds a Method to reconcile their Difference. Then enter a Troop of People fan-

fantaſtically adorn'd, offering her ſtrange and exotick Preſents: Amongſt them one ſtands forth and demands Juſtice on another, who had depriv'd him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in Nature: But he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that ſhe gives them both her Approbation. She recommends to them to find proper Employment for the *Indolents* before-mention'd, in the Study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, *&c.* but with particular Caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any uſeful or extenſive Views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe Apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecur'd by an Addreſs from the *Minute Philoſophers*, &c. one of whom ſpeaks in the Name of the reſt. The Youth thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a Body by the Hands of *Silenus*, and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the *Magus* her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total Oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends *Prieſts*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various Kinds; then confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; and finally diſmiſſing them with a Speech, confirms to each his *Privileges*, warns *One* in particular not to exceed them, and concludes with a *Yawn* of extraordinary Virtue, the Effects of which are not unfelt this Day.

Mr. *Pope* has been in this Piece equal to himſelf. Some there are, who at this Criſis, when the *publick Dulneſs* of ten Years paſt was come under *Inquiry*, were in great Expectations of meeting with a *political Satire*; but the ingenious Author has given the World only a Satire on *Modern Life*, and the Conduct of it in general; from the *School* to the *Univerſity*, from the *Univerſity* to *Travel*, from *Travel* into the various Branches of *Dulneſs*; in which *falſe Wits* and Men of *falſe Taſte*, *falſe Philoſophers*, and

Men of *falſe Religion*, exerciſe their Faculties. The Poet has not particulariz'd many Follies of the fair Sex; however, he has not paid them any Compliment, as he has made the Sovereign of *Dulneſs* a Female, coming in all the Majeſty of a Goddeſs, to deſtroy *Science* and *Learning*: But then he has given to the Sex ſome of the greateſt Excellencies human Nature is capable of poſſeſſing. The Deſcription of *Science*, *Wit*, &c. Captives at the Footſtool of *Dulneſs*, is a Picture ſo full of Imagery, that every Figure as much preſents itſelf to your View, as if drawn by the Pencil of *Le Brun*.

Beneath her Footſtool *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains;
There foam'd rebellious *Logick*, gagg'd and bound,
There ſtrip'd fair *Rhet'rick* languiſh'd on the Ground;
His blunted Arms by *Sophiſtry* are born,
And ſhameleſs *Billingſgate her* Robes adorn.
Morality by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Caſuiſtry* in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtreighten at each End the Cord,
And dies when *Dulneſs* gives her Page the Word.
Mad *Matheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material Chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her ecſtatick Stare,
Now running round the Circle finds it ſquare:
But held in ten-fold Bonds the *Muſes* lie,
Watch'd both by *Envy*'s and by *Flattery*'s Eye:
Oft to her Heart ſad *Tragedy* addreſs'd
The Dagger, wont to pierce the Tyrant's Breaſt.
Oft her gay Sifter's Life and Spirit fled,
But *Hiſtory* and *Satire* held their Head:
Nor could'ſt thou, *Cheſterfield*, a Tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle *Muſe*.

The

The elegant Compliment paid to this distinguish'd Nobleman, is a just Tribute for the strenuous Opposition he made to the Playhouse Bill, which brought all theatrical Performances under the arbitrary Power of a Court Licencer; since which the Publick has been entertain'd with nothing new but Buffoon Anticks and *French* Capers. As just as this Compliment is to one Peer, the Satire in the following Description is as just on several others.

When lo! a Harlot-form soft gliding by,
With mincing Step, soft Voice, and languid Eye;
Foreign her Air, her Robes discordant Pride
In Patch-work flutt'ring, and her Head aside,
By singing Peers upheld on either Hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate *Nine* a scornful Look,
Then thus in quaint *Recitativo* spoke:
O *Cara! Cara!* Silence all that Train:
Joy to great Chaos! Let Division reign,
My Racks and Tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their Nerves, and fritter all their Sense.
One Trill shall harmonize Joy, Grief and Rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same Notes thy Sons shall hum or snore,
And all thy yawning Daughters cry *Encore*.
Another *Phœbus*, thy own *Phœbus* reigns,
Joys in my Jigs, and dances in my Chains.

This Description the Author in his Notes calls a detach'd Piece; but it is excellently introduc'd, as a Satire on hiring *Italians* to sing detach'd Pieces of Composition, favourite Airs, and Sonatas, huddled into an Opera for Want of a Composer. Here the Author again pays a due Tribute to Merit, by shewing how injudiciously our Connoisseur-Subscribers to Operas

Operas ſuffered Mr. *Handel* to go to *Ireland*, when they give more for bad, incoherent Compoſitions in *England*. What can be nobler than theſe Lines from the Mouth of the *Phantom* call'd *Opera*, in her Addreſs to *Dulneſs!*

—Soon, ah! ſoon Rebellion will commence,
When Muſick vainly borrows Aid from Senſe.
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant *Handel* ſtands
Like bold *Briareus*, with a hundred Hands;
To ſtir, to rouſe, to ſhake the Soul he comes;
And *Jove*'s own Thunder follows *Mars*'s Drums!
Arreſt him, Empreſs, or you ſleep no more!—
She heard, and drove him—to the *Hibernian* Shore.

Though *Satire*, in its Name carries a common Idea of Cenſure, not to ſay Spleen or Ill-nature; yet *Horace*, the beſt Satiriſt, in moſt Mens Opinions, took an Opportunity, amidſt his Ridicule of Folly and Vice, to introduce a Contraſt, and ſet up Merit and Virtue in Oppoſition to them: The intervening Light of thoſe were ſtrong enough for the Shade of the other. Our *Engliſh Horace* purſues this Method: Affected Learning, Want of publick Spirit, *&c.* are deſervedly expos'd; yet *Wyndham* and *Talbot*, *Friend*, *Alſop* and *Murray*, receive all the Oblations due to Men of refin'd Taſte, Learning and Merit.

A large Part of this Poem expoſes *flattering Dulneſs*, *cultivating miſtaken Talents*, *patronizing vile Scribblers*, *diſcouraging living Merit*, *ſetting up for Wits and Men of Taſte in* Arts *they underſtood not*.—As this is a *literary Hiſtory*, it is not ſo agreeable to the Generality of the fair Sex; but a ſhocking *Dulneſs*, which the Poet afterwards laſhes, even every Lady who has a Son at School, will be affected with. A haughty, pedantick, tyrannick Schoolmaſter is a Character as odious and contemptible, as that of a humane,

humane, polite, and learned one is amiable and worthy! Our dramatick Poets have never introduc'd this Species of Humour on the Stage; yet I have often thought it would make no bad Farce with proper Incident. I would not lay the Scene in the School, for then it would become Tragedy; but the Character might be repreſented, as to expoſe ſeveral enormous Abſurdities which are attach'd to it.—As Mr. *Pope's* Poem is full of Machinery, you ſee all the Characters enter upon the Stage, as living *Dramatis Perſonæ*, or deſcending or aſcending upon it, like Deities and Ghoſts at a Theatre.——Among Crowds of Dunces advancing to the Throne, the Schoolmaſter is thus deſcribed:

While, lo! a Spectre roſe, whoſe index Hand
Held forth the Virtue of a dreadful Wand;
His beaver'd Brow a birchen Garland bears,
Dropping with Infant's Blood, and Mother's Tears.
All Fleſh is humbled, Youth's bold Courage cools,
Each, ſhudd'ring, owns the Genius of the Schools.
The Pale-boy Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his Breeches cloſe with both his Hands.
Then thus, ſince Man from Beaſts by Words is known,
Words are Man's Province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the *Samian* Letter,
Points him two Ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the Door of Learning, Youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick Springs of Senſe,
We ply the Memory, we load the Brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double Chain on Chain;
Confine the Thought to exerciſe the Breath;
And keep them in the Pale of Words till Death.

In

In the Speech which this formidable Spectre makes all the Errors of common ſcholaſtick Education are pointed out; none are more ſtrongly or more juſtly mark'd, than that univerſal Rule in our beſt-model-led Schools and royal Foundations, of making all Boys make Verſes, as if we were to have a Nation of Rhymers, inſtead of Men of good Underſtanding. The School-maſter very humorouſly ſays of his Pupils;

Whate'er the Talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling Padlock on the Mind;
A Poet the firſt Day he dips his Quill;
And what the laſt?—A very Poet ſtill.
Pity! the Charm works only in our Wall;
Loſt! loſt! too ſoon, in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant *Wyndham* ev'ry Muſe gave o'er;
There *Talbot* ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an *Ovid Murray* was, our Boaſt;
How many *Martials* were in *Pult'ney* loſt!

From this the Author introduces Remarks on verbal Criticiſm, and has very accurately depicted the Hat, Form, Look, and Speech of the Maſter of *Tr——ty-Coll——, Cambridge*. A great Part of this Part of the Satire is loſt to moſt Readers, by not knowing the ſecret Hiſtory of the venerable *Ariſtarchus*, and his humble 'Squire *Walkerus*: Nor hath the profound *Scriblerus*, in his Notes, ſufficiently illuſtrated *Scipio Maffiei*'s Remark, *de Compotationibus Academicis*.

From the Univerſity he changes the Scene to a modern fine Gentleman with his travelling Tutor, juſt arriv'd from his Tour; and the Doctor makes his *Exit* with,

But wherefore waſte I Words! I ſee advance,
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from *France*.

The

The learned Commentator on this Author has, contrary to modern Commentators, a Note worth tranſcribing;

Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor.

" Some Criticks have objected to the Order here, " being of Opinion, that the Governor ſhould have " the Precedence before the Whore, if not before " the Pupil: But were he ſo plac'd, it might be " thought to inſinuate, that the Governor led the " Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil plac'd " firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor " to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing " their Pictures, repreſents them in the Order in " which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil " between the Whore and the Governor; but pla- " ceth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both " the other."

Theſe Characteriſticks are very ſevere on our *Petit Maîtres*, and their polite Governors, who make the Tour of *Europe* only to glean every Vice and Folly they meet with; but I am ſorry to ſay the Poet has confin'd himſelf to Truth, and there have very lately been known ſuch Tutors and ſuch Pupils. The Speech of the Governor to *Dulneſs*, in Recommendation of his Charge, is a juſt Cenſure on modern Education; I ſhall quote only that Part, which deſcribes his foreign Tour:

Intrepid then o'er Seas and Lands he flew,
Europe he ſaw, and *Europe* ſaw him too.
There all *thy* Gifts and Graces we diſplay,
Thou, only *thou*, directing all our Way,
To where the *Seine*, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great *Bourbon*'s Feet her ſilken Sons:

Or *Tyber*, now no longer *Roman*, rolls,
Vain of *Italian* Arts, *Italian* Souls;
To Iſles of Fragrance, lilly-ſilver'd Vales,
Diffuſing Languor in the panting Gales;
To Lands of ſinging or of dancing Slaves,
Love-whiſp'ring Woods, and lute-reſounding Waves.
* But chief her Shrine where naked *Venus* keeps,
And *Cupids* ride the Lion of the Deeps.
Led by my Hand, he ſaunter'd *Europe* round,
And gather'd every Vice on Chriſtian Ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal Senſe of Op'ras and the Fair.
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with Glory, and with Spirit whor'd.

This is, to the Shame of our young Gentry be it ſpoke, too juſt a Deſcription of their beginning and finiſhing their Travels; we have, however, ſome Exceptions, and ſome young Noblemen who have done an Honour to their Country *abroad*; and by acquiring a Knowledge of Men, of Commerce, of the Intereſts and Tempers of foreign Courts, with the different Policies of different Nations, will be of Service to their Country at *home*. Lord *Halifax* in the Houſe of Peers, and ſeveral Gentlemen in the Commons, are illuſtrious Examples for the young *Britiſh* Gentry: Theſe have greatly ſerv'd their Country in the Senate, at a Time of Life when moſt others employ theirs in Pleaſure and Libertiniſm.

After the Poets well-tim'd Cenſure on *modern Education*, he introduces a ſhort but excellent Satire on a Sett of People, ſome of which you meet with almoſt in every Family; I mean the *Indolents*, to whom every Duty of Life, or neceſſary Buſineſs of it, is a Fatigue;

* Venice, *whoſe Arms are a flying Lyon.*

Fatigue; on these *Dulness* sheds her Influence: You would be pleas'd at their Description. The Goddess, says the Poet,

———saw a lazy, lolling Sort,
Unknown at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'rers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend;
The too, my *Paridel*, she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the Rack of a too-easy Chair;
And heard thy everlasting Yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pitied, but her Pity only shed
Benigner Influence on thy nodding Head.

From this Species of *Dulness* the Author shifts the Scene, which tho' it has been drawn by other Authors, is here represented with new Humour. As this Satire was intended to expose Triflers in Arts and Sciences, and those who, thro' Affectation of Knowledge, were the Patrons of them, the Author could not suffer our modern *Antiquaries* in Gems and Medals to pass uncensur'd. It is incredible what Inventions and Arts are practis'd to make *Antiques*; which some Persons of Quality purchase at a high Rate, only because they think they are *antique*, and they possess a little Bit of Copper or Silver, the like of which very few in the World have besides themselves. As particularly mark'd as the Character of *Annius* may seem, there are many of them to be seen at *Cox*'s Auctions. The Name was taken from *Annius* the Monk of *Viterbo*, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of antient Manuscripts and Inscriptions; which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our *Annius* had a more substantial Motive.

—Grant

——Grant me ſtill to cheat!
O may thy Cloud ſtill cover the Deceit!

HOR. ——*Da, pulchra Laverna,*
Da mihi fallere.——
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.

Some read *Skill*, but that is frivolous; for *Annius* hath that Skill already; or if he had not, *Skill* were not wanting to cheat ſuch Perſons:

——*Annius*, crafty Seer, with ebon Wand,
And well-diſſembled Em'rald on his Hand,
Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with Capons, from where *Pollio*
Soft as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep, [dines;
Where baſks on ſunny Banks the ſimple Sheep.
Walks round and round, now prying here, now there;
So he, but pious whiſper'd firſt this Pray'r:
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O! may thy Cloud ſtill cover the Deceit!
Thy choicer Miſt on this Aſſembly ſhod;
But pour them thickeſt on the nobleſt Head:
So ſhall each Youth, aſſiſted by our Eyes,
See other *Cæſars*, other *Homers* riſe;
Thro' twilight Ages hunt th' *Athenian* Fowl,
Which *Culchis* Gods and Mortals call an Owl.
Now ſee an *Atys*, now a *Cecrops* clear;
Nay, *Mahomet*, with Pigeon at his Ear;
Be rich in antient Braſs, tho' not in Gold,
And keep his *Lares*, tho' his Houſe be ſold;
To headleſs *Phœbe*, his fair Bride poſtpone;
Honour a *Syrian* Prince before his own;
Lord of an *Otho*, if I vouch it true,
Bleſt in one *Niger*, 'till he knows of two.

Theſe Impoſitions of our *Virtuoſi*, and the Credulity and Folly of thoſe who become their Dupes, are

are more ſtrongly expos'd by the Author's having made *Annius* himſelf confeſs the firſt, and ridicule the laſt.

As the Scenery of this Poem changes, and new Characters appear, the ingenious Author has follow'd the dramatick Rule, of ſhewing the Humour of each Character the ſtronger, by ſhewing a contraſt Character to it. *Annius* has an opponent Connoiſeur in *Mummius*, a Virtuoſo in *Syrian* Coins and *Ægyptian* Mummies; but the two Characters which will pleaſe you moſt, are a Virtuoſo Floriſt, and Virtuoſo Butterfly-Fancier; they are deſcrib'd among

A Tribe, with Weeds and Shells fantaſtick crown'd.

They have a great Cauſe to try, and appeal to the Goddeſs:

The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy Suppliant's Call,
—Great Queen, and Mother of us all!
Fair, from its humble Bed, I rear'd this Flow'r;
Suckled, and chear'd with Air, and Sun, and Show'r.
Soft on the Paper Ruff its Leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded Bottom tipp'd its Head;
Then thron'd in Glaſs, and nam'd it *Caroline*,
Each Maid cry'd *charming!* and each Youth *divine!*
Did Nature's Pencil ever blend ſuch Rays,
Such vary'd Light in one promiſcuous Blaze?
Now proſtrate, dead, behold that *Caroline!*
No Maid cries *charming!* and no Youth *divine!*
And, lo! the Wretch whoſe vile, whoſe inſect Luſt
Laid this gay Daughter of the Spring in Duſt;
O puniſh him! or to the *Elyſian* Shades
Diſmiſs my Soul! where no *Carnation* fades!

The pathetick Exclamation of the Supplicant is raiſed with a pleaſing Air of Solemnity, which is ſtill heighten'd by,

He ceas'd, and wept.

His Adverſary's plain Behaviour and narrative Speech are finely contraſted to the Paſſions being affected, and the Luxuriancy of Deſcription in the foregoing Quotation:

——With Innocence of Mien
Th' accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamell'd Race, whoſe ſilv'ry Wing
Waves to the tepid *Zephyrs* of the Spring,
Or ſwims along the fluid Atmoſphere,
One brighter ſhin'd; this Child of Heat and Air
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal Bow'r
The riſing Game, and chas'd from Flow'r to Flow'r;
It fled, I follow'd; now in Hope, now Pain;
It ſtopp'd, I ſtopp'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again:
At laſt it fix'd—('twas on what Plant it pleas'd)
And where it fix'd, the beauteous Bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my Care,
I meddle, Goddeſs, only in my Sphere;
I tell the naked Fact without Diſguiſe,
And to excuſe it need but ſhew my Prize;
Whoſe Spoils this Paper offers to your Eye,
Fair, e'en in Death, this peerleſs *Butterfly*.

After this Conteſt the Goddeſs applauds them both; and, in a Speech, ſhe recommends it to the Inveſtigators of Nature to amuſe themſelves only in Trifles.—From hence the Author introduces an admirable Satire on Triflers in Philoſophy and Religion:

My Sons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your Parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our Arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal Care, our ſleeping Friends.

The

The common Soul, of Heav'n more frugal Make,
Serves but to keep Fools pert, and Knaves awake:
A drowzy Watchman that just gives a Knock,
And breaks our Rest, to tell us what's o'Clock.
Yet by some Object ev'ry Brain is stirr'd;
The Dull may waken to a Humming Bird;
The most Recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial Matter in the Cockle-kind;
The Mind in Metaphysicks at a Loss,
May wander in a Wilderness of Moss;
The Head, that turns at super-lunar Things,
Poiz'd with a Tail, may steer on * *Wilkin*'s Wings.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
See Nature in some partial narrow Shape,
And let the Author of the Whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my Task, (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn Foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious Hope aspires to see the Day
When moral Evidence shall quite decay)
Let others creep by timid Steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay Foundations low,
By common Sense to common Knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy Mists, we want no Guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!

The last Scene of the Poem (to keep to my dramatick Parallel) which is to produce the Catastrophe,

* One of the first Projectors of the *Royal Society*, who among many enlarg'd and useful Notions, entertain'd the extravagant Hope of a Possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making Wings for that Purpose.

ends with great Propriety. The Stage is full of all the Goddeſs's Votaries, whom ſhe receives with Pleaſure; to teſtify which an *old Wizard* preſents them with the *Cup* of *Self Love*,

Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former Friends,
Sire, Anceſtor, himſelf: One caſts his Eyes
Up to a Star, and, like *Endymion*, dies;
A Feather ſhooting from another's Head,
Extracts his Brain, and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every Thing,
And nothing left but Homage to a King.
The vulgar Herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But ſad Example! never to eſcape
Their Infanty, ſtill keep the human Shape.

After having deſcrib'd the endowing them with Impudence, Stupidity, Self-conceit, venal Intereſt, Degeneracy, Luxury, and affected Wiſdom,

Then bleſſing all, Go, Children of my Care,
To Practice now, from Theory repair;
All my Commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full,
My Sons, be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull:
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne;
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

Which is for *Dukes*, *Earls*, and *Lords*, to perſonate *Running-Footmen*, *Jockies*, *Stage-Coachmen*, and *Fiddlers*, &c.

The Concluſion of this Poem the Author has made like that of our modern dramatick Pieces,—without any Concluſion at all.—*Deeſt* Finis may ſeem an odd Expreſſion, but the Annotator thus explains it: "It is impoſſible to lament ſufficiently the Loſs of "the

" the reſt of this Poem: It is to be hop'd, however, " that the Poet compleated it, and that it will not " be loſt to Poſterity, if we may truſt a Hint given " in one of his Satires.

Publiſh the preſent Age, but where the Text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next."

As you have ſeen ſome Pieces on the Stage end in a univerſal *Groan*, or Chorus of *Yawns*, our Author concludes his Poem with an univerſal *Yawn*, and both are the Effects of *Dulneſs*.

She *yawn'd*,——all Nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?
Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd,
(St. *James*'s firſt, for leaden *G——lb——t* preach'd)
Then catch'd the Schools, the Hall ſcarce kept awake,
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round;
Wide and more wide it ſpread o'er all the Realm;
Ev'n *Palinurus* nodded at the Helm;
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept,
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign,
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

And now having gone over this Poem in a general Manner, we beg to be more particular. Speaking of *Dulneſs*, he gives one more Puſh at the Laureat:

Soft on her Lap her Laureat Son reclines.

And before we are advanc'd one hundred Lines in the Poem, *Narciſſus* and his Flatterer are taken Notice of:

There march'd the Bard and Blockhead Side by Side,
Who rhym'd for Hire, and patroniz'd for Pride;
Narciſſus prais'd with all a Parſon's Pow'r,
Look'd a white Lilly ſunk beneath a Show'r.

But the Satire that is more general more pleaſes us, as we think it of more Uſe, and abundantly where *Dulneſs* confeſſes that arbitrary and eccleſiaſtical Power are what ſhe flouriſhes moſt under. His Reaſon of mentioning King *James* the Firſt in this Place, is becauſe that King took upon himſelf to teach the *Latin* Tongue to *Car* Earl of *Somerſet*, and *Gondomar* the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe *Latin* to him, on purpoſe to give him the Pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good Graces: This *great* Prince was the firſt who aſſum'd the Title of SACRED MAJESTY, which his loyal Clergy tranſferr'd from God to him, nay, he was ſtiled MOST SACRED MAJESTY; the Principles of paſſive Obedience and Non Reſiſtance, which before his Time had ſkulk'd, perhaps in ſome old *Homily*, were talk'd, written, and preach'd into Vogue, in that *glorious* Reign. Hear the Goddeſs!

Oh! (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
Some gentle *James*, to bleſs the Land again;
To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give Law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with *Greek* and *Latin* rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For ſure if *Dulneſs* ſees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the Shade of arbitrary Sway.
O! if my Sons may learn one earthly Thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

May

May you, may *Cam*, and *Isis* preach it long!
The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.
Prompt at the Call, around the Goddess roll
Broad Hats, and Hoods, and Caps, a sable Shoal:
Thick and more thick the black Blockade extends,
A hundred Head of *Aristotle*'s Friends.
Nor wert thou, *Isis!* wanting to the Day,
(Tho' *Christ-Church* long kept prudishly away.)
Each staunch Polemick stubborn as a Rock,
Each fierce Logician still expelling *Lock*.
Came Whip and Spur, and dash'd thro' Thin and Thick
On *German Crouzaz* and *Dutch Burgersdyck*.
As many quit the Streams that murmuring fall
To lull the Sons of *Marg'ret* and *Clare-Hall*,
Where *B--tl-y* late tempestuous us'd to sport
In troubled Waters, but now sleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful *Aristarch*;
Plow'd was his Front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat which never vail'd to human Pride,
Walker with Rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
Low bow'd the rest, he kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.

Mr. *Pope* does not mention *Quakers* intending to make any Reflection upon that Sect, for he had held them in very good Estimation, and induc'd the Earl of *Peterborough* to read Books containing the Principles of their Religion; that the Earl had read them is evident from a Letter of his to Mr. *Pope*, where he says:

"I consent you shall call me Polemick, or asso-
"ciate me into any Sect or Corporation provided
"you do not join me to the charitable Rogues, or
"to the pacifick Politicians of the Age. I have

" read over * *Barclay* in vain, and find after a Stroke " given to the left, I cannot offer the right Cheek " for another Blow: All I can bring myſelf to, is " to bear Mortification from the fair Sex with Pa- " tience."

This Apology was dedicated to King *Charles* the Second, and in the Dedication was this remarkable Paſſage. " Thou haſt taſted of Proſperity and Ad- " verſity; thou knoweſt what it is to be baniſh'd " thy native Country; to be over-rul'd as well as to " rule, and ſit upon the Throne, and being op- " preſs'd, thou haſt Reaſon to know how hateful the " Oppreſſor is both to God and Man: If after all " theſe Warnings and Advertiſements, thou doſt " not turn unto the Lord with all thy Heart; but " forget him who remember'd thee in thy Diſtreſs, " and give thyſelf up to follow LUST and VANI- " TY, ſurely great will be thy Condemnation."

We believe there is not any modern Example of ſuch Plainneſs and Couragiouſneſs of Addreſs to any Prince in *Europe*, this excepted. Of this Book Mr. *Pope* was profeſſedly an Admirer, which he often declar'd breath'd forth the Spirit of primitive Chriſtianity, and Mr. *Norris* Rector of *Bemerton* near *Saliſbury*, declares:

" He cannot think Quakeriſm inconſiderable, as " the Principles of it are laid down and manag'd " by Mr. *Barclay*. — — —

" That great and general Contempt they lie un- " der, does not hinder him from thinking the Sect " of the *Quakers* to be far the moſt conſiderable of " any that divide from the Church: In caſe the Qua- " keriſm that is generally held, be the ſame with that " which

* *Barclay*'s Apology for the Quakers.

" which Mr. *Barclay* has delivered to the World " as such; whom he takes to be so great a Man, " that he professes freely, that he had rather en- " gage against an hundred *Bellarmins*, *Hardings*, " and *Stapletons*, than with one *Barclay*."

Another ingenious Writer and much applauded, scruples not to say:

" He is not asham'd to own, that he hath with " great Pleasure read over Mr. *Barclay*'s Apology " for Quakerism, and doth really think it to be the " most masterly, charitable, and reasonable System " that he hath ever seen: It solves (says he) the nu- " merous Difficulties rais'd by the other Sects, " and by Turns thrown at one another: He shews " (says he) all Parts of Scripture to be uniform and " consistent.

" And comprehends every Thing which has been " since said by the best Writers for Liberty of Con- " science, and against all Sort of religious Imposi- " tions, with as much Wit, happy Turn, and ma- " sterly Expressions, as is consistent with the Plain- " ness and Simplicity affected by those of his Sect, " and for the most Part used in holy Writings."

Though had their Way of Thinking as to religious Matters been what it would, Mr. *Pope* often said before he inspected into their Matter of Faith, that their quiet, peaceable, and unambitious Lives, recommended them sufficiently to the Esteem of wise Men; for they incapacitate themselves by refusing Oaths and the Sacraments, to fill up any Places either of Honour or Profit.

But to return to our Satire: The Goddess *Dulness* confers Titles on all her Sons of different Degrees, and gives them her Blessing:

Next,

Next, bidding all draw near on bended Knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her Children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd Sort,
Who ſtudy *Shakeſpear* at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or *Vertú profeſs*,
Shine in the Dignity of *F. R. S.*
Some, deep *Free-Maſons*, join the ſilent Race
Worthy to fill *Pythagoras*'s Place:
Some *Botaniſts*, or *Floriſts* at the leaſt,
Or iſſue Members of an annual Feaſt.
Nor paſt the Meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a *Gregorian*, one a *Gormogon*.
The laſt, not leaſt in Honour or Applauſe,
Iſis and *Cam* made Doctors of her Laws.
Then, bleſſing all, Go Children of my Care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my Commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons; be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace:
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race:
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer, the Sun:
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to Silk *Arachne*'s ſubtle Line:
The Judge to dance his Brother Serjeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball:
The Biſhop ſtowe (Pontifick Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkies in a Pye:
The ſturdy Squire to *Gallick* Maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler Arts from *France*,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.

Perhaps

Perhaps more high ſome daring Son may ſoar,
Strive to my Liſt to add one Monarch more——
Perhaps —— * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * *

——But here ſhe ſtops, ſhe yawns, ſhe nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?

The Poet always expreſſes a very particular Regard for ſilent Dunces, and has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open to a Humming-Bird, or a Cockle-ſhell, yet, at worſt they may be Free Maſons, where Taciturnity is the only eſſential Qualification.

It muſt be obſerved, that Mr. *Pope* always kept in Memory his Enmity to Mr. *Cibber*, for he did not eaſily forgive or forget any Injuries done to him, or by him imagin'd to be done, and juſt before the Election for the Laureat, he wrote, and made it

Appendix to the DUNCIAD.

THE Time of the Election of a Poet Laureat being now at Hand, it may be proper to give ſome Account of the *Rites* and *Ceremonies* antiently uſed at that Solemnity, and only diſcontinued through the Neglect and Degeneracy of later Times. Theſe we have extracted from an Hiſtorian of undoubted Credit, a reverend Biſhop, the learned *Paulus Jovius*; and are the ſame that were practiſed under the Pontificate of *Leo* X, the great Reſtorer of Learning.

As we now ſee an *Age* and a *Court*, that for the Encouragement of Poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope; we cannot but wiſh a Reſtoration

ſtoration of all its *Honours* to *Poeſy*; the rather, ſince there are ſo many parallel Circumſtances in the *Perſon* who was then honour'd with the Laurel, and in *him*, who (in all Probability) is now to wear it.

I ſhall tranſlate my Author exactly as I find it in the 82d Chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with the Character of the Poet himſelf, who was the Original and Father of all Laureats, and called *Camillo*. He was a plain Country-man of *Apulia*, (whether a *Shepherd* or *Threſher*, is not material.) "This Man (ſays *Jovius*) excited by the Fame of "the great Encouragement given to Poets at Court, "and the high Honour in which they were held, "came to the City, bringing a ſtrange Kind of Lyre "in his Hand, and at leaſt ſome *twenty thouſand* "*Verſes*. All the Wits and Criticks of the Court "flock'd about him, delighted to ſee a *Clown*, with "a ruddy, hale Complexion, and in his own long "Hair, ſo top-full of Poetry; and at the firſt Sight "of him, all agreed, he was born to be *Poet Lau-*"*reat*.* He had a moſt hearty Welcome, in an "*Iſland* of the River *Tyber* (an agreeable Place, "not unlike our *Richmond*) where he was firſt made "to *eat* and *drink plentifully*, and *to repeat his Verſes* "*to every Body*. Then they adorn'd him with a new "and elegant Garland, compoſed of *Vine-Leaves*, "*Laurel*, and *Braſſica* (a Sort of Cabbage) ſo com-"poſed, ſays my Author emblematically, *ut tam* "*ſales*, *quàm lepidè ejus Temulentia* Braſſicæ *remedio* "*cohibendi notaretur*. He was then ſaluted by com-"mon Conſent with the Title of *Archi-poeta*, or "*Arch-Poet*, in the Stile of thoſe Days, in ours, "*Poet Laureat*. This Honour the poor Man re-"ceiv'd

* Appulus prepingui vultu alacer, & prolixe comatus, omnino dignus feſta Laurea videretur.

" ceiv'd with the most sensible Demonstrations of " Joy, his Eyes drunk with Tears of Gladness.† " Next, the publick Acclamation was expres'd in " a *Cantiele*, which is yet transmitted to us, as fol- " lows;

" Salve, brassicæ virens corona,
" Et Lauro, Archi-poeta, pampinoque,
" Dignus principis auribus Leonis.
All hail, Arch-poet without Peer!
Vine, Bay or Cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of thy *Prince's Ear*.

From hence, he was conducted in Pomp to the *Capitol* of *Rome*, mounted on an *Elephant*, through the Shouts of the Populace, where the Ceremony ended.

The Historian tells us farther, " That at his In- " troduction to *Leo*, he not only poured forth Ver- " ses innumerable, like a Torrent, but also *sung* " them *open Mouth*. Nor was he only *once* intro- " duc'd, or on *stated* Days (like our Laureats) but " made a *Companion* to his *Master*, and entertain'd " as one of the Instruments of his *most elegant Plea-* " *sures*. When the Prince was at Table, the Poet " had his Place at the Window. When the Prince " had * half eaten his Meat, he gave with his own " Hands the rest to the Poet. When the Poet " drank, it was out of the Prince's own Flaggon, " insomuch (says the Historian) that thro' so great " good Eating and Drinking, he contracted a most " terrible Gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my Reader's Curiosity unsatisfied in the Catastrophe of this extraordinary Man. To use my Author's Words, which are remarkable,

† Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.
* Semesis opsoniis.

markable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque Poetis*, &c. "When *Leo* dy'd, and Poets were no more" (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if Poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureat was forthwith reduced to return to his Country, where oppressed with *old Age* and *Want*, he miserably perish'd in a *common Hospital*.

We see from this sad Conclusion (which may be of Example to the Poets of our Time) that it were happier to meet with no Encouragement at all, to remain at the Plow, or other lawful Occupation, than to be elected above their Condition, and taken out of the common Means of Life, without a surer Support than the *temporary*, or at best, *moral* Favours of the Great. It was doubtless for this Consideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *Rural Genius*, Care was taken to *settle it upon him for Life*. And it hath been the Practice of our Princes, never to remove from the Station of Poet Laureat any Man who hath once been chosen, tho' never so much greater Geniuses might arise in his Time. A noble Instance, how much the *Charity* of our Monarchs hath exceeded their *Love of Fame*.

To come now to the Intent of this Paper. We have here the whole antient *Ceremonial* of the Laureat: In the first Place, the Crown is to be mix'd with *Vine-leaves*, as the Vine is the Plant of *Bacchus*, and full as essential to the Honour, as the *Butt of Sack* to the Salary.

Secondly, the *Brassica* must be made use of, as a Qualifier of the former. It seems the *Cabbage* was antiently accounted a Remedy for *Drunkenness*, (a Power which the *French* now ascribe to the Onion, and stile a Soupe made of it, *Soupe d'Ivrogne*) I would recommend a large Mixture of the *Brassica*, if Mr. *Dennis* be chosen; but if Mr. *Tibbald*, it is

not

not so necessary, unless the Cabbage be suppos'd to signify the same Thing with Respect to *Poets*, as to *Taylors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another Plant to this Garland, to wit, *Ivy*: Not only as it anciently belong'd to Poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three Virtues of a Court-Poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next Place, a *Canticle* must be composed and sung, in Laud and Praise of the new Poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my Opinion no Man can write this but himself: And no Man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly. But what this Canticle should be, either in his or the other Candidate's Case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *publick Show*, or *Entry* of the Poet: To settle the Order or Procession of which, Mr. *Anstis* and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a Conference. I apprehend here two Difficulties: One of procuring an *Elephant*; the other, of teaching the Poet to ride him: Therefore I should imagine the next Animal in Size or Dignity would do best; either a Mule or a large Ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose Portraiture makes so great an Ornament of the *Dunciad*; and which (unless I am mis-inform'd) is yet in the Park of a Nobleman near this City:—Unless Mr. CIBBER be the Man; who may, with great Propriety and Beauty, ride on a *Dragon*, if he goes by Land; or if he chose the Water, upon one of his own *Swans* from *Cæsar in Egypt*.

We have spoken sufficiently of the *Ceremony*: let us now speak of the *Qualifications* and *Privileges* of the Laureat. First, we see he must be able to make Verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if requir'd: In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly, *patula ore*:

Here I confeſs the Excellency of Mr. CIBBER: Thirdly, he ought to carry a *Lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumberſome, a ſmall one may be contrived to hang about the Neck, like an Order; and be very much a Grace to the Perſon. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *Stomach*, to eat and drink whatever his Betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high Office as in many others, no puny Conſtitution can diſcharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here ſo happy; but rather a ſtaunch, vigorous, ſeaſon'd, and dry *old Gentleman*, whom I have in my Eye.

I could alſo wiſh at this Juncture, ſuch a Perſon as is truly jealous of the *Honour* and *Dignity* of *Poetry*; no Joker, or Trifler, but a Bard in *good earneſt*; nay, not amiſs, if a Critick, and the better if a little *obſtinate*. For when we conſider what great Privileges have been loſt from this Office (as we ſee from the fore-cited authentick Record of *Jovius*) namely, thoſe of *feeding* from the *Prince's Table*, *drinking* out of his *own Flaggon*, becoming even his *Domeſtick* and *Companion*; it requires a Man warm and reſolute, to be able to claim and obtain the reſtoring of theſe high Honours. I have cauſe to fear the moſt of the Candidates would be liable, either thro' the Influence of Miniſters, or for Rewards or Favours, to give up the glorious Rights of the Laureat: Yet I am not without Hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *ſerious* and *ſteady* Aſſertion of theſe Privileges may be expected; and if there be ſuch a one, I muſt do him the Juſtice to ſay, it is Mr. DENNIS, the worthy Preſident of our Society.

Thus have we taken Notice of Mr. *Pope*'s poetical Performances, which are ſo excellent, that they need no Praiſe from us; we doubt not but they have it

it from all judicious Readers: How great muſt the Mind of that Man be, who could furniſh out ſuch rare Entertainment? And yet, by Reaſon of the Weakneſs of his Conſtitution, wanted the Advantage of Travel. His great Deſire was to have ſeen *Italy*, and that was ſtill heighten'd by Dean *Berkley*'s being there, who is ſince Biſhop of *Cloyne* in *Ireland*, a celebrated Metaphyſician, and particular Favourite of Mr. *Pope*'s; he was continually tempting him, remembring that he had heard him mention ſome half-form'd Deſign of going thither, which he endeavour'd by all Methods to ripen and bring to Action; for what might not have been expected from a Muſe, that ſung ſo well in the bleak Climate of *England*, had ſhe felt the ſame warm Sun, and breath'd the ſame Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are in *Italy* great Numbers of Poets, who have all the Inclination, but want the Genius, or perhaps the Art of the Antients; ſome among them, who underſtand *Engliſh*, begin to reliſh our Authors, and *Milton* is well tranſlated into *Italian* Verſe by the Signior *Rolli*.

This the Dean took care to let Mr. *Pope* know, and that it would be of Service to him to travel thither, in order to ſtore his Mind with ſtrong Images of Nature. Green Fields and Groves, flowery Meadows and purling Streams, are no where in ſuch Perfection as in *England*; but if you would know lightſome Days, warm Suns, and blue Skies, you muſt go to *Italy*; and to enable a Man to deſcribe Rocks and Precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the *Alps* and *Apennines*.

Frequent were the Letters (in which Self-intereſt had ſome Part) that Dean *Berkley* wrote, to invite our Author thither, whoſe Will was good, but his Body too weak for the Fatigue of ſuch long Travel.

After the Dean had viſited many Parts of *Italy*, at laſt going on the Iſland *Inarine*, he ſends Mr. *Pope* the following Letter from *Naples*, dated *October* 22, 1717, *N. S.*

I HAVE long had it in my Thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was diſcourag'd for Want of ſomething worth ſending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is ſuch an exhauſted Subject, that I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the Imagination of a Poet, is a Thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy Matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheleſs lately return'd from an Iſland, where I paſs'd three or four Months, which, were it ſet out in its true Colours, might methinks amuſe you agreeably enough for a Minute or two. The Iſland *Inarine* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing, within the Compaſs of eighteen Miles, a wonderful Variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantick Confuſion. The Air is in the hotteſt Seaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool Breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are moſtly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit-Trees. Beſides the common Kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, *&c.* they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water-Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie open to the Paſſenger. The Hills are the greater Part covered to the Top with Vines, ſome with Cheſnut Groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiſcus. The Fields in the Northern Side are divided by Hedgerows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add

add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is set off by the Variety of some barren Spots and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the Middle of the Island (once a terrible *Volcano*; by the Antients called *Mon Epomeus*) it's lower Parts are adorn'd with Vines, and other Fruits, the Middle affords Pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the Top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one View, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a Tract of *Italy* about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of *Antium*, to the Cape of *Palinurus*. The greater Part of which hath been sung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a considerable Part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands *Caprea*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte Miseno*, the Habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Lestrygones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minervæ*, and the whole *Campagnia Felice*, make but a Part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and Numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much Strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice or Ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an Allay to their Happiness, an ill Habit of murdering one another on slight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen being shot dead by our Door: And yet by the sole Secret of minding our own Business, we found a Means of living securely among these dangerous People. Would you

know how we pass the Time at *Naples?* Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours. Besides the Gaiety of their Churches (where Folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione* (i. e. a Sort of religious Opera) they make Fireworks almost every Week, out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras, out of Devotion; and (what is still more strange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Musick and Sweet-meats, out of Devotion; in a Word, were it not for this Devotion of it's Inhabitants, *Naples* would have little else to recommend it, beside the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving State here, as indeed no where else in *Italy*. However, among many Pretenders, some Men of Taste are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long since, that being to visit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*. He lik'd the Notes extremely, and could find no other Fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have, I need not wish you Success. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare is sincerely wished, by

Yours, &c.

This Letter awaked a new Desire in Mr. *Pope* of seeing the Kingdoms, Principalities, Commonwealths, and Islands of *Italy*, and the following Spring was named for the Expedition; but it ended like his Design of going the Year before to Mr. *Jervas* to *Ireland*, for he was visited with Sickness, and was not in a Condition to pass Seas and Mountains, when he had in a Manner fix'd a Resolution to go, and

says

ſays to Mr. *Jervas*, "*Poor Poetry! the little that's* "*left of it here longs to croſs the Seas, and leave* Euſ- "den *in full and peaceable Poſſeſſion of the* Britiſh "*Laurel.*"

Before the next Spring, inſtead of going to *Italy*, he went to ſettle at *Twickenham*, and ſo buſy and particular he was in every Thing, that he ſaid himſelf, the Hiſtory of his Tranſplantation and Settlement, would require a Volume, if he was to enumerate the many Projects, Difficulties, and various Fates attending that Part of his Life; here he paſt an entire Year of his Life without any fix'd Abode in *London*, or more than paſſing a Day or two in a Month at moſt in Town, ſo that he was chiefly in his Cloſet, and if he prepared nothing there for publick View, this Year makes almoſt a Blank in his Life.

Methinks the Moraliſts and Philoſophers have generally run too much into Extremes in commending intirely either Solitude, or publick Life. In the former, Men for the moſt Part grow uſeleſs by too much Reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much Precipitation; as Waters lying ſtill, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more Miſchief in their Paſſage to others, and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſeful to all States, ſhould be like gentle Streams, that not only glide thro' lonely Valleys and Foreſts amidſt the Flocks and the Shepherds, but viſit populous Towns in their Courſe, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there are another Sort of People who ſeem deſign'd for Solitude, ſuch I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow: As for my own Part, I am of thoſe of whom *Seneca* ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some Men, like ſome Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and

I believe ſuch have a natural Bent to Solitude (to carry on the former Similitude) are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted into a great Height, may make a noble Figure and a louder Noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural Courſe upon the Ground. The Conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the Poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obſcurity*.

Good God! What an incongrous Animal is Man? How unſettled is his beſt Part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body? The Conſtancy of the one ſhook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every Blaſt of Wind! What is Man altogether but one mighty Inconſiſtency! Sickneſs and Pain is the Lot of one half of us; Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other! What a Buſtle we make about paſſing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point? What Aims and Ambitions are crouded into this little Inſtant of our Life, which (as *Shakeſpear* finely words it) is *Rounded with a Sleep?*

Theſe Exclamations and Queries are Mr. *Pope's*, and whoever thinks in this Train, muſt ſee the whole World and all its contemptible Grandeurs leſſen before him at every Thought. 'Tis enough to make one remain in a Poize of Inaction void of all Deſires, of all Deſigns and Atchievements whatever.

But we muſt return (thro' our very narrow Condition of Being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe Things that affect ourſelves: Our Paſſions, our Intereſts flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere Mortals.

But theſe Reflections ſuit but ill for the Times about which we are writing: For ſoon after this the

South

South Sea Project took Effect, which run up that Stock to above a thousand *per Cent.* and ruined so many Families, that the Lamentation was general, almost all Degrees of People were engaged; the Courtiers, most Persons of Quality, Gentlemen, Merchants, Tradesmen, Artizans, even common Servants, who almost all suffered, except a few, who were behind the Curtain and in the Secret. Mr. *Pope* was a great Enemy to the Scheme, and then and since has sufficiently shewn how he detested the Contrivers of it, and pitied the Sufferers, among which were some of his great Friends, publick Enquiry was made after some of the Promotersof it, but the Iniquity was fix'd where the Search did not reach, and the Wrong was without Reparation.

In this Calamity was sunk for a Time the very Spirit of the Nation, and Arts seem'd to stand still; the Gentry were impoverished, and only a few confederate Villains, and those favoured by them, made any tolerable Figure, Families of dejected Faces, that were a Month before blest with a Train of Domesticks and shining Equipages, were seen on Foot sighing through the publick Streets: This Mr. *Pope* thought once to have made the Subject of a particular Satire, and certainly he had wanted nothing to whet the Edge of it, but so many of the little common Writers laid hold of it, *induc'd by Hunger and Request of Friends*, that Mr. *Pope* left it to them, only occasionally in the Course of his Writing, giving now and then a Lash, to let the World know he was neither Actor nor Abettor of any such Wickedness and Folly, which on Reflection looks more like Fascination and epidemical Madness, than the voluntary Act of a great and free People, after having had the Example of *France* to warn them.

It was now when the Minds of the People were much dejected, that the Papiſts endeavoured to eſtabliſh once more, if poſſible, the *Romiſh* Religion, and accordingly from divers Parts of *Italy* and *France*, under different Covers and Pretenſions came flocking, regular Prieſts, Dominicans, Carmelitans, Franciſcans, and ſome Jeſuits, and Notice was taken that there were many of our reform'd Church daily perverted, the Infection ſpread much among the lower Sort of People, for thoſe miſſionary Prieſts had a Fund of Money ſufficient to put a Youth out Apprentice to any Artizan who was of the *Romiſh* Faith, on Condition that he ſhould conſtantly adhere to the Maſs, and they likewiſe lent Money to young Men juſt out of their Apprenticeſhips, Sums not exceeding twenty Pounds, to ſet up with, as well as that they paid ſmall Debts, not exceeding half that Sum, for Perſons involv'd, ſtill on the Terms of renouncing the Religion here by Law eſtabliſh'd, and embracing the Sacrament of Tranſubſtantiation, and ſince that Time, the Number of Papiſts in *England* has increas'd conſiderably, but we dare be perſwaded, notwithſtanding this, to ſay what a certain great Prelate of *Canterbury* poſitively pronounced on his Death-bed, *that Popery ſhould never darken this Nation any more*, indeed his own Writings remain a ſtrong Preſervative againſt it.

Many of the abovementioned Miſſionaries or Emiſſaries, which you pleaſe to call them, made themſelves known to Mr. *Pope*, who was wiſer than to have any Hand in the Affair, and told them, that they were breaking the Laws of this Land, and reſiſting the higher Powers, which St. *Paul* had expreſly forbid, as well as broke their religious Vows, to all which they pleaded a Diſpenſation from *Rome*, which is a Salvo for any Thing, they even went ſo far

far as to tempt him to retire abroad, and become a Prieſt, giving him frequent Promiſes of great eccleſiaſtical Dignities; but the moſt that ever we know was gain'd from him was once to ſay, that if his Religion had been the common Religion of *England*, he would have been in holy Orders; ſo that had it not been for the Revolution which happened the very Year he was born, inſtead of having the Life of a great Poet to write, we had in all Probability, had that of a Biſhop, or ſome mitred Abbot.

But the Nation had been long uneaſy, even in ſome former Reigns, with Fears of Popery and arbitrary Power; and then many of the very Court and Council appear'd unſatisfy'd on that Account. Some were vex'd alſo for two other Reaſons; the great Diminution of their Salaries by the ill-tim'd Retrenchments of the Treaſury, and their finding all the Power and Favour ingroſs'd by a few, and thoſe alſo the fooliſheſt of all the *Roman* Party.

But a more dangerous Symptom of the future Change, was a Deſertion among the Officers of King *James*'s Army, and at laſt of the Lord *Churchill* himſelf, tho' a Kind of Favourite.

Yet all this was nothing in Compariſon of the Princeſs's withdrawing herſelf from Court by Night, without any Servants, except the Lady *Churchill* and Mrs. *Berkly*, conducted by the Biſhop of *London*, whoſe late Diſgrace at Court had help'd him to a reverential Sort of Popularity, which he, of all the Biſhops, would leaſt have found otherwiſe.

'Tis no Wonder after this, if the King began to miſtruſt every Body; which made him on a ſudden leave his Army at *Saliſbury*, in order to conſider his Condition more ſecurely at *London*. In quitting his Army thus ſuddenly, the King was thought too ſuſpicious and precipitate: But he had juſt before err'd

as

as much by his Dilatorineſs, as he did now by his Haſte; for when the Lord *Churchill* deſerted him at *Saliſbury*, he ſent Orders immediately to ſeize all his Papers at *Whitehall*, before he had ſecur'd either his Lady or the Princeſs; which was only frightening the one and diſobliging the other.

When the King was return'd from *Saliſbury*, his Council was reduc'd within a very narrow Compaſs; and, ſince he ever before thought no Body entirely in his Intereſt, except they were of his Religion alſo, at this ſuſpicious Time he conſulted with a few Papiſts only; who unanimouſly advis'd him to fly, becauſe they might hope to keep an Intereſt with him remaining in *France*, whither they were now forc'd to eſcape themſelves.

The King, however, reſolv'd to try one Remedy firſt, or at leaſt by that to diſguiſe his intended Flight the better; and therefore ſummoned all the Peers in Town to a Kind of general Council in *Whitehall*; at which ſome of the Biſhops, as well as temporal Lords, open'd their Grievances ſo boldly, that he condeſcended to ſend two of them, *viz.* the Marquis of *Hallifax* and the Earl of *Nottingham*, as his Commiſſioners to the Prince of *Orange*; joining the Lord *Godolphin* with them, who was the only Man that had the Cunning, or elſe the good Fortune, to be at once in ſome Favour with both the King and Prince of *Orange*.

In the mean Time he ſent away the Queen in all Haſte and Privacy, under the Conduct of Monſ. de *Lauzun*, who took with her him who is now call'd the Chevalier de St. *George*.

Juſt as he was ſtepping into Bed, the Night before his going away, the Earl of *Mulgrave* happened to come into the Bed-chamber; which being at ſo late an Hour, might poſſibly give the King ſome Apprehenſion

henſion of that Lord's ſuſpecting his Deſign, with which he was reſolv'd not to truſt him, nor any other Proteſtant whatſoever: He therefore ſtopp'd ſhort, and turn'd about to whiſper him in the Ear, that his Commiſſioners had newly ſent him a very hopeful Account of ſome good Accommodation with the Prince of *Orange*; to which that Lord only reply'd with a Queſtion, aſking him if the Prince's Army halted, or approach'd nearer to *London?* The King own'd they ſtill march'd on, at which the other ſhook his Head and ſaid no more; only made him a low Bow with a dejected Countenance, humbly to make him underſtand, that he gave no Credit to what the King's Circumſtances at that Time oblig'd him to diſſemble.

Thus reſerv'd was the King to every Body about his withdrawing himſelf. The myſterious Carriage of this abſconding coſt the Lord Chancellor *Jefferies* his Life, (a Thing indeed of little Value to any Body beſides himſelf) who died afterward in Priſon, for Want of having the ſame Warning given him to eſcape, which had been given to the Earl of *Melford* and Father *Peters*. The *Nuntio* alſo eſcaped very narrowly, after having ſtol'n away to *Graveſend* behind the Coach of an Envoy of *Savoy*.

But to return to the King. At Three o'Clock in the Morning he withdrew himſelf by a back Way out of the Bed-chamber, commanding the Duke of *Northumberland* (whom he left there on a Pallet Bed, according to the Cuſtom of his Place of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber in Waiting not to open the Door before his uſual Hour of riſing; at which Time ſeveral Perſons of Quality, according to Cuſtom, being come to attend him at his Levee, divulg'd the News immediately of his being gone away.

From

From this Time forwards, 'till the King's Return to *Kent*, these Lords met every Day in the Council-chamber at *Whitehall*, and by that prevented the Unrulineſs of the Rabble; who, the firſt Hour after the King's abſconding, pull'd down the Houſes of the *Florentine* Envoy, and the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador: The laſt of whom had full Amends made him, notwithſtanding ſo high an Inſolence; for the Earl of *Mulgrave* (tho' his Maſter was gone, and his Staff laid aſide) yet thought the Honour of the Nation ſo much concern'd, that he preſum'd to take upon himſelf to order an Apartment in *Whitehall* immediately, and a great Table to be kept for him twice a-Day, with Yeomen of the Guard to attend in his outward Room, (which they never do but on the King only) for which Strain of Authority he had the Fortune to be thank'd by the Prince of *Orange*. This was the higheſt Reſpect that could poſſibly be paid to the King of *Spain* his Maſter; and yet for himſelf a better Reparation was made afterward by King *William*, who gave him 17,000 l. in lieu of his Loſſes; but it rather was for his good Service in perſuading all the Houſe of *Auſtria* to acknowledge him King.

All this was after the King's being diſcover'd in *Kent*, before which Time the Peers ſat daily in the Council-chamber at *Whitehall*; where the Lord *Mulgrave* one Morning happened to be advertis'd privately, that the King had been ſeiz'd by the angry Rabble of *Feverſham*, and had ſent a poor Countryman with the News, in order to procure his Reſcue; which was like to come too late, ſince the Meſſenger had waited long at the Council-door, without any Body's being willing to take Notice of him. This ſad Account mov'd him with Compaſſion, at ſuch an extraordinary Inſtance of worldly Uncertainty; and no Cautions of offending the prevailing Party were able

able to reſtrain him from ſhewing a little Indignation at ſo mean a Proceeding in the Council. Upon which their new Preſident adjourn'd it haſtily, in order to prevent him; but that Lord earneſtly conjur'd them all to ſit down again preſently, that he might acquaint them of a Matter which admitted of no Delay, and was of the higheſt Importance imaginable. Accordingly the Lords, who knew nothing of the Buſineſs, could not but hearken to it; and thoſe few that gueſs'd it and ſaw the Conſequence, yet wanted Time for concerting enough together, about ſo nice and ſo very important a Matter. The Lords therefore ſat down again; and he then repreſented to them, what a Barbarity it would be for ſuch an Aſſembly to connive at the Rabble's tearing in Pieces even any private Gentleman, much more a Prince: So that they ſuſpended their Politicks a-while, and call'd in the Meſſenger, who told them with Tears, how the King had with much Difficulty engag'd him to deliver a Letter from him, to any Perſons whom he could find, willing to ſave him from ſo imminent a Danger. The Letter had no Superſcription, and was to this Effect: To acquaint the Reader of it, that he had been diſcover'd in his Retreat by ſome Fiſhermen of *Kent*, and ſecur'd at firſt there by the Gentry, who were yet afterwards forc'd to reſign him into the Hands of an inſolent Rabble.

On ſo preſſing an Occaſion, and now ſo very publickly made known, the Council was ſurpriz'd and under ſome Difficulty: At preſent it influenc'd them enough to make them ſend two Hundred of the Life-guard under their Captain the Earl of *Feverſham*, firſt to reſcue the King from all Danger of the common People, and afterward to attend him to the Sea-ſide, if he continued his Reſolution of retiring; which

they

they thought it more decent to connive at, than to detain him here by Force.

But it seems he was prevail'd on to lay aside, or rather defer his Journey to *France*, 'till a farther Opportunity; and it is not unlikely, that trusting no Body at that Time, he might only pretend to be convinc'd of his Error in going away, in order to get a better Opportunity for it at *London* than he could hope for in that Country, where he was so narrowly watch'd. But whatever his Design was, the Shew of Welcome which attended his Coach thro' *London*, inclin'd him a little to slight his Friends; openly blaming all those Peers, who, in his Absence, and out of mere Necessity, had taken on themselves a Power that was so very useful to the publick Quiet.

The King's Return alter'd all the Measures taken in the Prince of *Orange*'s Camp; which was by this Time become a Court, and all Places suppos'd to be at their Disposal. The Prince (who needed Counsel, had now more Occasion than ever to assemble all those about him, who were either of Quality or Consideration enough for it) at last resolv'd to connive at the King's going into *France*, and to preserve him from Violence in order to it.

According to this Design of forcing him away by the Despair of any Accommodation, the Earl of *Feversham* (whom the King sent to the Prince) was clapt into Prison immediately; and Mr. *Zuylestein* was sent in all Haste to *Kent*, to forbid the King's approaching to *London*.

But the King was arriv'd there before; which oblig'd the Prince to dally no longer, and to send three Lords in such a Manner, as might seem almost to pronounce his Doom. They came about Midnight, and desir'd Admittance to his Bed-side; where the Marquis of *Hallifax* inform'd him from the Prince, that

that it was dangerous to his Majesty, as well as the publick Peace, to remain in *London*; and so desired his immediate going to *Ham*, a House near it, belonging to the Dutchess of *Lauderdale*.

The King understood the Message, as well as his Danger in being refractory; therefore only desired *Ham* might be chang'd for *Rochester*, a Town not far from the Sea-coast of *France*, to which the Lords soon brought him the Prince's Consent; and so he was convey'd thither by Water, under a Guard of fifty *Dutchmen*, whose Officer had private Orders to let him escape afterwards to *France*.

The same Night that the King was sent thus to *Rochester*, the Prince of *Orange* came to *London*; where the People were so frighted with a Report spread about of some *Irish* Papists intending a Massacre, that he was receiv'd with Satisfaction.

The next Day he summon'd all the Lords in Town to St. *James*'s, where he kept his Court; and after he had in a few Words opened the Cause of his coming, he desir'd them to consider of the fittest Means to accomplish the good Ends and Promises in his Declaration.

The Lords accordingly met next Day, where they only chose the Marquis of *Hallifax* for their Speaker, and made an Order against any Papists appearing about the House of Parliament. But on *Monday* following, Notice was brought to the Lords of the King's being escaped from *Rochester*, according to the before-mention'd tacit Agreement about that Matter between him and the Prince.

They all agreed also now in two Things, the most important that could be. The first was, that a Convention should be summoned by circular Letters in the Prince of *Orange*'s Name, to all those Places which have a Right of chusing Members of Parliament:

ment: And ſecondly, that the Prince ſhould be deſired to manage all publick Affairs, as well as the publick Moneys, in the mean Time.

This Addreſs of the Lords, inveſting the Prince with almoſt regal Power, yet was a little perplexing; for, as he could not but think it dangerous to dally with ſuch an Offer: ſo, on the other Hand, it was not very ſafe to accept it, without the Approbation of the Commons alſo.

The Difficulty lay in this; that he could have that Approbation neither formally, nor plainly, without firſt aſſembling a Parliament; which yet itſelf alone was ſo great an Act of Sovereignty, that to call it by the Lords Advice only, was in a Manner accepting the regal Power from them.

He was adviſed in this, for a good Expedient was reſolved on. He replied, that he would conſider of their Addreſs: and in the mean Time aſſembled at St. *James*'s all thoſe in Town who had been Members of King *Charles*'s two laſt Parliaments; together with the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and fifty Repreſentatives of the Common-Council; whom he deſired to conſider the Neceſſity of coming preſently to ſome good Reſolution.

Accordingly they all went to *Weſtminſter* next Day, where in the uſual Houſe of Commons (chuſing Mr. *Powel* for their Speaker) they imitated the Lords, in making exactly the ſame Addreſs.

As ſoon as they had thus publickly addreſs'd to the Prince, and every Man had privately adjuſted his own Conditions with him; both Houſes diſſolved themſelves, in order to go into their ſeveral Countries to influence the approaching Election of that Convention which was to ſettle all Things.

The Pretenſions of the Princeſs of *Denmark* were eaſily accommodated: For, ſince the Lord *Churchill* (who

(who governed that Family) was like to be highly favoured in this Reign, therefore, the Prince had no more to do but to promiſe the Princeſs a great Penſion by a Settlement in Parliament; which being in preſent Money, and enough to keep her Court in Splendor, was then thought an Equivalent to three Kingdoms in Reverſion.

The Houſe of Commons was the moſt unanimous in new Courtſhip, and therefore it was thought wiſeſt to begin this great Buſineſs there; from whence they ſent up to the Lords this following Vote, "That "the King, by having broken the Original Con-"tract, and by having withdrawn himſelf out of "the Kingdom, had abdicated the Government, and "ſo the Throne was become vacant." The Houſe of Lords concurr'd, and the Prince of *Orange* was elected King, and the Princeſs Queen of *England*.

By which we obſerve, that it ſeem'd that a ſacerdotal Star did not rule at Mr. *Pope*'s Birth, for the Hopes of the Papiſt Families leſſened from this Time, and many were induc'd through intereſted or other Views, to come over to the Proteſtant Intereſt; but Mr. *Pope*'s Father and Mother being ſo very hearty and indeed honeſt Papiſts, that he knew no ſuch Thing as his ſwerving from their Faith, would have broke their Hearts, and no Son ever lov'd Parents more tenderly than he did; when he ſpeaks or writes about them a certain filial Regard is ſeen ripe as Manhood, but at the ſame Time ſoft as Infancy; it does not appear that ever he did one Thing to diſoblige them, and they alſo were doatingly fond of him, who in his Infancy called for much Care, continually ſick almoſt, and when well, weak, and in Danger from every little Accident to relapſe into former Diſorders: His Mother liv'd to a very great Age, being more than 93; ſhe died on the ſeventh of *June*, 1733,

and Mr. *Pope* according to a Reſolution before form'd, had her Picture drawn after ſhe was dead, by the famous Mr. *Richardſon*, the Letter which he wrote him from *Twickenham* bearing Date the tenth of *June*, has ſomething remarkably expreſſive in it, an unruffled and calm Grief, conſiderate Sorrow, and great Love.

Dear Sir,

AS I know you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this Day our Wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very Reaſon which might poſſibly hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God, her Death was as eaſy, as her Life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a Groan, or even a Sigh, there is yet upon her Countenance ſuch an Expreſſion of Tranquility, nay almoſt of Pleaſure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the fineſt Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greateſt Obligation which even that obliging Art could ever beſtow on a Friend, if you could come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent Obſtacle, you will leave any common Buſineſs to do this; and I hope to ſee you this Evening as late as you will, or Tomorrow Morning as early, before this Winter-flower is faded. I will defer her Interment till Tomorrow Night. I know you love me, or I cou'd not have written this ——I could not (at this Time) have written at all.—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

A. POPE.

After the Death of his Father and Mother, it was too late in Life for Mr. *Pope* to leave a Profeſſion of that

that Faith which he had long been in, of which ſome People were in Expectation, as he had at Times ſhewn great Moderation, and openly confeſs'd that he was

Papiſt nor Proteſtant but both between,
Like good *Eraſmus* in an honeſt Mean.

For which and other like Declarations he was ſeverely cenſured by the holy *Vandals*, and had Sentences paſs'd upon him, which he did not fail to remember, and gave in Return, that he thought himſelf not affected by it, and that he believ'd that the beſt Service that could be done to true Religion, was openly to expreſs a Deteſtation and Scorn of thoſe mean Artifices and *Piæ Fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in Need of.

Another Thing which was very odious to him, was that peremptory and uncharitable Aſſertion of an utter *Impoſſibility* of *Salvation* to all but Papiſts, invincible Ignorance excepted, which would introduce almoſt univerſal Damnation; for beſides the ſmall Number ſuppos'd faithful in the *Romiſh* Church, they muſt again ſubdivide; the *Janſeniſt* is damn'd by the *Jeſuit*, the *Jeſuit* by the *Janſeniſt*, the *Scotiſt* by the *Thomiſt*, and ſo forth; this he aſcribes to their Want of Humility and Charity, from whence it proceeds, for St. *Auſtin* finely ſays, *Where there's Charity, there's Humility, and where Humility is, there is Peace.*

Of theſe Things Mr. *Pope* had conſidered much, it being cuſtomary for him to walk in warm fine Nights, wholly for the Sake of Contemplation, one Set of ſuch Reflections he confeſſes to: I have been (ſays he) juſt taking a ſolitary Walk by Moon-ſhine, full of Reflection on the Tranſitory Nature of all human Delights; and giving my Thoughts a Looſe in the

Contemplation of thoſe Satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the Company of ſeparate Spirits, when we ſhall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vaſt a Diſtance as we now do on thoſe Worlds. The Pleaſures we are to enjoy in that Converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler Kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and Nature; for the Happineſs of Minds can ſurely be nothing but Knowledge.

The higheſt Gratification we receive here from Company is Mirth, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the Breaſt for a few Moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good Company, even the beſt, is but a ſhameleſs Art of loſing Time. What we here call Science and Study, are little better: The greater Number of Arts to which we apply ourſelves are meer groping in the Dark; and even the Search of our moſt important Concerns in a future Being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain Haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what without all this Sollicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but curious Impertinents in the Caſe of Futurity. 'Tis not our Buſineſs to be gueſſing what the State of Souls ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

As this is my Notion of a great Part of that high Science, Divinity, I lay no mighty Streſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other Uſe, than Horſes of the Bells that gingle about their Ears (tho' now and then they toſs their Heads as if they were proud of them) only to jogg on, a little more merrily.

I

I remark, that the Variety of Opinions in Politicks or Religion is often rather a Gratification, than an Objection, to People who have Senſe enough to conſider the beautiful Order of Nature in her Variations. I think it a generous Thought, that it is not improbable but God may be delighted with the various Methods of worſhipping him, which divide the whole World. I am pretty ſure I ſhould make no good Inquiſitor to the modern Tyrants in Faith: I as little fear God will damn a Man that has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it, *&c.*

In the latter Part of Mr. *Pope*'s Time, he paſs'd it much in this Manner, for Reading and Writing, for which he had ſtill the greateſt Reliſh, grew painful to him, his Eyes became weak and dim, with ſo great Application to Study, and Sorrow for his Mother, which, when in her laſt Illneſs, was without Intermiſſion: In this Circumſtance, to a Friend he ſays thus: *I am unfeignedly tired of the World, and receive nothing to be called Pleaſure in it, equivalent to countervail either the Death of one I have long liv'd with, or of one I have ſo long liv'd for: I have nothing left but to turn my Thoughts to one Comfort, the laſt we uſually think of, tho' the only one in Wiſdom we ſhould depend upon, in ſuch a diſappointing Place as this: I ſit in her Room, and ſhe is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep. I wonder I am ſo well; I have ſhed many Tears, but now weep at nothing.*

One capable of deſcribing the Paſſions as he was able to do, muſt certainly feel them himſelf very ſtrongly, more eſpecially one, which he had been ſeeding all his Life-time, no other Tie of Friendſhip or Affection but what immediately ſubmitted to this filial Love. How ſtrange would it have ſeem'd to that Mother to hear, that there were in the World Women, who without any Offence, but ſome trifling

Variety of Diſpoſition, could withdraw all maternal Regard from their Children, and how ſhocking, if any Thing like Cruelty or Hate appeared in a Breaſt made to nouriſh and ſuſtain.

What muſt Mr. *Pope* feel at the Examples of Diſobedience and Want of due Regard in Children, certainly more Horror and Diſlike than ever he expreſs'd, or perhaps more than can be expreſs'd; as to the Firſt, the *unnatural Mother*, this Age afforded a new Inſtance of Cruelty to a Son, and in Mr. *Pope*, Kindneſs to one us'd with the utmoſt Barbarity, and deliver'd to Shame, and the Storms of the World, and Abuſes ariſing from bad Examples: For *Anne*, Counteſs of *Macclesfield*, when great with Child, openly declared herſelf an Adultereſs. and that the Child was begotten by the Earl *Rivers*, ſo that the Earl of *Macclesfield* applied to the Parliament, and obtained an Act by which his Marriage was diſſolv'd, totally made void and null, and the Children of his Wife made illegitimate; on their Separation her Fortune, which was very large, was repaid, and in a ſhort Time ſhe married Colonel *Bret*.

In the Time that the Earl of *Macclesfield* was proſecuting this Affair, his Lady was delivered of a Son, and the Earl *Rivers* conſidering him as his own, juſtified the Sincerity of the Declaration of the Counteſs, by giving him his Name, and cauſing it by his own Direction to be inſerted in the Regiſter of St. *Andrew Holbourn*.

This Mr. *Richard Savage* became (why, is impoſſible to gueſs) the Hatred of his Mother, who was now only Mrs. *Brett*: She committed him to the Hands of a poor Woman, with Orders that ſhe ſhould educate him as if he was her own, and never inform him who his true Parents were.

By

By the Lady *Mason*'s Care, he was directed to be placed at a small Grammar-school near St. *Mary*'s, where he was called by his Nurse's Name, without the least Intimation that he had a Claim to any other. While he was at School the Earl *Rivers* was taken ill, and having often enquired after this Son, had been amus'd with evasive and fallacious Answers, but now being on his Death-bed, and intending to provide for him, he demanded an Account of him in a Manner not to be diverted or denied, whereon this cruel Lady told the Earl that he was dead, and he bestowed six thousand Pounds on another Person, which he had in his Will bequeath'd to Mr. *Savage*, who, after a vain Attempt to be sent secretly to the *American* Plantations, was put out Apprentice to a Shoemaker, where the Death of his supposed Mother discovered the Truth to him, and having Knowledge of his Mother, could not obtain Permission so much as to see her, but was ordered to be excluded from her House by whomsoever he might be introduced, or what Reason soever he might give for entering it: So that he was left to great Want, and began to think of writing for the Stage, having something of a poetical Genius, but being of a loose Disposition, by reason of keeping profligate Company, if he received a little Money, he would immediately squander it away; nevertheless, Sir *Richard Steele* having espous'd his Cause, he made a Shift to live, being every Night at the Play, by the Interest of Sir *Richard*, who never deserted him till he understood that Mr. *Savage* had ridiculed him behind his Back, which was a Fault Mr. *Savage* was too guilty of, where he was most obliged: It is said Mr. *Wilks* once got him fifty Pounds from his barbarous Mother, and Mrs. *Oldfield* was so touch'd with his Misfortunes, that during her Life, she allowed him fifty Pounds a Year,

which was very regularly paid. Mr. *Wilks* too ſometimes help'd him with a Benefit, but it ſignified nothing; the Extravagance of his Temper and Badneſs of his Morals, always kept him a Beggar; when he wanted Money he continued to write, and Mr. *Aaron Hill*, who was a great Friend to him, help'd to uſher his Pieces and Poems into the World, and forwarded his Subſcription, which tho' large, did him no Good, becauſe he ſpent the Subſcription as faſt as it came to Hand, were it little or much.

But now Mr. *Savage* entered into an Affair that had like to have pleas'd his Mother well, who always perſecuted and purſued him: He, with two others drunk, rudely ruſh'd into *Robinſon*'s Coffee-Houſe near *Charing-Croſs*, where other Company was, thruſting themſelves between the Company and the Fire, and kicking down the Table, a Quarrel begun, and Mr. *Savage* drew his Sword and killed a young Gentleman, one Mr. *James Sinclair*, and wounded a Maid that would have held him; he was taken making his Eſcape, and he and his Companions were tried at the *Old-Bailey* and condemned; Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Gregory*, who had Swords, guilty of Murder, and Mr. *Merchant*, who had no Sword, guilty only of Manſlaughter; but Intereſt being made, they were with great Difficulty pardon'd, for it had been inſinuated to the Queen, by the Adultreſs his Mother (tho' wickedly and falſely) that he once ruſh'd into her Houſe with an Attempt to murder her.

He was once again at Liberty, but in no Way to live, and having tried all Ways with his Mother on the tender Side, he now began to threaten to harraſs her with Lampoons, and publiſh a Narrative of her Con-

Conduct, unleſs ſhe would allow him ſome Aſſignment.

This Expedient prov'd ſucceſsful, for Lord *Tyrconnel*, upon his Promiſe to lay aſide that Deſign, received him into his Family, and engag'd to allow him two hundred Pounds a Year; but he, by his diſorderly Life, and by introducing very improper Company, at very improper Times, forfeited all this, and now it was that he began to find Compaſſion and Aſſiſtance from Mr. *Pope*, who conſidered the Circumſtances of his Birth, being born in Wedlock, and however ſtrange and extravagant his Actions might many of them have been, yet poſſibly great Part of thoſe might be owing to the bad Company his exceeding low Circumſtances oftentimes obliged him to keep, and the Want of thoſe Means which were requiſite to introduce him where good Examples were oftenеſt to be met. Mov'd by theſe Conſiderations, Mr. *Pope* aſſiſted him in his Neceſſity, and was the Cauſe that others did: When obſerve his Indiſcretion! He ſigns a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Middleſex*, in which he ſays, that the Species of bad Poets in the *Bathos*, were ſet down at Random, and as the Letter regards ſomething of the *Dunciad*, we ſhall copy it.

My LORD,

THAT elegant Taſte in Poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordſhip, together with that particular Regard, with which you honour the Author to whom theſe Papers relate, make me imagine this Collection will not be unpleaſing to you. And I may preſume to ſay, the Pieces themſelves are ſuch as are not unworthy your Lordſhip's Patronage, my own Part in it excepted. I ſpeak only of the *Author to be let*, having no Title to any other, not even the ſmall

ſmall ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the End I may ſeem not quite ſo unworthy of your Lordſhip's Favour, as ſome Writers of my *Age* and *Circumſtances*) that I never was concerned in any Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant Liberty, which moſt of thoſe Papers take with their Superiors, unjuſtifiable in any Rank of Men; but deteſtable in ſuch who do it merely for Hire, and without even the bad Excuſe of *Paſſion* or *Reſentment*. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon ſome advantageous Propoſals, to enter into a Paper of another Kind, I immediately deſiſted, on finding admitted into it (tho' as the Publiſher told me purely by an Accident) two or three Lines reflecting on a *great Miniſter*. Were my Life ever ſo unhappy, it ſhould not be ſtain'd with a Conduct, which my Birth at leaſt (tho' neither my *Education* nor *good Fortune*) ſhould ſet me above, much leſs with any Ingratitude to that noble Perſon, to whoſe Interceſſion (next to his Majeſty's Goodneſs) I owe in a great Meaſure that *Life itſelf*.

———*Nec ſi miſerum Fortuna Sinonem*
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.

I believe your Lordſhip will pardon this Digreſſion, or any other which keeps me from the Stile, you ſo much hate, of Dedication.

I will not pretend to diſplay thoſe riſing Virtues in your Lordſhip, which the next Age will certainly know without my Help, but rather relate (what elſe it will as certainly be ignorant of) the Hiſtory of theſe Papers, and the Occaſion which produced the *War of the Dunces*, (for ſo it has been called) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope* thought it proper, for Reaſons ſpecified in the Preface to their Miſcellanies,

lanies, to publish such little Pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatise of the *Bathos, or the Art of sinking in Poetry*. It happened that in one Chapter of this Piece, the several Species of bad Poets were ranged into Classes, to which were prefix'd almost all the Letters of the Alphabet (the greatest Part of them at Random) but such was the Number of Poets eminent in *that Art*, that some one or other took every Letter to himself: All fell into so violent a Fury, that for half a Year, or more, the common *News-Papers* (in most of which they had some Property, as being *hired Writers*) were filled with the most abusive Falsehoods and Scurilities they could possibly devise. A Liberty no Way to be wondered at in those People, and in those Papers, that, for many Years during the uncontrouled Liberty of the Press, had aspersed almost all the great *Characters* of the Age; and this with Impunity, their own *Persons* and *Names* being utterly secret and obscure.

This gave Mr. *Pope* the Thought, that he had now an Opportunity of doing Good, by detecting and dragging into Light these common Enemies of Mankind; since to *invalidate* this universal Slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it. He was not without Hopes, that by manifesting the Dulness of those who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Booksellers would not find their Account in employing them, or the Men themselves when discovered, want Courage to proceed in so unlawful an Occupation. This it was that gave Birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought it an Happiness, that by the late Flood of Slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar Right over their *Names* as was necessary to this Design.

On

On the 12th of *March* 1729, at St. *James's*, that Poem was preſented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleaſed to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole:* And ſome Days after the whole Impreſſion was taken and diſperſed by ſeveral Noblemen and Perſons of the firſt Diſtinction.

It is certainly a true Obſervation, that no People are ſo impatient of Cenſure as thoſe who are the greateſt Slanderers: Which was wonderfully exemplified on this Occaſion. On the Day the Book was firſt vended, a Crowd of Authors beſieged the Shop; Entreaties, Advices, Threats of Law, and Battery, nay Cries of Treaſon were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*: On the other Side the Bookſellers and Hawkers made as great Effort to procure it: What could a few poor Authors do againſt ſo great a Majority as the Publick? There was no ſtopping a Torrent with a Finger, ſo out it came.

Many ludicrous Circumſtances attended it: The Dunces (for by this Name they were called) held weekly Clubs to conſult of Hoſtilities againſt the Author; one wrote a Letter to a great Miniſter, Mr. *Pope* was the greateſt Enemy the Government had; and another brought his Image in Clay, to execute him in Effigy; with which ſad Sort of Satisfactions the Gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some falſe Editions of the Book having an Owl in their Frontiſpiece, the true one, to diſtinguiſh it, fixed in its ſtead an Aſs laden with Authors. Then another ſurreptitious one being printed with the ſame Aſs, the new Edition in Octavo returned for Diſtinction to the Owl again. Hence aroſe a great Conteſt of Bookſellers againſt Bookſellers, and Advertiſements againſt Advertiſements; for ſome recommending the *Edition of the Owl*, and others the *E-*

dition

dition of the Ass; by which Names they came to be distinguished, to the great Honour also of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*.

Your Lordship will not think these Particulars altogether unentertaining; nor are they impertinent, since they clear some Passages in the following Collection. The Whole cannot but be of some Use, to shew the *different Spirit* with which good and bad Authors have ever *acted*, as well as *written*; and to evince a Truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that—

"*Each bad Author is as bad a Friend.*

However, the Imperfection of this Collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that Poem, with which you, my Lord, have honour'd the Author of the *Dunciad*; but which I durst not presume to add in your Absence. As it is, may it please your Lordship to accept of it, as a distant Testimony, with what Respect and Zeal I am,

My LORD,

Your most obedient,

and devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.

Even this abominable Blunder (which he never knew how to excuse, but by saying *he did it without thinking*, was wink'd at by Mr. *Pope*; a Thing not very common with him.

The Friendship even to Partiality shown to him by the greatest Poet of the Age, consequently drew on him the Malice and weak Rage of the little Writers, who had appear'd in Opposition to Mr. *Pope*'s Poetry, and good Taste; but the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of Mr. *Savage* was more worth, than to be lost for the Praise of them all put together.

That

That Mr. *Pope* may not appear to have beſtow'd his Pity and Bounty upon a Perſon wholly undeſerving, Mr. *Savage* was a very good Critick and a middling Poet: His Poem of the *Baſtard* gain'd him a conſiderable Reputation, and ſome other Pieces had the good Fortune to pleaſe; ſo that on the Death of Mr. *Euſden* he made all poſſible Intereſt to obtain the Place of Poet-Laureat, which the King publickly declar'd his Intention of beſtowing on him; but the Lord Chamberlain (it being in his Gift) not knowing the King's Mind, beſtow'd the Laurel on Mr. *Cibber*.

Thus diſappointed, he took a Reſolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him Life ſhe would enable him to ſupport it; and therefore publiſh'd a ſhort Poem on her Birth-day, and call'd it the *Volunteer Laureat*, which ſucceeding to his Intention was the Means of Fifty Pounds *per Ann.* being paid to him, as long as the Queen liv'd. In this Poem, among others, are the following Lines:

Two Fathers join'd to rob my Claim of one!
My Mother too thought fit to have no Son!
The Senate next, whoſe Aid the Helpleſs own,
Forgot my Infant Wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet Parents pitileſs, nor Peers unkind,
Nor Titles loſt, nor Woods myſterious join'd,
Strip me of Hope, by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a *Pharoah*'s Daughter in the Shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when Wrongs implore,
Your Heart is Woman, tho' your Mind be more;
Kind, like the Pow'r who gave you to our Pray'rs,
You would not lengthen Life to ſhorten Cares:
They who a barren Leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from Death to ſacrifice to Woe.

Hated

Hated by her from whom my Life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from Heav'n and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's Rod,
My Queen, my Mother; and my Father, God.

And every Year as long as the Queen liv'd, he, by her Command, address'd a Poem to her of this Nature; he being sure of the Pay took little Care about his Verses, and some of his future Performances were mean enough, so bad that he was asham'd of them, and seldom printed more than what were just proper to be seen at Court.

His Pension as soon as receiv'd was spent, and he in a very short Time in all his former Distress, lodging mostly by Accident; sometimes in Cellars and sometimes on a Bulk in the Summer; or in the Winter, with his Associates in Poverty among the Ashes of a Glass-House.

Through Mis'ry leads to Fortitude and Truth,
Unequal to the Load this languid Youth,
(O! let none censure if untried by Grief,
Or amidst Woes untempted by Relief.)
He stoop'd, reluctant, to mean Acts of Shame,
Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

These are his own Lines in the Poem call'd the *Wanderer*, and possibly might be a Reflection on himself in a cool Hour.

Thus liv'd Mr. *Savage*, in Expectation of promised Places, which however never were made good to him, but he continued to be only the Voluntier-Laureat; and the Queen dying, even that was taken from him and his Pension suspended, the Bounty of the Queen at last withdrawn from him, and from him only.

He

He made his Diſtreſs known to Mr. *Pope*, who being acquainted with the Profuſeneſs and Irregularity of his Temper, adviſ'd him to conſent, on a Subſcription from a certain Number of Gentlemen, for Fifty Pounds *per Ann.* to retire into *Wales*, there to live privately in a cheap Place, without aſpiring any more or tampering with Courts, and Mr. *Pope* himſelf ſubſcrib'd Twenty Pounds *per Ann.* towards it.

He left *London* in *July* 1739; being furniſh'd by his Friends with Fifteen Guineas, and by them inform'd that ſuch a Sum would be ſufficient, not only for the Expence of his Journey, but for his ſmall Expences in *Wales* for ſome Time. He went away in the Stage-Coach, his Friends deſiring to hear from him when he arriv'd at *Swanſea*, (the Place nam'd for him) and not before.

But when they leaſt expected, arriv'd a Letter dated the fourteenth Day after his Departure, in which he ſent them Word, that he was yet upon the Road and without Money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a Remittance. They then ſent him the Money that was in their Hands, with which he was enabled to reach *Briſtol*, from whence he was to go to *Swanſea* by Water.

At *Briſtol* he found an Embargo laid upon the Shipping, ſo that he could not immediately obtain a Paſſage; and being therefore obliged to ſtay there ſome Time, he, with his uſual Felicity, ingratiated himſelf with many of the principal Inhabitants, was invited to their Houſes, diſtinguiſh'd at their publick Feaſts, and treated with a Regard that gratify'd his Vanity, and therefore eaſily engag'd his Affection.

He began very early after his Retirement to complain of the Conduct of his Friends in *London*, and irritated many of them ſo much by his Letters, that they withdrew their Contributions; and it is believ'd, that

that little more was paid him than the Twenty Pounds a-Year, which were allow'd him by Mr. *Pope*, who propos'd the Subscription.

After some Stay at *Bristol* he retir'd to *Swansea*, the Place *originally* design'd for his Residence, where he liv'd about a Year, very much dissatisfied with the Diminution of his Salary.

Here he compleated his Tragedy of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, of which two Acts were wanting when he left *London*, and was desirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the Stage. This Design was very warmly oppos'd, and he was advis'd by his chief Benefactor to put it into the Hands of Mr. *Thomson* and Mr. *Mallet*, that it might be fitted for the Stage, and to allow his Friends to receive the Profits, out of which an annual Pension should be paid him.

This Proposal he rejected with the utmost Contempt. He was by no Means convinc'd that the Judgment of those to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own, and in a short Time afterwards he form'd a Resolution of leaving that Part of the Country.

He broke off all Correspondence with most of his Contributors, and more frequently reproach'd his Subscribers for not giving him more, than thank'd them for what he receiv'd; and grew petulant and contemptuous. Certainly he was reduc'd to live on a very little, and reflected with great Discontent on the sumptuous Fare and fine Company, he at Times us'd in *London* to partake of and with; not considering, that the Fate of much greater Poets than he could ever pretend to have been, was oftentimes to have been neglected in their Wants and Distresses, and seldom or ever to meet with such frequent Reliefs as he himself had met with: Nor is any Thing so precarious as the Favours of the Great; when

they advance they advance ſlowly, and when they retire they retire faſt. To this Purpoſe Mr. *Pope* had oftentimes reaſon'd with him, and gave him into his Hand, under Pretence of deſiring him to copy them, ſome Verſes he had in the Year 1729 receiv'd from Dean *Swift*, which were call'd, *Verſes to Dr. Delany, occaſioned by his Epiſtle to his Excellency, John Lord Carteret.*

DELUDED Mortals, whom the *Great*
Chuſe for Companions *tete a tete*;
Who at their Dinners, *en famille*,
Get Leave to ſit where'r you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And, how his *Lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant Things he ſpoke,
And, how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry *Joke*:
Swear he's a moſt facetious Man;
That you and he are *Cup* and *Can*.
You travel with a heavy Load,
And quite miſtake *Preferment*'s Road.
Suppoſe my *Lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt Int'reſt of your own;
His Viſage drops, he knits his Brow,
He cannot talk of Buſ'neſs now:
Or mention but a vacant *Poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toaſt*.
Nor could the niceſt Artiſt paint,
A Countenance with more Conſtraint.
For, as their Appetites to quench,
Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
So, Men of Wit are but a Kind
Of Pandars to a vicious Mind;
Who proper Objects muſt provide
To gratify their Luſt of Pride,

When

When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
They find an idle Hour to prate.
Then, ſhould you dare to aſk a *Place*,
You forfeit all your *Patron*'s Grace,
And diſappoint the ſole Deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus, *Congreve* ſpent, in writing Plays,
And one poor Office, half his Days:
While *Montague*, who claim'd his Station
To be *Mecænas* of the Nation,
For *Poets* open Table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
Was eaſy, though they wanted Shoes;
And, crazy *Congreve* ſcarce cou'd ſpare
A Shilling to diſcharge his Chair;
Till Prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan's* Fire to *Party* Zeal;
Not owing to his happy Vein
The Fortunes of his latter Scene;
Took proper *Principles* to thrive;
And ſo might every *Dunce* alive.
Thus, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed Wit,
From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in *Wales*.
Thus *Gay*, the * *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice ſev'n long Years, the *Court* attends:
Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a *princely* Youth:
Who paid his Courtſhip with the Croud,
As far as *modiſh Pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *Uſher*'s Place,
And leaves St. *James*'s in Diſgrace.

* *See his Fables.*

Thus *Addiſon*, by Lords careſt,
Was left in foreign Lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at home, become for Hire,
A trav'lling Tutor to a *Squire*.
But, wiſely left the *Muſes* Hill:
To Bus'neſs ſhap'd the *Poet*'s Quill,
Let all his barren Lawrels fade;
Took up himſelf the *Courtier*'s Trade:
And grown a *Miniſter of State*,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.
Hail happy *Pope*, whoſe gen'rous Mind,
Deteſting all the Stateſman Kind!
Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the Viſits of a Queen;
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
By *Sages*, *Prieſts*, or *Poets* taught:
Whoſe filial Piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* Story tells;
A Genius for all Stations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt Talent* is his *Wit*:
His Heart too great, though Fortune little,
To lick a *Raſcal Stateſman*'s Spittle;
Appealing to the Nation's Taſte,
Above the Reach of Want is plac'd:
By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
Which *Homer* never cou'd alive:
And ſits aloft on *Pindus* Head,
Deſpiſing *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread.
True *Politicians* only pay
For ſolid *Work*, but not for *Play*;
Nor ever chuſe to work with Tools
Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *Journeymen*, than you.
At Table you can *Horace* quote;
They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:

You

You ſhew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
But they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*:
You, as a *Critick*, are ſo curious
To find a Verſe in *Virgil* ſpurious;
But, they can ſmoke the deep Deſigns,
When *Bolinbroke* with *Pult'ney* dines.
Beſides, your Patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *Place* already:
An Office for your Talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your Wit;
To ſnuff the Lights and ſtir the Fire,
And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
What Claim have you to *Place* or *Penſion*?
He overpays in Condeſcenſion.
But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Cou'd never condeſcend ſo low:
The *Vice Roy*, whom you now attend
Wou'd, if he durſt, be more your Friend:
Nor will in *you* thoſe Gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe;
When he has Virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better Station,
Although it might have *pleas'd* the Nation.
This may be true—ſubmitting ſtill
To *W*—— more than Royal Will.
And what Condition can be worſe?
He comes to *drain* a *Beggar's Purſe*:
He comes to tie our Chains on faſter,
And ſhew us *England* is our Maſter:
Careſſing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps*?
The Offals of a *Church* diſtreſt,
A hungry *Vicarage* at beſt;

Or, ſome remote inferior *Poſt*,
With Forty Pounds a Year at moſt.
But, here again you interpoſe:
Your favourite *Lord* is none of thoſe,
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *Learning* none will call in Doubt:
His *Learning*, though a *Poet* ſaid it,
Before a Play, would loſe no Credit:
Nor POPE wou'd dare deny him Wit,
Although to praiſe it PHILLIPS writ.
I own, he hates an Action baſe,
His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning Spirit,
Betwixt a true and ſpurious Merit:
Can ſometimes drop a *Voter*'s Claim,
And give up Party to his Fame.
I do the moſt that *Friendſhip* can;
I hate the *Vice Roy*, love the *Man*.
But, you, who till your Fortune's made
Muſt be a *Sweet'ner* by your Trade,
Shou'd ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer fore againſt his Will;
That, if we could but ſee his Heart,
He wou'd have choſe a milder Part:
We rather ſhould lament his Caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *Place*.
Since this Reflection ſlipt your Pen,
Inſert it when you write agen:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuſe.
" So, to deſtroy a guilty Land,
" An *Angel* ſent by *Heav'n*'s Command,
" While he obeys *Almighty Will*,
" Perhaps, may feel *Compaſſion* ſtill;

" And

" And wish the Task had been assign'd
" To *Spirits* of less gentle Kind."
But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whose Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mold,
Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
Both *Courts* and *Ministers* of *State*:
Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
Though *flatt'ring Knaves* may call it *bitter*:
Which, if you durst but give it Place,
Would shew you many a *Statesman*'s Face.
Fresh from the *Tripod* of *Apollo*,
I had it in the Words that follow.
(Take Notice, to avoid Offence,
I here except *His Excellence*.)
So, to effect his *Monarch*'s Ends,
From *Hell* a *Viceroy* Dev'l ascends,
His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
The Contributions of the *Damn'd*;
Which with unsparing Hand, he strows
Through *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes;
And then at *Beelzebub*'s *Black-Hall*,
Complains his *Budget* was too small.
Your *Simile* may better shine
In Verse; but there is *Truth* in mine.
For, no imaginable Things
Can differ more than GODS and KINGS,
And *Statesmen*, by ten Thousand Odds,
Are ANGELS just as KINGS are GODS.

It was these Verses that chiefly prevailed upon Mr. *Savage* to retire, who had much Blame to lay upon himself; for had he taken a Pen and summ'd up the Money he had received from the World for his Writings, his Pensions, for his Benefits and Bounties,

and Subſcriptions from the Great and Compaſſionate, not reckoning what a conſiderable Sum of Money he had had from his Friends and Acquaintance, under the Name of a Loan, he would ſoon have ſeen he had imprudently waſted that which would have ſupported him without his becoming obligated to any Body.

Now he was grown hateful to himſelf, without any Support but Mr. *Pope*, to whom he began to neglect writing, and began to look upon himſelf in a State of abſolute Slavery.

He endeavoured, indeed, to releaſe himſelf, and with an Intent to return to *London*, went to *Briſtol*, where a Repetition of the Kindneſs which he had formerly found, invited him to ſtay. He was not only careſs'd and treated, but had a Collection made for him of about thirty Pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for *London*; but his Negligence did not ſuffer him to conſider, that ſuch Proofs of Kindneſs were not often to be expected, and that this Ardour of Benevolence was in a great Degree, the Effect of Novelty, and might, probably, be every Day leſs; and, therefore, he took no Care to improve the happy Time, but was encouraged by one Favour to hope for another, till at length Generoſity was exhauſted.

Another Part of his Miſconduct was the Practice of prolonging his Viſits, to unſeaſonable Hours, and diſconcerting all the Families into which he was admitted.

Thus Mr. *Savage*, after the Curioſity of the Inhabitants was gratified, found the Number of his Friends daily decreaſing, perhaps without ſuſpecting for what Reaſon their Conduct was altered, for he ſtill continued to harraſs, with his nocturnal Intruſions,

one, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their Houses.

He was always full of his Design of returning to *London* to bring his Tragedy upon the Stage; but having neglected to depart with the Money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a Sum sufficient to defray the Expence of his Journey; nor, perhaps, would a fresh Supply have had any other Effect, than, by putting immediate Pleasures in his Power, to have driven the Thoughts of his Journey out of his Mind.

While he was thus spending the Day in contriving a Scheme for the Morrow, Distress stole upon him by imperceptible Degrees. He now began to find every Man from home at whose House he called; and was, therefore, no longer able to procure the Necessaries of Life, but wandered about the Town slighted and neglected, in quest of a Dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his Misery, he was pursued by the Officers for small Debts which he had contracted; and was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the small Number of Friends from whom he had still Reason to hope for Favours.

Being thus excluded on one Hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost Extremities of Poverty, and often fasted so long, that he was seiz'd with Faintness, and had lost his Appetite, not being able to bear the Smell of Meat, 'till the Action of his Stomach was restored by a Cordial.

In this Distress he received a Remittance of five Pounds from *London*, with which he provided himself a decent Coat, and determined to go to *London*, but unhappily spent his Money at a favourite Tavern. In this Exigence he once more found a Friend, who sheltered him in his House, though at the usual Inconvenience

conveniences with which his Company was attended; for he could neither be perſuaded to go to Bed in the Night, nor to riſe in the Day.

He had now no longer any Hopes of Aſſiſtance from his Friends at *Briſtol*, who as Merchants, and by Conſequence ſufficiently ſtudious of Profit, cannot be ſuppoſed to have look'd with much Compaſſion upon Negligence and Extravagance, or to think any Excellence equivalent to a Fault of ſuch Conſequence as Neglect of Oeconomy.

At laſt he quitted the Houſe of his Friend, and returned to his Lodging at an Inn, ſtill intending to ſet out in a few Days for *London*, but on the tenth of *January* 1742-3, having been at Supper with two of his Friends, he was at his Return to his Lodgings arreſted for a Debt of about eight Pounds, which he owed at a Coffee-Houſe, and conducted to the Houſe of a Sheriff's Officer. The Account which he gives of this Misfortune in a Letter to one of the Gentlemen with whom he had ſupped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I "ſpent Yeſterday's Evening with you; becauſe the "Hour hindered me from entering on my new Lodg-"ing; however, I have now got one; but ſuch an "one, as I believe Nobody would chuſe.

"I was arreſted at the Suit of Mrs. *Read*, juſt as "I was going up Stairs to Bed, at Mr. *Bowyer*'s; "but taken in ſo private a Manner, that I believe "Nobody at the *White Lion* is apprized of it. Tho' I "let the Officers know the Strength (or rather Weak-"neſs of my Pocket) yet they treated me with the "utmoſt Civility, and even when they conducted "me to Confinement, 'twas in ſuch a Manner, that "I verily believe I could have eſcaped, which I "would rather be ruined than have done; notwith-

"ſtanding

" ſtanding the whole Amount of my Finances was
" but three Pence halfpenny.

" In the firſt Place I muſt inſiſt, that you will in-
" duſtriouſly conceal this from Mrs. *S*———*s*; be-
" cauſe I would not have her good Nature ſuffer that
" Pain, which, I know, ſhe would be apt to feel
" on this Occaſion.

" Next I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the Ties
" of Friendſhip, by no Means to have one uneaſy
" Thought on my Account; but to have the ſame
" Pleaſantry of Countenance and unruffled Serenity
" of Mind, which (God be praiſed!) I have in this,
" and have had in a much ſeverer Calamity. Fur-
" thermore, I charge you, if you value my Friend-
" ſhip as truly as I do yours, *not* to utter, or
" even harbour the leaſt Reſentment againſt Mrs.
" *Read*. I believe ſhe has ruin'd me, but I freely
" forgive her; and (tho' I will never more have any
" Intimacy with her) would, at a due Diſtance, ra-
" ther do her an Act of Good, than ill Will. Laſt-
" ly, (pardon the Expreſſion) I *abſolutely command*
" you not to offer me any pecuniary Aſſiſtance, nor
" to attempt getting me any from any one of your
" Friends. At another Time, or on any other Oc-
" caſion, you may, dear Friend, be well aſſured,
" I would rather write to you in the ſubmiſſive Stile
" of a Requeſt, than that of a peremptory Com-
" mand.

" However, that my truly valuable Friend may
" not think I am too proud to aſk a Favour, let
" me intreat you to let me have your Boy to attend
" me for this Day, not only for the Sake of ſaving
" me the Expence of Porters; but for the Delivery
" of ſome Letters to People whoſe Names I would
" not have known to Strangers.

" The

"The civil Treatment I have thus far met from "thoſe, whoſe Priſoner I am, makes me thankful "to the Almighty, that, tho' he has thought fit to "viſit me (on my Birth-night) with Affliction; yet "(ſuch is his great Goodneſs!) my Affliction is not "without alleviating Circumſtances. I murmur "not, but am all Reſignation to the *divine Will*. "As to the World, I hope that I ſhall be endued "by Heaven with that Preſence of Mind, that ſe-"rene Dignity in Misfortune, that conſtitutes the "Character of a true Nobleman; a Dignity far be-"yond that of Coronets; a Nobility ariſing from "the juſt Principles of Philoſophy, refined and ex-"alted, by thoſe of Chriſtianity."

He continued five Days at the Officer's in Hopes that he ſhould be able to procure Bail, and avoid the Neceſſity of going to Priſon. The State in which he paſſed his Time, and the Treatment which he received, are very juſtly expreſſed by him in a Letter which he wrote to a Friend; "The whole Day, "*ſays he*, has been employed in various People's "filling my Head with chimerical Syſtems, which "has obliged me coolly (as far as Nature will ad-"mit) to digeſt, and accommodate myſelf to, every "different Perſons Way of Thinking; hurried from "one wild Syſtem to another, 'till it has quite made "a Chaos of my Imagination, and nothing done "—Promiſed—diſappointed—Order'd to ſend every "Hour, from one Part of the Town to the "other."———

When his Friends, who had hitherto careſſed and applauded, found that to give Bail and pay the Debt was the ſame, they all refuſed to preſerve him from a Priſon, at the Expence of eight Pounds; and therefore after having been for ſome Time at the Officer's

ficer's Houſe, *at an immenſe Expence*, as he obſerves in his Letter, he was at length removed to *Newgate*.

This Expence he was enabled to ſupport, by the Generoſity of Mr. *Naſh* at *Bath*, who upon receiving from him an Account of his Condition, immediately ſent him five Guineas, and promiſed to promote his Subſcription at *Bath*, with all his Intereſt.

By his Removal to *Newgate*, he obtained at leaſt a Freedom from Suſpence, and Reſt from the diſturbing Viciſſitudes of Hope and Diſappointment; he now found that his Friends were only Companions, who were willing to ſhare his Gaiety, but not to partake of his Misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any Aſſiſtance from them.

He was offered by ſome of his Friends that a Collection ſhould be made for his Enlargement, but *he treated the Propoſal*, and declared, *that he ſhould again treat it with Diſdain. As to writing any Mendicant Letters, he had too high a Spirit, and determined only to write to ſome Miniſters of State, to try to regain his Penſion.*

He continned to complain of thoſe that had ſent him into the Country, and objected to them, that he had *loſt the Profits of the Play which had been finiſhed three Years*, and in another Letter declares his Reſolution to publiſh a Pamphlet, that the World might know how *he had been uſed.*

He was treated by Mr. *Dagg*, the Keeper of the Priſon, with great Humanity; was ſupported by him at his own Table without any Certainty of Recompence, had a Room to himſelf, to which he could at any Time retire from all Diſturbance, was allow'd to ſtand at the Door of the Priſon, and ſometimes taken out into the Fields; ſo that he ſuffered fewer

Hardſhips

Hardships in the Prison, than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest Part of his Life.

Mr. *Savage* very frequently received Visits, and sometimes Presents from his Acquaintances, but they did not amount to a Subsistence, for the greater Part of which he was indebted to the Generosity of his Keeper; but these Favours, however they might endear to him the particular Persons, from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his Mind any advantageous Ideas of the People of *Bristol*, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in Prison, than in writing the following Poem.

LONDON *and* BRISTOL *delineated.*

TWO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia*'s Fame,
And these from Commerce different Honours claim.
What different Honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the Lay?
Now silver *Isis* bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from *Oxford*'s Shore each classick Song;
Then weds with *Tame*; and these, O *London*, see
Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!
Wide deep unsullied *Thames* meand'ring glides
And bears thy Wealth on mild majestick Tides.
Thy Ships, with gilded Palaces that vie,
In glitt'ring Pomp, strike wond'ring *China*'s Eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid State,
To *Britain*'s Merchants, *India*'s Eastern Freight.
India, her Treasures from her western Shores,
Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours;
Thy warring Navies distant Nations awe,
And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.
Thus shine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind;
Thy Change deep busied, yet as Courts refin'd;

Councils,

Councils, like Senates that enforce Debate
With fluent Eloquence and Reason's Weight.
Whose Patriot Virtue, lawless Pow'r controuls;
Their *British* emulating *Roman* Souls.
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the Senate, and still save the Land:
Social, not selfish, here, O Learning trace
Thy Friends, the Lovers of all human Race!
In a dark Bottom sunk, O *Bristol* now,
With native Malice, lift thy low'ring Brow!
Then as some Hell-born Spirit, in mortal Guise,
Borrows the Shape of Goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug to yon proud Hall invite,
To feast all Strangers ape an Air polite:
From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England*'s western Coast,
Not elegant, yet costly Banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the Stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all Things but sincere;
Insidious now, our Bosom Secrets steal,
And these with sly Sarcastick Sneer reveal.
Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous Smiles;
The harmless Absent still thy Sneer reviles;
Such as in Thee all Parts superior find;
The Sneer that marks the Fool and Knave combin'd.
When melting Pity wou'd afford Relief,
The ruthless Sneer that Insult adds to Grief.
What Friendship can'st thou boast? What Honours claim?
To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name.
What Smiles thy Sons must in their Foes excite!
Thy Sons to whom all Discord is Delight:
From whom eternal mutual Railing flows;
Who in each others Crimes, their own expose;
Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's Call;
Despising all Men and despis'd by all.
Sons, while thy Cliffs a Ditch-like River lave,
Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy Waves;

Of

Of Thoughts as narrow as of Words immenſe;
As full of Turbulence as void of Senſe:
Thee, thee what ſenatorial Souls adorn?
Thy Natives ſure wou'd prove a Senate's Scorn.
Do Strangers deign to ſerve thee? What their Praiſe?
Their gen'rous Services thy Murmurs raiſe.
What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air preſides,
Around from Breaſt to Breaſt inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there ſcatters in a Trice
The lurking Seeds of ev'ry rank Device?
Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted Son,
Proud, pert and dull-Tho' brilliant once from Schools,
Will ſcorn all Learning's as all Virtue's Rules;
And, tho' by Nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a ſly, ſelfiſh, ſimp'ring, ſharping Knave.
Boaſt petty Courts, where 'ſtead of fluent Eaſe;
Of cited Precedents and learned Pleas;
'Stead of ſage Council in the dubious Cauſe,
Attornies chatt'ring wild, burleſque the Laws.
So ſhameleſs Quacks, who Doctor's Rights invade,
Of Jargon and of Poiſon form a Trade.
So canting Coblers, while from Tubs they teach,
Buffoon the Goſpel they pretend to preach.
Boaſt petty Courts, whence Rules new Rigour draw;
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving Rights away,
To give the Attorney and the Catch-poll Prey.
Is there where Law too rig'rous may deſcend?
Or Charity her kindly Hand extend?
Thy Courts that ſhut, when Pity wou'd redreſs,
Spontaneous open to inflict Diſtreſs.
Try Miſdemeanours!—All thy Wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe the Offender but deſtroy;
Bid the large lawleſs Fine his Fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune ſwell.

Cut

Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood
To private Welfare and to publick Good,
Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies,
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
Boast swarming Vessels, whose *Plœbean* State
Owes not to Merchants but Mechanicks Freight.
Boast nought but Pedlar Fleets—In War's Alarms,
Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms.
Boast thy base * *Tolsey*, and thy Turn-spit Dogs;
Thy † *Hallier*'s Horses and thy human Hogs;
Upstarts and Mushrooms, proud, relentless Hearts;
Thou Blank of Sciences! Thou Dearth of Arts!
Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to see;
Huns, *Goths*, and *Vandals* were but Types of Thee.
Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous Ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy Praise;
Still spare the Catamite, and swinge the Whore,
And be, whate'er *Gomorrah* was before.

When he had brought this Poem to its present State, which, without considering the Chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to *London* an Account of his Design, and informed his Friend, that he was determined to print it with his Name; but enjoined him not to communicate his Intention to his *Bristol* Acquaintance. The Gentleman surpriz'd at his Resolution, endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing

* A Place where the Merchants used to meet to transact their Affairs before the Exchange was erected.

† *Halliers* are the Persons who drive or own the Sledges, which are used here instead of Carts.

it, at least, from prefixing his Name, and declar'd, that he could not reconcile the Injunction of Secresy with his Resolution to own it at its first Appearance. To this Mr. *Savage* returned an Answer agreeable to his Character in the following Terms.

"I received yours this Morning and not without "a little Surprize at the Contents. To answer a "Question with a Question, you ask me concerning "*London* and *Bristol*, *Why will I add* delineated? "Why did Mr. *Woolaston* add that Word to his Re"ligion of Nature? I suppose that it was his Will "and Pleasure to add it in his Case; and it is mine "to do so in my own. You are pleased to tell me, "that you understand not, why Secresy is enjoin'd, "and yet I intend to set my Name to it. My An"swer is—I have my private Reasons; which I am "not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt, "my Friend Mr. *S*——— would not approve of it. "—And what is it to me whether he does or not? "Do you imagine, that Mr. *S*—— is to dictate to "me? If any Man who calls himself my Friend, "should assume such an Air, I would spurn at his "Friendship with Contempt. You say, I seem to "think so by not letting him know it—And suppose "I do, what then? Perhaps I can give Reasons for "that Disapprobation, very foreign from what you "would imagine. You go on in saying, suppose, "I should not put my Name to it—My Answer is, "that I will not suppose any such Thing, being de"termined to the contrary; neither, Sir, would I "have you suppose, that I applied to you for Want "of another Press: Nor would I have you imagine, "that I owe Mr. *S*——— Obligations which I do "not."

Such was his Imprudence and such his obstinate Adherence to his own Resolutions, however absurd.

A

A Priſoner! ſupported by Charity! and whatever Inſults he might have received during the latter Part of his Stay in *Briſtol*, once careſſed, eſteemed, and preſented with a liberal Collection, he could forget on a ſudden his Danger, and his Obligations, to gratify the Petulance of his Wit, or the Eagerneſs of his Reſentment, and publiſh a Satire by which he might reaſonably expect, that he ſhould alienate thoſe who then ſupported him, and provoke thoſe whom he could neither reſiſt nor eſcape.

This Reſolution, from the Execution of which, it is probable, that only his Death could have hindered him, is ſufficient to ſhew, how much he diſregarded all Conſiderations that oppoſed his preſent Paſſions, and how readily he hazarded all future Advantages for any immediate Gratifications. Whatever was his predominant Inclination, neither Hope nor Fear hinder'd him from complying with it, nor had Oppoſition any other Effect than to heighten his Ardour and irritate his Vehemence.

This Performance was however laid aſide, while he was employed in ſoliciting Aſſiſtance from ſeveral great Perſons, and one Interruption ſucceeding another hindered him from ſupplying the Chaſm, and perhaps from retouching the other Parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finiſhed, in his own Opinion; for it is very unequal, and ſome of the Lines are rather inſerted to rhime to others than to ſupport or improve the Senſe.

He had now quite ceas'd from correſponding with any of his Subſcribers except Mr. *Pope*, and ſeldom with him, tho' he continued to remit him the twenty Pounds a Year he had promiſed him, and by whom it was expected, that he would have been in a very ſhort Time enlarged, becauſe he had directed the Keeper to enquire after the State of his Debts.

When he had been ſix Months in Priſon, he receiv'd a Letter from Mr. *Pope*, who had heard ſomething of him, as to the Freedom of his Speech concerning his Subſcribers, and ſomething particularly regarding himſelf, which, if true, was totally unbecoming the Mouth of Mr. *Savage*; this Letter contained a Charge of a very atrocious Ingratitude, and was drawn up in Terms, that ſhew'd it was dictated by the ſtrong Reſentment of Mr. *Pope*, and in his moſt unforgiving Way. Mr. *Savage* in Return ſent a very ſolemn Proteſtation of his Innocence, declaring it impoſſible for him to have been guilty, and at the ſame Time confeſſing himſelf much hurt and diſturb'd by the Accuſation, and ſo he really was: For before any Reply could come to his humble Letter, wherein he ſo earneſtly begg'd Mr. *Pope* to believe him innocent of the Crime he ſtood charg'd with: ſtill appearing more and more concern'd, he was ſeiz'd with a Pain in his Back and Side, not very violent but conſtant, and growing every Day more languid and dejected, he took to his Room, where he confin'd himſelf, and where the bad Symptoms grew every Day more formidable, and his Condition did not enable him to procure any the leaſt Aſſiſtance: After ſix Days he was found dead in the Morning of the firſt of *Auguſt*, and was buried in the Church Yard of St. *Peter*, at the Expence of the Keeper.

If he had liv'd a little longer, Mr. *Pope* intended to have ſet him at Liberty, and was laying a Scheme (for he ſeem'd willing to believe his Proteſtations) to provide for him in a Way which would not have been diſpleaſing to him; he had been like a Rent-charge to Mr. *Pope* for ſeveral Years, to which he was induc'd by nothing but Compaſſion. As for Mr. *Savage*'s Mother, when the News of his Death reach'd her Ear, ſhe expreſs'd ſuch cruel Joy, and

ſpoke

ſpoke in ſuch contra-natural and monſtrous Terms, that Mr. *Pope* gave her an Epithet, when it was retold him, which Decency forbids us to repeat here, tho' ſhe deſerv'd it.

To this Inſtance of Mr. *Pope*'s Compaſſion and Generoſity many more might be added, tho' it cannot be denied that he was of a Temper eaſily provok'd, and not ſoon brought to any Terms of Reconciliation. But I ſhall leave diſcourſing on this Head, to make Way for a Subject of greater Importance, and well worthy the moſt ſerious Attention and Conſideration.

It will be obſerved in the foregoing Sheets, I did but lightly touch on Mr. *Pope*'s *Ethicks*, thinking it a Field too large for me to enter in and paſs gradually through; but I have been ſince given to underſtand, that it is poſitively expected of me, and that to drop it ſo would be in a Manner overlooking the moſt conſiderable of Mr. *Pope*'s Works, and what better than any Thing elſe can diſcover the Receſſes of his Mind; for having wrote them ſeveral Years before his Death, and conſidered them alſo many Years before their Publication, he had not ſeen Reaſon to alter one Sentiment, or be mov'd with any Arguments which were ever urg'd againſt it, ſo that they are to be look'd upon as his philoſophical Creed, and firſt what he thinks of the Nature and State of Man with Reſpect to the Univerſe:

Say firſt of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon but from what we know?

Than which nothing can be more juſt; nay, ſhould we attempt to diſcourſe of Things concerning which we know nothing, which is too often the Caſe, ſuch unprofitable Waſte of the Underſtanding, is hardly worthy to be called Reaſon: When I diſcours'd of

Mr. *Pope* as a Satiriſt, I did not think it foreign to the Subject, to compare him with Mr. *Dryden*, to whom he was very much obliged, and like an honeſt Perſon who has receiv'd a Benefit, fails not to acknowledge it: Now let us ſee whether the Parallel will not hold good in Philoſophy; nay, were it wanting in Religion it might be ſupplied, for Mr. *Dryden* died a Papiſt; but before the laſt Change of his Religion, he wrote a Sort of *An Eſſay on Man*, but called it *Religio Laici*, in which are many Arguments and Aſſertions nearly reſembling thoſe in Mr. *Pope*'s *Ethicks*. Who in his firſt Epiſtle ſays:

Of Man, what ſee we but his Station here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own;
He who thro' vaſt Immenſity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compoſe one Univerſe,
Obſerve how Syſtem into Syſtem runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns:
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star:
May tell, why Heaven made all Things as they are.
But of this Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
The ſtrong Connections, nice Dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro'? Or can a Part contain the Whole?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

In theſe Lines and the two firſt quoted, Mr. *Pope* conceals, or but faintly ſhows, the narrow Limits of human Knowledge; it is the ſame as if he had ſaid; *though you ſhould be ever ſo anxious to know the Reaſons for the Nature of Things, it is an abſolute Impoſſibility; for though the Deity inhabits all Space and all*

all Substance, Man can only trace him in the human Mind, and the external Objects that surround him, the only Matter that Mind has to work upon.

This is design'd to obviate the Question of *Why are these Things so?* And support Mr. *Pope*'s great Argument, THAT WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. This, Mr. *Warburton* a Commentator on these *Ethicks*, says has been misunderstood; *for* (says the Reverend Commentator) *the dull Breath of Malice has attempted to defile its Purity, and by staining it with the black Imputation of* FATALISM, *to tarnish every Virtue it reflected—In the Name of* PAUL, *what shall deliver us from the Body of this Fate?—I answer, the Religion of* JESUS. Thus far the learned Expositor. It is known, that from the Beginning of Christianity, a great Body of the Professors of it have been *Fatalists*, that as many Books have been wrote by Christians on this Argument, as perhaps would take up a Man's Life-time to read; that St. *Paul* himself declares, *whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate*—and next Verse, *moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called: And whom he called, them he also justified: And whom he justified, them he also glorified*: And in the next Chapter yet more fully; *for the Children not being yet born, neither having done either Good or Evil, that the Purpose of God according to Election might stand, not of Works, but of him that calleth; it was said the Elder shall serve the Younger, as it is written,* Jacob *have I lov'd but* Esau *have I hated. For he saith to Moses, I will have Mercy on whom I will have Mercy, and I will have Compassion on whom I will have Compassion—For the Scripture saith to* Pharaoh, *for this Cause have I raised thee up—Therefore hath he Mercy on whom he will have Mercy, and whom he will he hardneth.*

This is the Religion of *Jeſus* through that great Apoſtle; this is the Weapon with which we are to overcome the Body of this Fate: Though Mr. *Pope* himſelf neither made or inſinuated any ſuch Reference; Mr. *Pope* ſays:

What can we *reaſon* but from what we know?

He does not ſeem here to beg any Aſſent from *Faith*, or expect that *Grace* muſt be given to Nature to make his Philoſophy underſtood and reliſh'd, he has contracted 'tis true this Sentiment of St. *Paul* into a very narrow Compaſs, and only ſays:

Whatever is, is right.

And that all Enquiry after Reaſons why Things are form'd, diſpos'd, and govern'd as they are, as it is vain, ſo it is fooliſh to attempt to know, what he declares to be out of the Extent of human Knowledge.

Mr. *Dryden* ſpeaks much after the ſame Manner of the Shortneſs of all human Views, and the little that it is poſſible for us to know.

Some few, whoſe Lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From Cauſe to Cauſe, to Nature's ſecret Head;
And found that one firſt Principle muſt be:
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;
Whether ſome Soul incompaſſing this Ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making moving All;
Or various Atoms interfering dance
Leapt into Form (the noble Work of Chance;)
Or this great All was from Eternity;
Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himſelf could ſee;
And *Epicurus* gueſs'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future State;
As raſhly judg'd of Providence and Fate.

Thus

Thus, anxious Thoughts in endleſs Circles roul,
Without a Centre where to fix the Soul:
In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,
How can the Leſs the Greater comprehend?
Or finite Reaſon reach Infinity?
For what cou'd fathom GOD were more than he.

If by this the two Poets mean, that what is hid from us, is hid from us at beſt, and endeavour to perſwade us not to waſte our Thought about Things out of our Reach, it is certainly an excellent Leſſon, and condemns the ridiculous Pretenſions of all thoſe who boaſt of Diſcoveries out of the Reach of the rational Faculties.

In reas'ning Pride (my Friend) our Error lies;
All quit their Sphere, and ruſh into the Skies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt Abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the Laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' eternal Cauſe.
What would this Man? now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
Made for his Uſe all Creatures if he call,
Say what their Uſe, had he the Pow'rs of all?
The Bliſs of Man (could Pride that Bleſſing find)
Is, not to think, or act beyond Mankind;
No Pow'rs of Body, or of Soul to ſhare,
But what his Nature, and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopick Sight?
For this plain Reaſon, Man is not a Mite:

Say,

Say, what th' Advantage of ſo fine an Eye?
T' inſpect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky?
Or Touch, ſo tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart, and agonize at ev'ry Pore?
Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain,
To ſink oppreſt with aromatick Pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the Muſick of the Spheres.
How would he wiſh, that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?

As in the foregoing Quotations, Mr. *Pope* diſcourages Men from ſtriving to know or act beyond Mankind, or deſire other Powers than ſuch as he is already bleſt with, juſt ſo does Mr. *Dryden*:

Thus Man with his own Strength to Heaven would
And would not be oblig'd to God for more. [ſoar,

And as to any Thing farther, which is expreſs'd by the Deſire of *Thinking* and *acting* beyond Mankind, Mr. *Pope* ſays:

Hope humbly then, *&c.*

And Mr. *Dryden* in almoſt the ſame Terms, for I dare ſay his Thoughts were exactly the ſame, ſays:

Look humbly upward, *&c.*

But Mr. *Pope*'s Commentator underſtands, that the Deſign of the *Eſſay on Man* was to eſtabliſh the Chriſtian Faith in the World, and not to treat of Philoſophy merely as ſuch; it has an Analogy with the Scriptures, and defeats all the Opinions of Philoſophers, without any Manner of Diſtinction; for the zealous Expounder ſays: *'Tis now no Time to ſtand upon Ceremony, when* THE WHOLE HEAD IS SICK, AND THE WHOLE HEART FAINT.

The

The general Scope of theſe *Ethick* Eſſays is as Mr. *Pope* expreſly declares, *to vindicate the Ways of God to Man*, which to do he aſſerts, that *whatever is, is right:*

All are but Parts of one ſtupendous Whole:
Whoſe Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul.
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the Earth as in the ethereal Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hair, as Heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraphim, that ſings and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper Bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *Point*. This juſt, this kind Degree
Of Blindneſs, Weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear.
Safe in the Hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour:
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And ſpight of Pride, in erring Reaſon's Spight,
One Truth is clear; "Whatever is, is right."

And tho' it does not appear ſo to us, the Reaſon he gives

gives for that is, that we only ſee Parts, but not the Whole:

Reſpecting Man whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.

And thus Mr. *Warburton* ſays: *Partial Evil is univerſal Good, and Providence fairly acquitted.*

But ſoon after, he ſuppoſes an Objector to put in and ſay: "You tell us indeed, that all Things "will turn out for Good; but we ſee ourſelves ſur-"rounded with preſent Evil; and yet you forbid us "all Inquiry into the Manner how we are to be ex-"tricated; and in a Word, leave us in a very diſ-"conſolate Condition." Not ſo, replies the Poet [from l. 86 to 95.] you may reaſonably, if you pleaſe, receive much Comfort from the HOPE of a happy Futurity; a *Hope* given us by God himſelf for this very Purpoſe, as an Earneſt of that Bliſs, which *here* indeed perpetually flies us, but is reſerved for the good Man *hereafter*.

What future Bliſs he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy Bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human Breaſt,
Man never *is*, but always *to be* bleſt.
The Soul uneaſy, and confin'd from home
Reſts and expatiates in a Life to come.

Now the Reaſon why the Poet chuſes to inſiſt on this Proof of a future State in Preference to others, I conceive is in order to give his Syſtem (which is founded in a ſublime and improv'd *Platoniſm*) the utmoſt Grace of Uniformity. For we know this HOPE was *Plato*'s peculiar Argument for a future State; and the Words here employ'd, *The Soul uneaſy*, &c. *his* peculiar Expreſſion: We have ſeen the Argument illuſtrated with great Force of Reaſoning,

by

by our moſt eminent modern Divines: But no where ſtronger urged than by our Poet, in this *Eſſay*. He ſays here, in expreſs Terms, that *God gave us Hope to ſupply that future Bliſs which he at preſent keeps hid from us.* In his 2d Ep. l. 264. he goes ſtill farther, and ſays, this *Hope* quits us not even at Death, when every Thing mortal drops from us.

Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

And, in the 4th Ep. he ſhews how the ſame *Hope* is a certain Proof of a future State, from the Conſideration of God's giving Man no Appetite in vain, or what he did not intend ſhould be ſatisfied; (which is *Plato*'s great Argument for a future State.) For, deſcribing the Condition of the good Man, he breaks out into theſe rapturous Strains.

For him alone Hope leads from Gole to Gole,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his Soul;
'Till, lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd
It pours the Bliſs, that fills up all the Mind.
He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known Bliſs, and Faith in Bliſs unknown:
Nature, whoſe Dictates to no other Kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find.
l. 331, *& ſeq.*

It is only for the good Man, he tells us, that Hope leads from Gole to Gole, *&c.* It would be ſtrange indeed then, if it ſhould be a Deluſion.

But it hath been objected, that the *Syſtem of the beſt*, weakens the other natural Arguments for a future State, becauſe if the Evils, which good Men ſuffer, promote the Benefit of the Whole, then every Thing is here in order; and nothing amiſs that wants to be ſet right: Nor has the good Man any Reaſon to expect a Reparation, when the Evils he ſuffer'd

ſuffer'd had ſuch a Tendency. To this we reply, that the *Syſtem of the beſt* is ſo far from weakening thoſe natural Arguments, that it ſtrengthens and ſupports them. To conſider it a little, if thoſe Evils to which good Men are ſubject be mere *Diſorders*, without any Tendency to the greater Good of the Whole, then, tho' we muſt indeed conclude that they will hereafter be ſet right, yet this View of Things, repreſenting God as *ſuffering Diſorders for no other Purpoſe than to ſet them right*, gives us a very low Idea of the divine Wiſdom. But if thoſe Evils (according to the *Syſtem of the beſt*) contribute to the greater Perfection of the Whole, a Reaſon may be then given for their Permiſſion, and ſuch a one as ſupports our Idea of divine Wiſdom to the higheſt religious Purpoſes. Then, as to the good Man's *Hopes* of a Retribution, thoſe ſtill remain in their original Force. For our Idea of God's Juſtice, and how far that Juſtice is engag'd to a Retribution, is exactly and invariably the ſame on either Hypotheſis. For tho' the *Syſtem of the beſt* ſuppoſes that the *Evils themſelves* will be fully compenſated by the Good they produce to the *Whole*, yet this is ſo far from ſuppoſing that *Particulars* ſhall ſuffer for a *general Good*, that it is eſſential to *this Syſtem*, to conclude that, at the Completion of Things, when the whole is arriv'd to the State of utmoſt Perfection, *particular* and *univerſal* Good ſhall *coincide*.

Such is the WORLD's great Harmony, that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of Things;
Where *ſmall* and *great*, where *weak* and *mighty* made
To *ſerve* not *ſuffer*, *ſtrengthen* not *invade*.
Ep. iii. l. 296, *& ſeq.*

Which Coincidence can never be without a Retribution to good Men for the Evils ſuffer'd here below.

And

And this is the Commentator's Support of this Argument in his own Words; for, that I may not make any the leaſt Shew of Partiality, I ſhall myſelf take no Part in the Argument.

So that all being Order as it is, no Perſon ought to repine at ſuffering for the Good of the Whole:

All this dread Order break? For whom? For thee?
Vile Worm! O Madneſs! Pride? Impiety!

Mr. *Dryden* ſays, who gives into the ſame Way of Argumentation, only his is confeſs'd a religious Syſtem:

Darſt thou poor Worm! offend Infinity?
And muſt the Terms of Peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt Appeal.

As to final Retribution to compenſate for what they call partial Evil, he makes a *Deiſt* acknowledge his Belief of it; but how far that proves that it is right that there ſhould be Bad to meet with laſting Puniſhment for the Good of the Whole; I wiſh Mr. *Dryden* had made his *Deiſt* ſay:

God is that *Spring* of *Good*; *Supreme* and *Beſt*;
We, made to *ſerve*, and in that *Service bleſt*;
If ſo, ſome *Rules* of Worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by Heaven:
Elſe *God* were *partial*, and to *ſome* deny'd.
The Means his Juſtice ſhould for *all* provide.
This *general Worſhip* is to *Praiſe* and *Pray*:
One Part to *borrow* Bleſſings, one to *pay*:
And when frail Nature ſlides into *Offence*,
The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.
Yet, ſince th' Effects of Providence, we find
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human Kind;

That

That *Vice triumphs*, and *Virtue ſuffers* here,
(A Brand that ſovereign Juſtice cannot bear;)
Our Reaſon prompts us to a *future* State:
The *laſt Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*:
Where God's all-righteous Ways will be declar'd:
The *Bad* meet *Puniſhment*, the *Good*, *Reward*.

Mr. *Pope* endeavours to confirm his *Theſes* of partial Evil being univerſal Good, which would undeniably prove, that *whatever is*, *is right*, by the following Lines:

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
From burning Suns when livid Deaths deſcend,
When Earthquakes ſwallow, or when Tempeſts ſweep,
Towns to one Grave, a Nation to the Deep?
"No, 'tis reply'd, the firſt almighty Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by general Laws:
"The Exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began,
"And what created perfect? Why then Man?"
If the great End be human Happineſs,
And Nature deviates, how can Man do leſs?

On this Mr. *Warburton*, whoſe Commentary I have choſe to quote, only becauſe it was approv'd of by Mr. *Pope*, and therefore not liable to the Exception that it does not agree with his original Thoughts, ſays: If Nature, or the inanimate Syſtem (on which God hath impoſed his Laws, which it obeys as a Machine obeys the Hand of the Workman) may in Courſe of Time deviate from its firſt Direction, as the beſt Philoſophy ſhews it may; where is the Wonder that Man, who was created a free Agent, and hath it in his Power every Moment to tranſgreſs the Rule of Right, ſhould ſometimes go out of Order?

But

But, continues he, that the Reader may see in one View, the *Exactness of the Method*, as well *as Force of the Argument*, I shall here draw up a short *Synopsis* of this Epistle. The Poet begins in telling us his Subject is *An Essay on Man*.—His End of Writing is *to vindicate Providence*.—Tells us against whom he wrote, *the Atheists*.—From whence he intends to fetch his Arguments, *From the visible Things of God seen in this System*.—Lays down this Proposition as the Foundation of his Thesis, *that of all possible Systems infinite Wisdom has form'd the best*.—Draws from thence two Consequences; 1. *That there must needs be somewhere such a Creature as Man*; 2. *That the moral Evil which He is the Author of, is productive of the Good of the Whole*. This is his general *Thesis*; from whence he draws this *Conclusion*, *That Man should rest submissive and content, and make the Hopes of Futurity his Comfort,—but not suffer this to be the Occasion of Pride*, which is the Cause of all his impious Complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his *Thesis*.—Previously endeavours to abate our Wonder at the Phænomenon of *moral Evil*.—Shews first *its Use to the Perfection of the Universe*, by Analogy, from the Use of *Physical Evil* in this particular System.—Secondly, *its Use in this System*, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural Bias, to promote Virtue.—Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the Imputation of certain *supposed natural Evils*, as he had before justified it for the Permission of *real moral Evil*, in shewing that tho' the Atheist's Complaint against Providence be on Pretence of *real moral Evil*, yet the true Cause is his Impatience under *imaginary natural Evil*; the Issue of a *depraved Appetite for fantastical Advantages*, which he shews, if obtain'd, would be *useless*, or *hurtful* to *Man*,—and deforming and de-

ſtructive to the *Univerſe*; as breaking into that *Order* by which it is ſupported.—He deſcribes that *Order, Harmony, and cloſe Connection of the Parts.* And by ſhewing the intimate *Preſence* of *God* to his whole Creation, gives a Reaſon for an Univerſe ſo amazingly beautiful, and perfect. From all this he deduces his general *Concluſion*, that *Nature being neither a blind Chain of Cauſes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous Reſult of wandering Atoms, but the wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wiſe, all-good, and free Being; Whatever is, is right, with regard to the Diſpoſition of God and its ultimate Tendency*; which once granted, all Complaints againſt Providence are at an End.

The Conſequence and Reſult of all this, Mr. *Pope* ſays in a Note to Verſe 273, is the abſolute Submiſſion due to Providence, both as to a preſent and future State.

As to the Objections made againſt theſe Epiſtles by M. *de Grouſaz*, many of them are caus'd by reading a bad Tranſlation, and as he does not underſtand *Engliſh*, he is therefore in ſome Meaſure excuſeable; but as the pointing out the Errors in the *French* Tranſlation, can with an *Engliſh* Reader neither do Good nor Harm to the original Poem, I ſhall take no Notice of them, but proceed to the Conſideration and Illuſtration of the ſecond Epiſtle *Of the Nature and State of Man with Reſpect to himſelf, as an Individual.* Mr. *Pope* having taken it for prov'd and granted, from the Arguments in the firſt Epiſtle, that all Things being under the wiſe Diſpoſition of Providence, muſt be and are now RIGHT, deſires Man to make no Enquiry at all, or ſuffer himſelf to aſk Queſtions concernning the Deity:

Know then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The only Science of Mankind is Man.

In

In this laſt Line he recommends, inſtead of prying into God, the Study of ourſelves, which Study he now confeſſes to be *his own*, and on looking into himſelf, makes the following Diſcovery:

A Being darkly wiſe and rudely great,
With too much Knowledge for the Sceptick Side,
With too much Weakneſs for a Stoick's Pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt,
To deem himſelf a Part of God, or Beaſt;
In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
Alike in Ignorance his Reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much.
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all Things, yet a Prey to all;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The Glory, Jeſt, and Riddle, of the World!

Here deſcribing the State of the human Underſtanding to be a dark and feeble State, with regard to the Knowledge of ourſelves, and to give ſtill more Strength to this Argument, he ſhows, to prove the Difficulty of rightly knowing ourſelves, that after the higheſt Acquirement of the Knowledge of the Nature of Things Man is capable of, he ſtill may remain in Ignorauce of himſelf:

Go wondrous Creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure Earth, weigh Air, and ſtate the Tides,
Inſtruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

Go ſoar with *Plato* to th' empireal Sphere,
To the firſt Good, firſt Perfect, and firſt Fair;
Or tread the mazy Round his Follow'rs trod,
And quitting Senſe call *imitating God*,
As eaſtern Prieſts in giddy Circles run,
And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.
Go, teach eternal Wiſdom how to rule;
Then drop into Thy-ſelf, and be a Fool!

To give, ſays Mr. *Pope*'s Commentator, this ſecond Argument its full Force, he illuſtrates it by the nobleſt Example that ever was in Science, the incomparable *Newton*, whom he makes ſo ſuperior to *Humanity*, as to repreſent the *Angelick Beings* in doubt, when they obſerv'd him of late unfold all the Laws of Nature, whether he was not to be reckon'd in their Number; juſt as Men, when they ſee the ſurpriſing Marks of Reaſon in an *Ape*, are almoſt tempted to believe him of their own Species. Yet this *wondrous Creature*, who ſaw ſo far into the Works of *Nature*, could go no farther in *human* Knowledge, than the Generality of his Kind. For which the Poet aſſigns this very juſt and adequate Cauſe: In all other Sciences, the Underſtanding is uncheck'd and uncontroul'd by any oppoſite Principle; but in *the Science of Man*, the *Paſſions* overturn, as faſt as *Reaſon* can build up.

This is a brief Account of the Poet's Introduction, and ſerves to recommend the Study of Man, on a Suppoſition that by reaſoning with and about himſelf, he may at laſt ſo ſtrengthen his Judgment, as to determine rightly between Truth and Falſhood.

The Commentator having before given ſom Reaſon why Mr. *Pope* made the Angels compare Sir *Iſaac Newton* to an Ape, ſays further, that they beheld him with Admiration; nor was it Mr. *Pope*'s In-

Intention to bring any of the Ape's *Qualities*, but its *Sagacity* into the Compariſon. But why the *Ape's* it may be ſaid, rather than the Sagacity of ſome more decent Animal; particularly *the half-reaſoning Elephant*, as the Poet calls it, which, as well on Account of this its Superiority, as for its having no ridiculous Side, like the *Ape*, on which it could be viewed, ſeems better to have deſerv'd this Honour? I reply, becauſe as none but a Shape reſembling human, accompanied with great Sagacity, could occaſion the Douht of that Animal's Relation to Man, the Ape only having that Reſemblance, no other Animal was fitted for the Compariſon. And on this Ground of Relation the whole Beauty of the Thought depends; *Newton*, and thoſe ſuperior Beings being equally immortal Spirits, tho' of different Orders. And here let me take Notice of a new Species of the *Sublime*, of which our Poet may be juſtly ſaid to be the Maker; ſo new that we have yet no Name for it, tho' of a Nature diſtinct from every other poetical Excellence. The two great Perfections of Works of Genius are *Wit* and *Sublimity*. Many Writers have been *witty*, ſeveral have been *ſublime*, and ſome few have even poſſeſſed both theſe Qualities *ſeparately*. But none that I know of, beſides our Poet, hath had the Art to *incorporate* them. Of which he hath given many Examples, both in this Eſſay, and in his other Poems. One of the nobleſt being the Paſſage in Queſtion. This ſeems to be the laſt Effort of the Imagination, to poetical Perfection. And in this compounded Excellence the Wit receives a *Dignity* from the Sublime, and the Sublime a *Splendor* from the Wit; which, in their State of ſeparate Exiſtence, they both wanted.

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Admir'd ſuch Wiſdom in an earthly Shape,
And ſhow'd a *Newton*, as we ſhow an *Ape*.
Could he who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe, or fix, one Movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their Points, to riſe, and to deſcend,
Explain his own Beginning, or his End?
Alas what Wonder! Man's ſuperior Part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to Art;
But when his own great Work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

The Poet goes on to diſcover his own Mind, and begins to point out to us the Principles of Reaſon and Self-love:

Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and *Reaſon*, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its End, to move, or govern all;
And to their proper Operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

This Obſervation, ſays the Commentator, is made with great Judgment, as well as where he proceeds more minutely to mark out the diſtinct Offices of theſe two Principles, which he had before aſſign'd only in general.

The Reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that Mr. *Pope*'s Opinion was, that all the Paſſions were Self-Love:

Modes of Self-Love the Paſſions we may call,
'Tis real Good, or ſeeming moves them all.

And after ſpeaking further of the Paſſions, their Uſe and Government, he comes to his darling Argument of a ruling Paſſion:

Plea-

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.
All spread their Charms, but charm not all *alike*;
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike:
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the Organs of the Frame;
And hence one *Master Passion* in the Breast,
Like *Aaron*'s Serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death,
The young Disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with his Strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease, its *ruling Passion* came:
Each vital Humour which should feed the *Whole*,
Soon flows to *this*, in Body and in Soul;
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurse;
Wit, *Spirit*, *Faculties*, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r;
We, wretched Subjects, tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey.
Ah! if she lend not Arms, as well as Rules,
What can she more than *tell us*, we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend!*
Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader* to persuade
The Choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud of an eaſy Conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak Paſſions for the ſtrong;
So, when ſmall Humours gather to a Gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.
Yes: Nature's Road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no *Guide*, but ſtill a *Guard*;
'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
And treat this Paſſion more as Friend than Foe:
Like varying Winds, by *other* Paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain Coaſt,
Let Pow'r, or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the Love of Eaſe:
Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at Life's Expence;
The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence,
The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,
And all alike find Reaſon on their Side.

Of this Argument the Commentator is particularly fond, adopting it wholly, and Reaſons thus about it:

The Poet, ſays he, ſhews, that tho' all the *Paſſions* have their Turn in ſwaying the Determinations of the Mind, yet every Man has one *Maſter Paſſion* that at length ſtifles or abſorbs all the reſt. Here [from l. 116 to 132] he gives us the *Cauſe* of it: "Thoſe Pleaſures or Goods, which are the Objects "of the Paſſions, affect the Mind, by ſtriking on "the Senſes; but, as thro' the Formation of the "Organs of the human Frame, every Man has "ſome Senſe ſtronger and more acute than others, "the Object, which ſtrikes that ſtronger and acuter "Senſe, whatever it be, will be the Object moſt "deſired; and, conſequently, the Purſuit of that "will be the *ruling Paſſion*."—That the Difference of Force in this *ruling Paſſion* ſhall at firſt, perhaps, be very ſmall or even imperceptible; but *Nature*, *Habit*,

Habit, *Imagination*, *Wit*, nay even *Reason* itself shall assist its Growth, 'till it hath at length drawn and converted every other into itself.

All this is delivered in a Strain of Poetry so wonderfully sublime, as suspends for a while the *ruling Passion* in every Reader, and engrosses his whole Admiration.

This naturally leads the Poet to lament the *Weakness and Insufficiency of human Reason* [from l. 138 to 151] and the honest Purpose he had in so doing, was, plainly to intimate the Necessity of a more sublime Dispensation to Mankind: St. *Paul* himself did not chuse to employ other Arguments, when dispos'd to give us the highest Idea of the Usefulness of *Christianity*.* But it may be, the Poet finds a Remedy in *natural Religion*: Far from it. He here leaves Reason unrelieved. What is this then but an Intimation that we ought to seek for a Cure in that Religion which only dares profess to give it?

To proceed, as it appears from the Account here given of the *ruling Passion*, and its *Cause*, which results from the Structure of the Organs, that it is the *Road of Nature*, the Poet shews [from l. 150 to 157] that this Road is to be followed. So that the Office of Reason is not to direct us what Passion to exercise, but to assist us in *rectifying*, and keeping within due Bounds, that which Nature hath so strongly impressed: The Poet's Precept can have no other Meaning than this, "That as the *ruling Passion* is "planted by *Nature*, it is Reason's Office to regu- "late, direct, and restrain, but not to overthrow "it. To regulate the Passion of *Avarice*, for in- "stance, into a parsimonious Dispensation of the "pub-

* See his *Epistle to the Romans*, c. vii.

" publick Revenues; to direct the Passion of *Love*
" whose Object is Worth and Beauty,

" To the first *Good*, first *Perfect*, and first *Fair*,

" as his Master, *Plato* advises; and to restrain *Spleen*,
" to a Contempt and Hatred of Vice." This is what the Poet meant, and what every unprejudiced Man could not but see he must needs mean, by *rectifying the Master Passion*, tho' he had not confin'd us to this Sense, in the *Reason* he gives of his *Precept*, in these Words:

A *mightier Pow'r* the strong Direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral *Ends*.

The Poet having proved that the *ruling Passion* (since Nature hath given it us) is not to be overthrown but *rectified*, the next Inquiry will be of what Use the *ruling Passion* is; for an *Use* of it must have been if Reason be to treat it thus mildly? *This* Use he shews us is twofold, *Natural* and *Moral*.

1. It's *natural* Use is to conduct Men steddily to *one certain End*, who would otherwise be eternally fluctuating between the *equal* Violence of various and discordant Passions, driving them up and down at Random;

Like varying Winds, by *other* Passions toss't,
This drives them constant to a certain Coast;

and by that Means enables them to promote the *Good of Society* by making each a Contributor to the common Stock.

Let *Pow'r* or *Knowledge*, *Gold* or *Glory* please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the *Love of Ease*:
Thro' Life 'tis follow'd.—

2. Its *moral* Use is to engraft our *ruling Virtue* upon it:

Th'

Th' eternal Art educing Good from Ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our *beſt Principle*;

And by that Means enables us to promote *our own Good* by turning the Exorbitancy of the *ruling Paſſion* into its *neighbouring Virtue*:

See *Anger*, Zeal and Fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n *Av'rice*, Prudence; *Sloth*, Philoſophy:
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

The Wiſdom of the divine Artiſt is, as the Poet nicely obſerves, very illuſtrious in this Contrivance: For the Mind and Body having now one common Intereſt, the Efforts of Virtue will have their Force infinitely augmented:

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixt,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mixt;
The Droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And *in one Intereſt Body acts with Mind*.

After this the Poet ſpeaks largely concerning Virtue and Vice, about which his Way of thinking is very remarkable: He ſays, there is no Virtue but what will grow either on Pride or Shame, and that Nature gives us thoſe Virtues which are neareſt allied to our Vices:

Reaſon the Biaſs turns from Good to Ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus* if he will.

He ſays likewiſe, that the Virtues are grafted on the Paſſions, and that Wit and Honeſty are often produc'd from Spleen, Fear, Hate, and Obſtinacy, that Prudence often ariſes from Avarice, and Philoſophy from Sloth, and that Envy, with but little Change becomes Emulation, that the Difference is too

too nice to ſuffer us to diſtinguiſh where Virtue ends and Vice begins, then how can it be known? He makes the Query and anſwers it himſelf:

This Light and Darkneſs in our Chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide?—The God within the Mind.

This, the Commentator ſays, is a *Platonick* Phraſe for Conſcience, and here employ'd with great Judgment and Propriety—The God, that is the Law of God within the Mind; and if there be ſuch a Law, it puts all the different Religions upon a Level, each Man having within him this Law: And this we ſhall find to have been the Sentiment of Mr. *Dryden* alſo, whoſe Thoughts are ſo frequently to be parallell'd with Mr. *Pope*'s.

That, if the Gentiles, (whom no Law inſpir'd)
By Nature did what was by Law requir'd;
They, who the written Rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both Rule and Law alone:
To Nature's plain Indictment they ſhall plead:
And, by their Conſcience, be condemn'd or freed.

That is, they who aſſent and ſubmit to that which their Souls are thoroughly convinc'd of, it ſhall be to them as a Law, and by it they ſtand juſtified, and is what Mr. *Pope* calls *the God within the Mind*; yet he deſires not to be miſunderſtood, as if there were no ſuch Thing as Virtue or Vice, he only ſays, they are ſo mix'd in us, that ſometimes we ſcarcely know how to diſtinguiſh them:

Aſk your *own Heart*, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the Time and Pain.

In the following Lines he very finely deſcribes by what inſenſible Degrees we are drawn to become fond of Vice, which at firſt affrighted us.

Vice

Vice is a Monſter of ſo frightful Mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
But ſeen too *oft*, familiar with her Face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
A *Cheat*, ! a *Whore* ! who ſtarts not at the Name,
In all the Inns of Court, or *Drury Lane*?
But where the *Point of Vice*, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the *North*? at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed*:
In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there
At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, the or Lord knows where.
No Creature owns it, in the firſt Degree,
But thinks his Neighbour further gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath her very Zone,
Or never feel the Rage, or never own;
What happier Natures ſhrink at with Affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

After this he ſhews the Imperfection of the beſt, and the Inequality of all, at the ſame Time that Selfiſhneſs directs both Vice and Virtue:

But Heav'n's great View is one, and that the Whole.

By this he deſires to be underſtood, that God regarding the Whole, will produce at laſt Good out of all Ill:

That counterworks each Folly and Caprice;
That diſappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice:
That happy Frailties to all Ranks apply'd,
Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron Pride,
Fear to the Stateſman, Raſhneſs to the Chief,
To Kings Preſumption, and to Crowds Belief.

Hitherto the Poet hath been employ'd in diſcourſing of the *Uſe of the Paſſions*, with *regard to Society at large*, and in freeing his Doctrine from *Objections*. This

This is the *first* general Diviſion of the Subject of *this Epiſtle*,

He comes to ſhew [from l. 238 to 251] the Uſe of theſe Paſſions, *with regard to the more confin'd Circle of our Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance*. And this is the *ſecond* general Diviſion:

Wants, Frailties, Paſſions cloſer ſtill ally
The common Int'reſt, or endear the Tie:
To *theſe* we owe true Friendſhip, Love ſincere,
Each home-felt Joy that *Life* inherits here:
Yet from *the ſame* we learn in *its* Decline
Thoſe Joys, thoſe Loves, thoſe Int'reſts to reſign.

So that Folly and Caprice are by this Counter-working of Providence, happy Frailties producing Good, and the Effect of Vice being diſappointed, all Things are tending to *Good*, though in Appearance and in the preſent Action ill.

"To theſe Frailties (ſays he) we owe all the Endearments of private Life, yet, when we come "to that Age, which generally diſpoſes Men to think "more ſeriouſly of the true Value of Things, and "conſequently, of their Proviſion for a future State, "the Conſideration that the *Grounds* of theſe *Joys, Loves and Friendſhips*, are *Wants, Frailties and* "*Paſſions*, proves the beſt Expedient to wean us "from the *World*; a Diſengagement ſo friendly to "that Proviſion we are making for *another*."

The Obſervation is new, and would in any Place be extremely beautiful, but has *here* an Infinite Grace and Propriety, as it ſo well confirms, by an Inſtance of great Moment, the Poet's general Theſis, *That God makes Ill, at every Step, productive of Good*.

The Poet (ſays his Commentator) having thus ſhewn the Uſe of the Paſſions in *Society*, and in *domeſtick*

meſtick Life, he comes in *the laſt Place* [from l. 250 to the End] to ſhew their Uſe to *the Individual*, even in their *Illuſions*; the imaginary Happineſs they preſent, helping to make the real Miſeries of Life leſs inſupportable. And this is his *third* general Diviſion:

—*Opinion* gilds with varying Rays
Thoſe painted Clouds that beautify our Days:
Each Want of Happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each Vacuity of Senſe by Pride.
Theſe build as faſt as Knowledge can deſtroy:
In Folly's Cup ſtill laughs the Bubble Joy;
One Proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a Vanity is given in vain.

Which muſt needs vaſtly raiſe our Idea of God's Goodneſs, who hath not only provided more than a Counter-balance of *real* Happineſs to human Miſeries, but hath even, in his infinite Compaſſion, beſtow'd on thoſe who were ſo foolish as not to have made this Proviſion, an *imaginary* Happineſs; that they may not be quite over-borne with the Load of human Miſeries. This is the Poet's great and noble Thought, as ſtrong and ſolid as it is new and ingenious.

The Poet endeavours likewiſe to ſhew, that notwithſtanding the ſeeming Diſcontent, which appears in all States and Stations of Life, yet every Body is ſo thoroughly pleas'd in Reality with what they are, that nothing could prevail upon them to be any other Perſon, the Riches or Power of one might pleaſe them, but then their Perſon, their Humour, their Wit, or certainly ſomething would prevent the Change, were it poſſible:

Whate'er the Paſſion, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himſelf.

Than

Than which, perhaps, he has not advanc'd a greater Truth; for they who have look'd near into Mankind, find that the greateſt Part of them heartily deſpiſe one another. The Mathematician looks down with Contempt on all other Studies: Law, Phyſick, and Divinity, down with juſt ſuch Eyes on each other, and ſo do moſt other Profeſſions, all Rivals in the ſame Arts are of this Claſs, and Nation deſpiſes Nation, merely becauſe they are not under the ſame Laws, Cuſtoms, and Habits, while the Happineſs of all, is that particular favourite Talent or Acquirement upon which each values himſelf, and builds up a Sort of Happineſs:

The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore;
The Fool is happy, that he knows no more,
The Rich are happy in the Plenty giv'n:
The Poor contents him with the Care of Heaven.
See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple ſing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatick a King,
The ſtarving Chymiſt in his golden Views
Supreamly bleſt, the Poet in his Muſe.

Certainly it is the Wiſdom of every Creature to value that which gives to it its greateſt Pleaſure or Happineſs, and not to conſent to exchange a State which wants the very Thing that conſtitutes that Pleaſure, which Mr. *Pope* calls Opinion:

Hope travels thro', nor leaves us till we die.
Till then *Opinion* gilds with varying Lays
Thoſe painted Clouds that beautify our Days.

Hope often ſupplies the Place of Happineſs, and Pride ſerves for Senſe, and all other Perfections wanting, and, in ſhort, we only run round in a Maze of Weakneſs and Folly:

See!

See! and confeſs, one Comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet *God is wiſe*.

Thus he has choſe to finiſh his Second Epiſtle; where the Paſſions, Faculties of the Mind, Vice and Virtue, Wiſdom and Folly are treated in an uncommon Manner, and in a Strain of Poetry uncommonly beautiful: This riſes higher ſtill in the next Epiſtle, which is, in my Opinion, the moſt excellent of the four.

This third *Ethick* Epiſtle treats of the Nature and State of Man, with Reſpect to Society; and it is connected with the foregoing; which treated him as an Individual: And whereas in ſeveral Editions of this Eſſay the firſt Line began;

Learn, *Dulneſs*, Learn, *&c.*

In the latter it was chang'd:

Here then we reſt; the univerſal Cauſe
Acts to one End, but acts by various Laws.

And this he deſires Man to remember always, let him be in what Situation of Life he may; but he more eſpecially recommends it to the Clergy, leſt when they preach, they ſhould give a falſe Definition of the Workings of Providence; or when they pray, they ſhould aſk Things which were not for the Good of the Whole, and ſo ſeem to oppoſe the very Deſigns and Diſpenſation of the Deity.

To ſhew that we are by Nature deſign'd for Society he ſays, that if we will but make Obſervation, we ſhall ſee all Things combin'd together by a *Chain of Love*. This he proves from *Line* 8 to 13, on the Theory of Attraction, from the Œconomy of the material World, that every ſingle Atom attracts and is attracted:

Form'd, and impell'd its Neighbour to embrace.

These Words *form'd* and *impell'd*, (says the Commentator) are not of a loose, undistinguish'd Meaning, thrown in to fill up the Verse. This is not our Author's Way, they are full of Sense, and of the most philosophical Precision. For to make Matter so *cohere*, as to fit it for the Uses intended by its Creator, a proper Configuration of its insensible Parts, is as necessary as that Quality so equally and universally conferr'd upon it.

His next Argument is from the vegetable and animal World, whose Beings mutually serve for the Production and Sustainment of each other; that every Part relates to the Whole in a continued Chain, reaching far beyond the Penetration of Man;

See Matter next, with various Life endu'd,
Press to one Centre still, the *gen'ral Good*;
See dying Vegetables Life sustain;
See Life dissolving vegetate again:
All Forms that perish other Forms supply,
By Turns they catch the vital Breath, and die;
Like Bubbles to the Sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that Sea return, *&c.*

Next he checks the Pride of those, who think that all was made for them, and yet would not themselves be serving the great End, the Good of the Whole; which Unwillingness itself, Mr. *Pope* says, shall at last terminate in that Good. However, (says the Commentator) his Adversaries, loth to give up the Question, will reason upon the Matter; and we are now to suppose them objecting against Providence in this Manner.—We grant, say they, that in the *irrational*, as in the *inanimate* Creation, *all is served, and*

and all is serving. But with Regard to Man, the Case is different; he stands single: For his *Reason* hath endow'd him both with Power and Address sufficient to make all Things *serve him*; and his *Self-love*, of which you have so largely provided for him, will dispose him, in his Turn, to *serve mine.* Therefore your Theory is imperfect. " Not so, replies " the Poet, [from *Line* 52 to 83] I grant you, Man, " indeed, affects to be *the Wit and Tyrant of the* " *Whole*, and would fain shake off

—That Chain of Love,
Combining all below, and all above:

" But Nature, even by the *very Gift* of *Reason*, " checks this *Tyrant*: For *Reason* endowing Man " with the Ability of setting together the *Memory* of " the Past, and *Conjecture* about the Future; and " past Misfortunes making him apprehensive of more " to come, this disposes him to pity and relieve o- " thers in a *State* of Suffering. And the Passion " growing habitual, naturally extends its Effects to " all that have a *Sense* of Suffering. Now, as Brutes " have neither Man's *Reason*, nor his inordinate " *Self-love*, to draw them from the System of Bene- " volence; so they wanted not, and therefore have " not, this *human Sympathy* of another's Misery. By " which Passion we see those Qualities, in Man, " ballance one another, and so retain him in that ge- " neral *Order*, in which Providence has plac'd its " whole Creation. But this is not all; Man's In- " tereſt, Amusement, Vanity, and Luxury, tie him " still closer to the System of Benevolence, by obli- " ging him to provide for the Support of other Ani- " mals; and tho' it be, for the most Part, only to " devour them with the greater Gust, yet this does " not abate the proper Happiness of the Animals so

" preſerved, to whom *Providence has not given the* " *uſeleſs Knowledge of their End.* From all which " it appears, that the Theory is yet uniform, and " perfect."

Grant that the Pow'rful ſtill the Weak controul,
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the Whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows
And helps another Creature's Wants and Woes.
Say, will the Falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying Plumage, ſpare the Dove?
Admires the Jay, the Inſect's gilded Wings,
Or hears the Hawk when *Philomela* ſings?
Man cares for all, *&c.*—
For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleaſure, yet for more his Pride.

After this he comes to the Subject propos'd for this Epiſtle, the Sociability of Man, prov'd by the Subjection to the Parent and to the Magiſtrate, and that our Society is altogether founded on our Wants, for wanting what another has to beſtow, naturally cauſes us to make Application for it where it is, and thus we are by Neceſſity brought together; otherwiſe were it ſo that Man wanted no Aid, or could receive no Good or Pleaſure from another, Self-love might (there being no Attraction or Inclination) draw each a ſeperate Way, and the World would be peopled with Hermits. But Mr. *Pope* affirms it to be quite otherwiſe:

Whate'er of Life all-quickening *Æther* keeps,
Or breathes thro' Air, or ſhoots beneath the Deeps,
Or pours profuſe on Earth; one Nature feeds
The *vital Flame*, and ſwells the *genial Seeds*.

Not

Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood,
Each loves *Itself*, but not itself *alone*,
Each Sex desires alike, 'till *two* are *one*:
Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace;
All love themselves, a third Time, in their *Race*.
The Beast, the Bird, their common Charge attend,
The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend;
The Young dismiss'd to wander Earth or Air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,
The Link dissolves, each seeks a fresh Embrace,
Another Love succeeds, another Race.
A *longer Care* Man's helpless Kind demands;
That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands:
Reflection, *Reason*, still the Ties improve,
At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love.

Thus the Creatures are link'd together, and thus Men: Even the Love we bear to our Offspring causes an Uneasiness and Care for them, which keeps awake that Tenderness and Solicitude, which when perform'd makes up our Happiness and theirs too; their Wants being by that Means also supply'd. Thus he, who by the Observation of the Relation of Things in general, applies himself to offer most Help where most Need requires, he is best fitted for Society; that is to say, such alone can be said to be good Men, or so far good, as this Desire of Society and giving Happiness to their Fellow-Creatures governs in them. In which Man has the Advantage of the Brutes, that he can reason, and make Choice of the Objects of his Love and Charity.

With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its Turn;

And ſtill new Needs, new Helps, new Habits riſe,
That graft Benevolence on Charities.
Mem'ry and Forecaſt juſt Returns engage,
That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age;
While Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the Int'reſt, and preſerv'd the Kind.

Strict Method (ſays our Poet's Commentator) leads him next to ſpeak of that Society which ſucceeded the Natural, namely, the Civil; but as he does all by eaſy Steps, in the natural Progreſſion of Ideas, he firſt explains [from l. 169 to 200] the *intermediate Means* which led Mankind from *natural* to *civil* Society. Theſe were the *Invention* and *Improvement of Arts*. For while Mankind liv'd in a mere State of Nature, unconſcious of the Arts of Life, there was no Need of any other Government than the *paternal*; but when Arts were found out and improv'd, then that more perfect Form under the Direction of a *Magiſtrate*, became neceſſary. And for theſe Reaſons; *Firſt*, to bring thoſe Arts, already found, to *Perfection*; and, *Secondly*, to ſecure the Product of them to their rightful *Propriators*. The Poet, therefore, comes now, as we ſay, to the *Invention of Arts*; but being always intent upon the great End for which he wrote his *Eſſay*, namely to mortify that *Pride*, which occaſions the impious Complaints againſt Providence, he, with the greateſt Art and Contrivance, ſpeaks of theſe *Inventions*, as Leſſons only learnt of mere Animals guided by Inſtinct; and thus, at the ſame Time, gives a new Inſtance of the wonderful Providence of God, who has contrived to teach Mankind in a Way not only proper to humble human Arrogance, but to raiſe our Idea of infinite Wiſdom to the greateſt Pitch. All this

he

he does in a *Prosopopœia* the most sublime that ever entered into the human Imagination:

See him from *Nature* rising slow to *Art!*
To copy *Instinct* then was *Reason*'s Part:
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy Instructions take;
"Thy Arts of Building from the *Bee* receive,
"Learn of the *Mole* to plow, the *Worm* to weave;
"Learn of the little *Nautilus* to sail, [*&c.*
"Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale,
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,
"Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
"And for those *Arts* mere *Instinct* could afford,
"*Be crown'd as Monarchs*, or as *Gods ador'd.*

The little *Nautilus* mentioned in the Quotation above, from the Essay, is thus describ'd by *Oppian. These Fishes swim on the Surface of the Sea, on the Back of their Shells, which exactly resemble the Hulk of a Ship; they raise two Feet like Masts, and extend a Membrane between, which serves as a Sail, the other two Feet they employ as Oars at the Side: They are usually seen in the Mediterranean Sea.*

This Voice of Nature, commanding Man to learn and gather Knowledge and Arts from the Creatures, was obey'd, and Men forming themselves by Degrees into little Societies, those again join'd, either thro' Love or Fear, or Conveniency of Commerce, and they grew into a State, then finding Government necessary, and not to be conducted without particular Rulers, those most abounding in Virtue and Valour were chosen, and Kings and Generals govern'd States, as Families had been before govern'd by the Fathers of them:

Till then by Nature crown'd each Patriarch ſat
King, Prieſt, and Parent, of his growing State;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their Law his Eye, their Oracle his Tongue.

So that it was the common Intereſt alone, which induc'd Men to ſet a King up over them; for our Poet ſays, that Nature never knew any Right divine in Men, to be great, was underſtood to be good, in all Degrees, even up to the Deity, and that Kings were only intended that Men might be happier; made Kings for the Sake of the Many, and not to make them Royal.

Concerning which, and the abominable Doctrines of Superſtition, leading to Tyranny and Ignorance, I do not remember to have ſeen finer Lines than the following:

Who firſt taught Souls enſlav'd, and Realms undone
Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for One?*
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
T' invert the World, and counter-work its *Cauſe?*
Force firſt made *Conqueſt*, and that Conqueſt *Law*;
'Till *Superſtition* taught the Tyrant Awe,
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midſt the Lightning's Blaze, and Thunder's Sound,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the Ground,
She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they.
She, from the rending Earth and burſting Skies,
Saw *Gods* deſcend, and *Fiends* infernal riſe,
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt Abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods;

Gods

Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt:
Such as the Souls of Cowards might conceive,
And form'd like Tyrants, Tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
And Hell was built on Spite, and Heaven on Pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd the ethereal Vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
Then firſt the *Flamen* taſted living Food;
Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human Blood;
With Heav'n's own Thunder ſhook the World below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

Theſe were Effects of arbitrary Power, the chief of which is Superſtition, which, tho' it ſtops all the Avenues to Truth, has been ſo much encourag'd by the Prieſts, becauſe under the Shade of that they have (more formerly indeed than now) been able to ſet up what Idol they pleas'd, could *ſee Gods deſcend, and Powers infernal riſe*, as it beſt ſuited what Work they had in Hand, aſſuming moreover to themſelves a Dominion over the very Conſciences of Man, and threat'ning everlaſting Torments, not only to thoſe whoſe Practice or general Rule of Faith did not correſpond with theirs, but even for Want of Aſſent to one ſingle Tenet, having the Interpretation of all foregoing religious Laws wholly in their own Power, ſo that they took upon them to add, to interline where it was neceſſary to their Schemes, and to alter, or wholly eraze what might appear to be againſt them, tho' the Privilege of impoſing any Senſe upon any Words, one might think, was Safety enough; but fearing leſt ſome Time or other ſome free Spirit might ariſe, too great to become their Slaves, and take all upon Truſt, or their Word, which is the ſame Thing, they carefully provided as far as lay in

their

their Power, to prevent his Enquiry being of any great Service to Truth, by corrupting, adulterating, and darkening every Thing that had pass'd thro' their Hands; to shew a Desire of Inspection, is to gain from them the Name of Sceptick, or Heretick, tho' some Things they all affect to leave doubtful, in short, they are generally most assur'd where they ought to be most doubtful, and most doubtful where they ought to be most assur'd; but as these assum'd Powers were by them claim'd louder in antienter Days than they are at present, so it may be hop'd, that future Times will be still more free from the Government of Superstition than this present Age: This Progress of Superstition, with its beginning to totter a little, Mr. *Dryden* has very wittily describ'd, in his Poem mention'd before:

In Times o'ergrown with Rust and Ignorance,
A gainful Trade their Clergy did advance:
When Want of Learning kept the Laymen low,
And none but Priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a God who cou'd but read or spell;
Then Mother-Church did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave;
To keep it in her Power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went,
Poor Laymen took Salvation on Content;
As needy Men take Money, good or bad:
God's Word they had not, but the Priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false Conveyances they made,
The Lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark Times they learn'd their Knack so well,
That by long Use they grew infallible:

At

At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire
If they the Book, or that did them inspire:
And, making narrow Search, they found, tho' late,
That what they thought the Priests, was their Estate:
Taught by the Will produc'd, (the written Word)
How long they had been cheated on Record.
Then, every Man who saw the Title fair,
Claim'd a Child's Part, and put in for a Share:
Consulted soberly his private Good;
And say'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd.

These were they of whom Mr. *Pope* had declar'd, that their Hell was built on Spite, and Heaven on Pride; their Design in propagating Mysteries nothing but Self-love, to augment their own Power, Riches, and Voluptuousness; so drives Self-love thro' Just and thro' Unjust.

The Inference our Poet draws from all this [from *Line* 269 to 284] is, that Self-love drives thro' Right and Wrong; it causes the Tyrant to violate the Rights of Mankind; and it causes the People to vindicate that Violation. For Self-love being common to the whole Species, and setting each Individual in Pursuit of the same Objects, it became necessary for each, if he would secure his own, to provide for the Safety of another. And thus Enquiry and Benevolence arose from that same Self-love, which had given Birth to Avarice and Injustice.

For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one Will, when many Wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
A Weaker may surprize, a Stronger take?
His Safety must his Liberty restrain;
All join to guard what each desires to gain.

The

The Poet hath not any where ſhewn greater Addreſs in the maſterly Diſpoſition of his Work, than with Regard to the Inference before us; which not only gives a proper and timely Support to what he had before advanc'd in his Second Epiſtle, concerning the Nature and Effects of Self-love; but is a neceſſary Introduction to what follows concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society, as we ſhall ſee preſently.

The Poet hath now deſcrib'd the Riſe, Perfection, and Decay of civil Policy and Religion, in the more early Ages. But the Deſign had been imperfectly executed, had he here dropp'd his Diſcourſe; there was, after this, a Recovery from their ſeveral Corruptions. Accordingly, he hath choſen that happy Period for the Concluſion of his Song. But as good and ill Governments and Religions ſucceed one another without ceaſing, he now, with great Judgment leaves Facts, and turns his Diſcourſe [from *Line* 283 to 296] to ſpeak of a more laſting Reform of Mankind, in the Invention of thoſe philoſophick Principles, by whoſe Obſervance, a Policy and Religion may be for ever kept from ſinking into Tyranny and Superſtition.

'Twas then the ſtudious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
Foll'wer of God, or Friend of human Kind,
Poet or Patriot roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Morals, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her antient Light, not kindled new,
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew;
Taught Pow'r's due Uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender Strings, *&c.*

The eaſy and juſt Tranſition into this Subject from the foregoing is admirable. In the foregoing he had deſcrib'd

deſcrib'd the Effects of Self-love, now the Obſervation of theſe Effects, he, with great Art and high Probability, makes the Occaſion of thoſe Diſcoveries, which ſpeculative Men made of the true Principles of Policy and Religion, deſcrib'd in the preſent Paragraph; and this he evidently hints at in that fine Tranſition.

The Poet goes on and aſſerts, that many jarring Intereſts do of themſelves accord at Length in the Muſick of a well-mix'd State: That the World is full of great Harmony; that there is nothing but Union, Order, and a full Conſent of Things;

More pow'rful each, as needful to the reſt;
And in Proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

When he comes to ſpeak of Modes of Faith, and Forms of Government. I beg Leave to explain and illuſtrate him by his Commentator. But the Poet now, ſays he, having ſo much commended the Invention and Inventors of the philoſophick Principles of Religion and Government, leſt an evil Uſe be made of this, by Men's reſting in Theory and Speculation, as they have been always too apt to do, in Matters whoſe Practice makes their Happineſs; he cautions his Reader [from *Line* 304 to 311] againſt this Error, in a Warmth of Expreſſion, which the ſublime Ideas of that univerſal Harmony, operating inceſſantly to univerſal Good, had rais'd up in him.

For *Forms* of Government let Fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt.
For *Modes* of Faith let graceleſs Zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whoſe Life is in the Right.
All muſt be falſe, that thwart this one great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.

The

The Seaſonableneſs of this Reproof will appear evident enough to thoſe, who know, that mad Diſputes about Liberty and Prerogative, had once well nigh overturn'd our Conſtitution; and that others about Myſtery and Church Authority had almoſt deſtroy'd the very Spirit of our holy Religion.

But theſe fine Lines have been ſtrangely miſunderſtood: The Author, againſt his own expreſs Words, againſt the plain Senſe of his Syſtem, has been conceiv'd to mean, *That all Governments and all Religions were, as to their Forms and Objects, indifferent.* But as this wrong Judgment proceeded from Ignorance of the Reaſon of the Reproof, as explain'd above, that Explanation is alone ſufficient to rectify the Miſtake.

However, not to leave him under the leaſt Suſpicion, in a Matter of ſo much Importance, I ſhall juſtify the Senſe here given to this Paſſage more at large. Firſt, by conſidering the Words themſelves: And then by comparing the miſtaken Senſe with the Context.

The Poet, we muſt obſerve, is here ſpeaking, not of civil Society at large, but of a juſt legitimate Policy,

Th' according Muſick of a WELL-MIX'D State.

Now theſe are of ſeveral Kinds; in ſome of which the *Democratick*, in the others the *Ariſtocratick*, and in others the *Monarchick* Form prevails. Now, as each of theſe mix'd Forms is equally legitimate, as being founded on the Principles of natural Liberty, that Man is guilty of the higheſt Folly, who chuſes rather to employ himſelf in a ſpeculative Conteſt for the ſuperior Excellence of one of theſe Forms to the reſt, than in promoting the good Adminiſtration of that ſettled Form to which he is ſubject: And yet all our warm Diſputes about Government have been of this

this Kind. Again, if, by Forms of Government, muſt needs be meant legitimate Government, becauſe that is the Subject under Debate, then by Modes of Faith, which is the correſpondent Idea, muſt needs be meant the Modes or Explanations of the true Faith, becauſe the Author is here too on the Subject of true Religion:

Relum'd her antient Light, not kindled new.

Beſides, the very Expreſſion (than which nothing can be more preciſe) confines us to underſtand, by Modes of Faith, thoſe human Explanations of Chriſtian Myſteries, in conteſting which, Zeal and Ignorance have ſo perpetually violated Charity.

Secondly, if we conſider the Context; to ſuppoſe him to mean, that *all Forms of Government are indifferent*, is making him directly contradict the preceding Paragraph; where he extols the Patriot for diſcriminating the true from the falſe Modes of Government. He, ſays the Poet,

Taught Pow'r's due Uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender Strings;
The leſs and greater ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other two;
'Till jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according Muſick of a *well-mix'd State.*

Here he recommends the true Form of Government, which is the mixt. In another Place he as ſtrongly condemns the falſe, or the abſolute: *Jure Divino* Form:

For Nature knew no *Right Divine* in Men.
L. 237.

To ſuppoſe him to mean, *that all Religions are indifferent*, is an equally wrong as well as an uncharitable

ble Suſpicion. Mr. *Pope*, tho' his Subject in this *Eſſay on Man* confines him to natural Religion, (his Purpoſe being to vindicate God's natural Diſpenſations to Mankind againſt the Atheiſt) yet gives frequent Intimations of a more ſublime Diſpenſation, and even of the Neceſſity of it; particularly in his ſecond Epiſtle, [*L.* 139.] where he ſpeaks of the *Weakneſs and Inſufficiency of human Reaſon.**

Again, in his fourth Epiſtle, [*L.* 331] ſpeaking of the good Man, the Favourite of Heaven, he ſays,

For him alone, *Hope* leads from Goal to Goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his Soul;
Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the Bliſs that fills up all the Mind.

But natural Religion never lengthened Hope on to Faith; nor did any Religion, but the Chriſtian, ever conceive that Faith could fill the Mind with Happineſs.

Laſtly, the Poet, in this very Epiſtle, and in this very Place, ſpeaking of the great Reſtorers of the Religion of Nature, intimates that they could only draw God's Shadow, not his Image:

Relum'd her ancient Light, not kindled new,
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew.

As reverencing that Truth, which tells us, that this Diſcovery was reſerv'd for the glorious Goſpel of *Chriſt*, who is the IMAGE of God.

Mr. *Pope*, it has been obſerv'd by many with great Truth, has in this Epiſtle thrown in the greateſt Beauties of Poetry, and ſtill kept a Stile no Way unbecoming Philoſophy; his Terms are fine choſen, and

* *See the* Second Letter.

and his Expreſſions full, yet conciſe, and in general very diſtinct; he has aſſerted chiefly, that the two Principles Self Love and Social, are two Motions of the Appetite to Good, which induces Man to ſeek his own Happineſs in the Happineſs of the Whole:

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun:
So two conſiſtent Motions act the Soul,
And one regards itſelf, and one the Whole.

Which is a Confirmation of what he had ſaid before, namely, that the Paſſions were all but modified Self Love, and that nothing was made wholly for itſelf, or wholly for another: And having ſpoke of Man with regard to the Deity, as an Individual, and as a ſociable Creature, our Poet in his fourth and laſt Epiſtle, diſcourſes of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Happineſs: This Epiſtle begins with an Invocation, as neither of the other had done, and as the ancient Poets had done by their Gods, he invokes Happineſs by ſeveral Names, *Good*, *Pleaſure*, *Content*, *Eaſe*, or by what other Name ever known:

Plant of celeſtial Seed if drop'd below,
Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'ſt to grow.

Where making Enquiry after Happineſs, he takes an Opportunity to make a very great Compliment to the Lord *Bolinbroke*:

Where grows—where grows it not?—if vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no Spot is Happineſs ſincere;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, *St. John!* dwells with thee.

Having juſt before ſhew'd the Falſeneſs of Happineſs, if plac'd in external Things:

Fair Opening to ſome *Courts* propitious ſhine,
Or deep with *Diamonds* in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnaſſian* Lawrels yeild,
Or reap'd in *Iron Harveſts* of the Field.

This heightens the Compliment, becauſe it declares, that human Happineſs not conſiſting in external Advantages, it muſt be in internal Happineſs, and conſequently in Virtue.

He begins (ſays his Commentator) [from l. 18 to 27] with detecting the falſe Notions of Happineſs. There are of two Kinds, the Philoſophical and Popular: The latter he had recapitulated in the Invocation, when Happineſs was called upon at her ſeveral ſuppos'd Places of Abode; the Philoſophick then only remain'd to be deliver'd.

Aſk of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun Mankind:
Some place the Bliſs in Action, ſome in Eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe.

The Confutation of theſe Philoſophick Errors, he ſhews to be very eaſy, one common Fallacy running thro' them all; namely this, that inſtead of telling us in what the *Happineſs of human Nature* conſiſts, which was what was aſked of them, each buſies himſelf to explain in what he plac'd *his own peculiar Happineſs*:

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

To proceed, the Poet having expoſed the *two falſe Species of Happineſs*, the *Philoſophical* and *Popular*, and

and denounced the true, in order to confute the laſt, goes on to a Confutation of the two former.

I. He [from l. 32 to 47] confutes the *Philoſophical*, which, as we ſaid, makes Happineſs a *particular*, not a *general* Good: And this two Ways:

1. From his grand Principle, that *God acts by general Laws:* The Conſequence of which is, that Happineſs, which ſupports the well-being of every Syſtem, muſt needs be univerſal, and not partial, as the Philoſophers conceiv'd:

Remember Man! *The univerſal Cauſe,*
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;
And makes, what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the Good of One, but All.

2. From Fact, that Man inſtinctively concurs with this Deſignation of Providence, to make Happineſs univerſal, by his having no Delight in any Thing uncommunicated or uncommunicable:

There's not a Bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome Way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, nor Tyrant mad with Pride.
No cavern'd Hermit reſts ſelf-ſatisfied.
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken and all Glories ſink.

II. The Poet, in the ſecond Place [from l. 46 to 65] confutes the *popular Error* concerning Happineſs, namely, that it conſiſts in Externals: Which he does,

1. By enquiring into the Reaſons of the preſent providential Diſpoſition of external Goods: A Topick of Confutation choſen with the greateſt Accuracy and Penetration. For, if it appears they were diſtributed in the Manner we ſee them, for Reaſons different from the *Happineſs of Individuals*, it is ab-

ſurd to think that they ſhould make Part of that Happineſs.

He ſhews therefore, that Diſparity of external Poſſeſſions among Men was for the Sake of Society, 1. to promote the Harmony and Happineſs of a Syſtem:

Order is Heav'n's firſt Law; and, this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe,——

Becauſe the Want of external Goods in ſome, and the Abundance in others, increaſe general Harmony in the Obliger and the Obliged.

Yet here (ſays he) mark the impartial Wiſdom of Heaven; this very *Inequality of Externals*, by contributing to general Harmony and Order, produceth an *Equality of Happineſs* amongſt *Individuals*; and for that very Reaſon,

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual Wants this Happineſs increaſe,
All Nature's Diff'rence keeps all Nature's Peace.
Condition, Circumſtance is not the Thing;
Bliſs is the ſame, in Subject, or in King;
In who obtain Defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds a Friend.
Heav'n breaths thro' every Member of the Whole
One common Bleſſing as one common Soul.

2. This Diſparity was neceſſary, becauſe, if external Goods were equally diſtributed, they would occaſion perpetual Diſcord amongſt Men all equal in Power:

But Fortune's Gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt.

From

From hence he concludes, that, as external Goods were not given for the Reward of Virtue, but for many different Purpoſes, God could not, if he intended Happineſs for all, place it in the Enjoyment of Externals:

If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

2. His ſecond Argument [from l. 64 to 71] againſt the *popular Error* of Happineſs's being plac'd in Externals, is, that the Poſſeſſion of them is inſeparably attended with Fear, the Want of them with Hope; which directly croſſing all their Pretenſions to making happy, evidently ſhew that God had plac'd Happineſs elſewhere:

Fortune her Gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt Balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent Good or Ill, the Joy or Curſe,
But future Views of better or of worſe.

Hence, in including this Argument, he takes Occaſion [from l. 70 to 75] to upbraid thoſe, who attempt to place *Happineſs in Externals.*

It is to no Purpoſe to enquire of the Learn'd after Happineſs, they direct you to that particular Place where they wiſh to fix their own, which is alike expreſſed by Mr. *Dryden*, ſpeaking of the Opinions of the ſeveral Sects of Philoſophers concerning Happineſs, or the *Summum Bonum:*

But leaſt of all could their Endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the Good of human Kind:
For *Happineſs* was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from 'em, like enchanted Ground.

He now comes to a nearer Declaration, and to ſhew what Happineſs is; and to aſſert, that all deſign'd for Man by God and Nature, is included in Health, Peace, and Competence: Theſe, he ſays, are attainable by Virtue; and that what vicious Perſons call Happineſs, is what has been refus'd, diſdain'd, and deſpis'd by Virtue:

Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
Or God or Nature meant to meer Mankind;
Reaſon's whole Pleaſures, all the Joys of Senſe,
Lie in three Words, *Health*, *Peace*, and *Competence*.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair Virtue! Peace is all thy own:
The Gifts of Fortune Good or Bad may gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in Purſuit of Profit or Delight, [right?
Who riſque the moſt, that take wrong Means or
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt;
Which meets Contempt, or which Compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' Advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains;
And grant the Bad what Happineſs they wou'd
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for Good.

So that in the Purſuit of Happineſs, he adviſes to take *Nature's Path*; that is, the Path of Nature leads to Virtue, and Virtue is the only Happineſs. Nay, he carries it ſo far as to ſay,

Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

So that nothing external muſt certainly be of the leaſt Moment, or any Way eſſential to Happineſs; the very Notion of which, he imagines, would have very terrible Effects: becauſe it would immediately occur, that bad Men often flouriſh and are happy, and good

good Men, on the other Hand, unhappy and oppreſs'd; from which Objections would be made againſt Providence. So that he endeavours to ſolve all Objections that might be made to his Argument, *that Happineſs does not conſiſt in Exteruals.* His Commentator divides it thus:

I. He begins, firſt of all, with the *Atheiſtical Complainers*, and purſues their Impiety, [from *L.* 90 to 129] with all the Vengeance of his Eloquence:

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
Who ſees and follows that great Scheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the Bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.

He expoſes their Folly, even on their own Notions of *external Goods.*

1. By Examples [from *L.* 96 to 109] where he ſhews firſt; that, if good Men have been untimely cut off, this is not to be aſcrib'd to their Virtues, but to a Contempt of Life that hurried them into Dangers. Secondly, that if they will ſtill perſiſt in aſcribing untimely Death to Virtue, they muſt needs, on the ſame Principle, aſcribe long Life to it. Conſequently as the Argument, in Fact, concludes both Ways, in Logick, it concludes neither.

But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call,
From Ills or Accidents that chance to all.
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented *Digby!* ſunk thee to the Grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why full of Days and Honour lives the Sire?
Why drew *Marſeilles'* good Biſhop purer Breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each Gale was Death?
Or why ſo long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a Parent to the Poor and me?

This laſt Inſtance of the Poet's Illuſtration of the Ways of Providence, the Reader ſees has a peculiar Elegance; where a Tribute of Piety to a Parent, is paid in a Return of Thanks to [*Lent Heav'n a Parent*, &c.] and made ſubſervient of [*Or why ſo long*] his Vindication of, the *Great Father of all Things.*

2. He expoſes their Folly [from *L.* 108 to 129] by Conſiderations drawn from the Syſtem of Nature; and theſe twofold, Natural and Moral. You accuſe God, ſays the Poet, becauſe the good Man is ſubject to natural and moral Evil: Let us ſee whence theſe proceed. Natural Evil is the neceſſary Conſequence of a material World ſo conſtituted: But that this Conſtitution was beſt, we have prov'd in the firſt Epiſtle. Moral Evil ariſeth from the deprav'd Will of Man: Therefore neither the one nor the other from God.

What makes all phyſical or moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not Ill, if rightly underſtood;
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good;
Or Chance admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.

But you ſay, (adds the Poet to theſe impious Complainers) that tho' it be fit Man ſhould ſuffer the Miſeries which he brings upon himſelf, by the Commiſmiſſion of moral Evil, yet it ſeems to be unfit his innocent Poſterity ſhould bear a Share of them. To this, ſays he, I reply,

We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous *Abel* was deſtroy'd by *Cain*,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at Eaſe,
When his lewd Father gave the dire Diſeaſe.

But you will ſtill ſay, (continues the Poet) why does not

not God either prevent, or immediately repair these Evils? You may as well ask, why he doth not work continual Miracles, and every Moment reverse the establish'd Laws of Nature:

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her Fires?
On Air or Sea new Motions be impress,
O blameless *Bethel!* to relieve thy Breast?
When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,
Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or, some old Temple nodding to its Fall,
For *Chartres'* Head reserve the hanging Wall?

This is the Force of the Poet's Reasoning, and these the Men to whom he addresses it, namely, the Libertine Cavillers against Providence.

II. But now, so unhappy is the Condition of our corrupt Nature, that these are not the only Complainers. Religious Men are but too apt, if not to speak out, yet sometimes secretly to murmur against Providence, its Ways are not equal: Especially those more inordinately devoted to a Sect or Party are scandaliz'd, that the *Just* (for such they esteem themselves) who are to judge the World, have no better Portion in their own Inheritance. The Poet therefore now leaves those more profligate Complainers, and turns [from *L.* 128 to 147] to the Religious, in these Words:

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A *Kingdom of the Just* then let it be,
But first consider how those Just agree.

As the more impious Complainers wanted external Goods to be the Reward of Virtue for the moral Man;

Man; ſo theſe want them for the Pious, in order to have a *Kingdom of the Juſt*. To this the Poet holds it ſufficient to anſwer: Pray, Gentlemen, firſt agree amongſt yourſelves, who thoſe Juſt are. We allow,

The Good muſt merit God's peculiar Care,
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'ns own Spirit fell,
Another deems him Inſtrument of Hell:
If *Calvin* feels Heav'n's Bleſſing or its Rod,
This cries, There is, and That, there is no God.

As this is the Caſe, he even bids them reſt ſatisfy'd: remember his fundamental Principle, *That whatever is, is right*; and content themſelves (as their Religion teaches them to profeſs a more than ordinary Submiſſion to the Ways of Providence) with that common Anſwer, which he with ſo much Reaſon and Piety gives to every Kind of Complainer.

However, tho' there be yet no Kingdom of the Juſt, there is ſtill no Kingdom of the Unjuſt. That both the Virtuous and the Vicious, whatſoever becomes of thoſe whom every Sect calls the Faithful, have their Shares in external Goods; and, what is more, the Virtuous have infinitely the moſt Enjoyment in them:

——This World, 'tis true,
Was made for *Cæſar*, but for *Titus* too: [ſay,
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his Country,
Or he, whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a Day?

I have been the more careful to explain this laſt Argument, and to whom it is directed, becauſe much depends upon it for the Illuſtration of the Senſe, and the juſt Defence of the Poet. For if we ſuppoſe him ſtill addreſſing himſelf to thoſe impious Complainers, confuted in the thirty-eight preceding Lines, we

we ſhould make him guilty of a *Paralogiſm* in the Argument about the Juſt, and in the Illuſtration of it by the Caſe of *Calvin*. For then the Libertines aſk, why the juſt, that is, the moral Man, is not rewarded? The Anſwer is, that none but God can tell, who the juſt, that is, the truly faithful Man, is. Where the Term is chang'd, in order to ſupport the Argument; for about the truly moral Man there is no Diſpute; about the truly faithful, or the Orthodox, a great deal. But take the Poet right, as arguing here againſt religious Complainers, and the Reaſoning is ſtrict and logical. They aſk, why the truly Faithful are not rewarded? He anſwers, they may be for ought you know, for none but God can tell who they are.

And the Beginning of the firſt four Lines juſt quoted, is his grand Propoſition, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. This, tho' ſo often repeated, wants more Proof than that Virtue is Happineſs. Virtue is doubtleſs the chief Happineſs, the Queſtion is, Whether it be the only Happineſs? He ſeems to ſay, No, there muſt be Competence and Health: for without Queſtion, Virtue will give inward Peace; but, ſhould many (as we ſee there are) be ſo unwiſe, as to ſeek their chief Pleaſure out of the Ways of Virtue, yet he does not recall the Sentence, *whatever is, is right*, and is now tending, as all Things always will, to the Good of the Whole. Of this Mind *Guarini* ſeems to be, when he makes *Nicandro*, as he is leading *Amarillis* as ſuppos'd to her Death, give her the following Counſel:

Drizza gli occhi nel cielo,
Se derivi dal cielo.
" Tutto quel che c' incontra,
" O di bene, ò di male,

" Sol

" Sol di là sù deriva; come fiume
" Nasce da fonte, ò da radice pianta:
" E quanto quì par male,
" Dove ogni ben con molto male è misto,
" E ben la sù dov' ogni ben s'annida.

Be patient, Nymph, and if deriv'd from Heav'n,
Thither lift up thy Eyes; all Good or Ill
Derives from thence, as Streams from Fountains flow,
Or Plants spring from their Roots: And tho' all Good
Here upon Earth, is greatly mix'd with Ill;
Yet there, where all is good, it turns to Good.

This is what Mr. *Pope* call'd before:

Heaven destroying the Effect of Vice.

And should it be so that all shall at last turn to Good and Happiness, then let human Actions, or all other Accidents be what they will, it must be allow'd, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

He blames those who expect an immediate Reward for their Virtue, in Things which are by no Means worthy to be term'd so, and much more those enjoying many good Things, are continually uneasy, and for grasping of more.

But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed.
What then? Is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?
That, Vice may merit; 'tis the Price of Toil:
The Knave deserves it when he tills the Soil;
The Knaves deserves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Madness fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.
The good Man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your Demand is o'er? [Pow'r?
No—shall the Good want Health, the Good want

Add

Add Health to Pow'r, and every earthly Thing:
Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immense the Pow'r, immense were the Demand;
Say, at what Part of Nature will they stand?

Such People asking as a Reward for Virtue what would most certainly destroy it, he concludes therefore on the Whole, that,

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The Soul's calm Sunshine, and the Heart felt Joy
Is Virtue's Prize.

The Poet (says our Commentator) begins therefore [from l. 174 to 195] with considering *Riches*. 1. He examines first, what there is of real Value in them, and shews, they can give the good Man only that very Contentment he had before, or, at most, but burthen him with a Trust to be dispens'd for the Benefit of others:

For Riches, can they give but to the Just
His own Contentment, or another's Trust?

Since the good Man esteems all, beside what is sufficient to supply him with the Conveniencies of Life, as entrusted to him by Providence, for the Supply of others Necessaries.
'Tis true, he tells us elsewhere, that another Sort of good-Men are of a different Opinion:

The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a Rule,
That *ev'ry Man in Want is Knave or Fool*:

God

God cannot love (ſays *Blunt*, with lifted Eyes)
The Wretch he ſtarves—and piouſly denies.
Of the Uſe of Riches, l. 103.

And theſe are they to whom he here alludes, where he ſays,

O Fool! to think God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human-kind,
Whoſe Life is healthful, and whoſe Conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand Pounds a Year!

The Poet next examines the imaginary Value of Riches, as the Fountain of Honour. For his Adverſaries Objection ſtands thus:—As Honour is the genuine Claim of Virtue, and ſhame the juſt Retribution of Vice; and as Honour, in their Opinion, follows Riches, and Shame Poverty; therefore the good Man ſhould be rich.—He tells them in this they are much miſtaken:

Honour and Shame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.

What Power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all. For, as her Favours can confer neither Worth nor Wiſdom; ſo neither can her Diſpleaſure cure him of any of his Follies. On his Garb indeed ſhe has ſome little Influence; but his Heart ſtill remains the ſame:

Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall Diff'rence made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade.

Then, as to *Nobility*, by Creation or Birth, this too he ſhews [from l. 195 to 207] is, in itſelf, as devoid of all real Worth as the reſt: Becauſe, in the firſt Caſe the Title is generally gain'd by no Merit at all;

Stuck

Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'ſt be by Kings, or Whores of Kings.

In the ſecond, by the Merit of the firſt Founder of the Family, which will always, when reflected on, be rather the Subject of Mortification than Glory:

Go! if your antient, but ignoble, Blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Nor own your Fathers have been Fools ſo long.

III. The Poet in the next Place [from l. 206 to 227] unmaſks the falſe Pretences of *Greatneſs*, whereby it is ſeen that the Hero and Politician (the two Characters which would monopolize that Quality) after all their Buſtle, effect only this, if they want Virtue, that the one proves himſelf a Fool, and the other a Knave: And Virtue they but too generally want. The Art of Heroiſm being underſtood to conſiſt in Ravage and Deſolation; and the Art of Politicks, in Circumvention. Now

—Grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat,
'Tis Phraſe abſurd to call a *Villain*, Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a *Fool*, the more a *Knave*.

It is not the Succeſs therefore that conſtitutes true Greatneſs; but the End aimed at; and the Means which are employed: And if theſe be right, Glory will be the Reward, whatever be the Iſſue:

Who noble Ends by noble Means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in Exile or in Chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

IV. With regard to *Fame*, that ſtill more fantaſtick Bleſſing, he ſhews [from l. 226 to 249] that all

all of it, beſides what we hear ourſelves, is merely nothing; and that even of this ſmall Portion, no more of it gives the Poſſeſſor a real Satisfaction, than what is the Fruit of Virtue.

All Fame is foreign, but of true Deſert,
Plays round the Head, but comes not near the Heart.

Thus he ſhews, that Honour, Nobility, Greatneſs, Glory, ſo far as they have any Thing real and ſubſtantial, that is, ſo far as they contribute to the Happineſs of the Poſſeſſor, are the ſole Iſſue of Virtue, and that neither Riches, Courts, Armies, nor the Populace, are capable of conferring them.

V. But laſtly, the Poet proves [from l. 248 to 259] that as there are no external Goods can make Man happy, ſo neither is it in the Power of all internal. For, that even ſuperior Parts bring no more real Happineſs to the Poſſeſſor, than the reſt, nay, put him into a worſe Condition; for that the Quickneſs of Apprehenſion, and Depth of Penetration do but ſharpen the Miſeries of Life:

In Parts ſuperior, what Advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others Faults, and feel our own, *&c.*
Painful Pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above Life's Weakneſs, and its Comforts too.

This to his Friend—nor does it at all contradict what he had ſaid to him concerning Happineſs in the Beginning of the Epiſtle: For he is now proving that nothing external to Man, or what is not in his own Power, and of his own Acquirement, can make him happy here. The moſt plauſible Rival of Virtue is Knowledge. Yet even this, he ſays, is ſo far from giving any Degree of real Happineſs, that it deprives Men

Men of those common Comforts of Life, which are a Kind of Support to us under the Want of Happiness: Such as the more innocent of those Delusions which he speaks of in the second Epistle, where he says:

'Till then, Opinion gilds with varying Rays
Those painted Clouds, that beautify our Days, *&c.*
L. 265.

Having thus prov'd how empty and unsatisfactory all these greatest external Goods, are, from an Examination of their Nature, the Poet proceeds to strengthen his Argument [from l. 258 to 299] by these two farther Considerations:

1st, That the Acquirement of these Goods is made with the Loss of one another; or of greater, either as inconsistent with them, or as spent in attaining them:

How much of other each is sure to cost?
How each for other oft is wholly lost?
How inconsistent greater Goods than these?
How sometimes Life is risqu'd, and always Ease?

2dly, That the Possessors of each of these Goods are generally such as are so far from raising Envy in a good Man, that he would refuse to take their Persons, tho' accompanied with their Possessions. And this the Poet illustrates by Examples:

Think, and if still these Things thy Envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall? *&c.*

3dly, Nay, that even the Possession of them all together, where they have excluded Virtue, only terminates in more enormous Misery:

If all, united, thy Ambition call,
From antient Story learn to scorn them all.

There, in the Rich, the Honour'd, Fam'd, and Great,
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs compleat!
Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
From Dirt and Sea-weed, as proud *Venice* roſe, &c.

Having thus at length ſhewn, that Happineſs conſiſts neither in any external Goods, nor in all Kinds of internal, that is, ſuch of them as are not of our own Acquirement, he concludes [from *L.* 298 to 301] that it is to be found in Virtue alone.

'Tis not Titles nor Names that make either Nobity or Happineſs:

You'll find if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cobler like the *Parſon* will be *drunk*,
Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow;
The reſt is all but *Leather* and *Prunella*.

In every Part of the whole Eſſay, he very ſtrongly recommends Virtue, by firſt ſhewing the Beauty of it, and then by praiſing of it. It is in that we taſte the Good without the Fall to Ill: It is there he declares, that Merit receives conſtant Pay; that it brings the greateſt Joy if it obtain its End, and if not is exempt from Pain; that tho' it be ever ſo bleſs'd it never knows Satiety, and Diſtreſs cannot take away the Reliſh of its Joy; that the very Fears of Virtue are more pleaſing than the loud Laughter of Folly, and always increaſing; for only to wiſh for more Virtue is to gain it; and the ſimple-minded Man, with Nature only for his Guide, found plainly in what Happineſs ſhould be plac'd:

Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find;
Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
But *looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God.*
Purſues that Chain, which links th' immenſe Deſign,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and Mortal and Divine.

Sees

Sees that no Being any Bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
The first last Purpose of the human Soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in *Love of God, and Love of Man.*

And now having mention'd the Love of God, he makes Use of this Occasion to make Profession of his Faith; for tho' he would not have this plain virtuous Man be a Slave to any Sect, nor look further than Nature, yet here he seems to wish, 'that *Hope may open still and open on his Soul*,' 'till at last it comes to be *Faith*. Mr. *Pope* has us'd these Words Faith and Hope before, as if he meant the same Thing, and doubtless most Hopes are mix'd with a Degree of Faith, arising from Probability; but whether that be such a Faith as Mr. *Pope* desires to be here meant, I shall not take upon me to determine, he seems to intimate otherwise, when he says,

Hope in known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown.

Which he affirms Nature has planted in Man, and arises from his Self-love, which is social and divine; and the good Man makes Happiness to himself out of the Blessings of his Neighbours, nay of his Enemies:

Self-love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine:
Is this too little for the boundless Heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have Part:
Grasp the whole Worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close System of Benevolence.
Happier, as kinder! in whate'er Degree,
And Height of Bliss but Height of Charity.

This leads the Poet to a beautiful Compariſon of a Pebble thrown into the Water, which at firſt makes a ſmall, and then a larger, and ſtill larger Circle, 'till it goes over the whole Lake. This he applies to *Self-love*, tho' it better expreſſes *Social-love*; but as Mr. *Pope* thinks, that by this Time he has prov'd them both to be the ſame, he has no longer Need to make the Diſtinction. The Lines taking *Self-love* here to mean *Social* or *Univerſal-love*, cannot be excell'd:

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous Mind to wake,
As the ſmall Pebble ſtirs the peaceful Lake,
The Centre mov'd, a Circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all human Race.
Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the Mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs Bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breaſt.

Immediately after this he addreſſes his noble Friend, with whom he is ſuppos'd to have been expatiating all the Time, over the Scene of Man; and having brought all his Proofs forward, after a very noble Submiſſion, in which he begs to be taught by him, he confeſſes to have wrote this Epiſtle at his Inſtance. In theſe laſt Lines of this Epiſtle have been notic'd ſeveral great Beauties.

1. The firſt and chief is a Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception:

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
O Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends,
To Man's low Paſſions, or their glorious Ends.

2. The

2. The Second, that pathetick Enthuſiaſm, which at the ſame Time melts and enflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper riſe,
Form'd by thy Converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,
Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordinance of Figures:

O! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name,
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
Say, ſhall my little Bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the Triumph and partake the Gale?

4. A ſplendid Diction.

When Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings, in Duſt repoſe,
Whoſe Sons ſhall bluſh their Fathers were thy Foes,
Shall then this Verſe to future Age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art,
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's falſe Mirror held up Nature's Light;

And Fifthly, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, a Weight and Dignity in the Compoſition:

Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is, is right;
That Reaſon, Paſſion, anſwer one great Aim;
That true Self-love and Social are the ſame;
That Virtue only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is ourſelves to know?

Theſe laſt five Lines are a Summary of the Whole: But whether Reaſon and Paſſion anſwer one great End or no, or whether Self-love and Social be the

or whether there be any other Happineſs than Virtue, or whether we know any Thing but ourſelves; if WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, (which is Mr. *Pope*'s firſt and laſt and main Argument) it is of no Importance; becauſe, if we were capable of other Science beſides that of Man, or could find out ſome Happineſs that was not in Virtue, or find a ſocial Paſſion in our Minds not ſelfiſh, or diſtinguiſh our Reaſon to have different Aims from our Paſſions, we are ſtill juſt where we were; for there yet remains unconquer'd the undeniable Sentence, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

Such was Mr. *Pope*'s Philoſophy, and ſuch his fine Poetry; which, as it never had, perhaps never will have any Equal in our Language. When the firſt of theſe *Ethick* Epiſtles was publiſh'd, as ſoon as it was known who wrote it, it was not only univerſally read, but in a Manner the whole Diſcourſe of the Town; among many other Things advanc'd or objected, it was ſaid, that as he was ſpeaking of Man with Reſpect to the Deity, he ſeem'd to have miſs'd the beſt Opportunity that it was ever poſſible for him to have, of making Invocation, Addreſs, and Supplication to the great Creator of Beings, and to have ſhewn how far he thought Man might urge his Petitions, without ſeeming to ſtand in the Way of, or alter the Diſpenſations of Providence; becauſe it appear'd to ſome, that to aſk for Things to be alter'd from what they are, was the ſame as to ſay that they were not right, or might be alter'd for the better; which, if obtain'd by thoſe Prayers, was actually caus'd by the Supplicator.

To hinder ſuch Reflections, Mr. *Pope* did, after a conſiderable Pauſe publiſh, what he calls THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER, being, I ſuppoſe, unwilling to call it a COMMON PRAYER, leſt he might ſeem

to

to set it in Competition with those which are read in our Protestant Churches under that Name, tho' it be impossible that any set Form of Words should deserve the Name of *universal*, seeing it cannot be suited to all States, the Mind requires different Expressions under different Influences and Habits, nor can be tied down to one Set of Thoughts and Words, even under the same Habits and Influence: But let us proceed to see how Mr. *Pope* himself stands, or imagines himself to stand with relation to the Deity. He inscribes it:

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah! Jove! or *Lord!*

In these first four Lines he first acknowledges him to be the Creator of all, who has always somehow or another, either with or without the publick Forms, been worshipped by all the habitable Earth in all Ages, that those we have called *Pagan*, or even barbarous, have agreed in paying Adoration to a supreme Being, it making little Difference what Name they have called him by, for *Jove* is *Jehovah* and the *Lord*.

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confin'd,
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:
Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill,
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

Thou firſt great Cauſe! is here only a Repetition of *Father of all!* and is ſpoke in Admiration, not from any conceiv'd Idea, becauſe, though he knows that the infinite Creator of all Things muſt be good, yet he does not pretend to ſay that he ſees it, but confeſſes himſelf to be blind, yet not with ſuch a total Blindneſs as to prevent his ſeeing his own Good from Ill; as to what he ſays of Nature being bound faſt in Fate and yet the human Will free, it wants a little Explanation, inſinuating, that the human Will was not included when Nature was ſpoke of; but to proceed,

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or wants me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That more than Heav'n purſue.

This Reſolution of being govern'd by the Conſcience, is the beſt can be made, for that is what Mr. *Pope* in his *Eſſay on Man*, has called *the God within the Mind*; the Approbation or Condemnation of Men alter not the Good and Evil here, 'tis within I ſtand acquitted or condemn'd to myſelf, this well conſider'd makes it appear the ſtranger, that any Man (for all feel they have their Accuſer and Judge within their Mind) ſhould want to force the Conſcience of another, or ſtrive to do it, knowing how vain an Attempt it is, and that thoſe Things are only right which Conſcience dictates to be done, and thoſe Things (tho' others appearing to be good Men do them) carefully to be avoided which ſhe warns me not to do:

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

This

This is good Doctrine againſt all the unnatural Abſtinencies of affected People, who pretend to mortify themſelves, by not ſatisfying the Calls of Nature in a temperate Manner, which is Wickedneſs, for the great Abundance given, is doubtleſs with Deſign that the Creatures ſhould be refreſh'd and ſuſtain'd, that ſo the Animal Spirits may be kept up, and the Chearfulneſs of the Heart, and *then*, as *Milton* ſays, *the great Giver would be better thanked*, not in ſuch long Faſts as ſome Monks and Myſticks uſe, that ſo frequently bring on Faintings, which have too often been miſtaken by the poor Creatures for Extaſy, and when after another ſhort Faſt, a little Food has lull'd them to ſleep, then they *dream* that they ſee *Viſions*. This Mr. *Pope* wholly oppoſes, when he ſays, that when Man receives, God's Deſign is anſwer'd in giving, and to enjoy it is not only beſt for us as to our Pleaſure, but it is our Duty and a Proof of our Obedience:

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
  Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man
  When thouſand Worlds are round.

That is, at the ſame Time that we conſider the Deity diſpenſing of Good to us, we ſhould contemplate further, and look on him as ruling the whole Univerſe; thouſands of Worlds, and perhaps thouſands of thouſands, by this Means filling our Minds as much as we poſſibly may, with an Idea of his Greatneſs, and the Greatneſs of his Power:

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
  Preſume thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land
  On each I judge thy Foe.

Here

Here he reproaches those wicked Zealots who are for anathematizing all those who move not in their narrow Circles, and thundering Curses shocking to the Ears of human Charity, on Men most Times remarkable for their Goodness and Purity of Life, whereas these solemn and assuming Interdictors, are generally Persons of most tainted Conversation and lewd Practices, *proud, cruel, selfish, Profaners of Vows, full of Voluptuousness, Gluttony*, and its *beastly Attendants*, yet these are they who pretend to direct the Aim of the Almighty, and impudently pronounce in his Name, Sentences which are so far from being his Dictate or Command, that they shew themselves to be the Effects of meer Malice of iniquitous Men, supported by a Power unjustly assum'd:

If I am right, oh teach my Heart
Still in the Right to stay;
If I am wrong, thy Grace impart
to find that beetter Way!

This is Humiliation; first, a Fear lest he should not be in the Right, and then a Supplication for Knowledge to find a better Way, if he is indeed in the Wrong; this Knowledge he has been pleas'd to call *Grace*, whereas all the Favours we receive, our very Being, our rational Faculties and Powers, may all be called by the same Name, it being thro' the Grace of the infinite Deity that we have receiv'd them: but Mr. *Pope* has not here distinguish'd whether he supplicates for a supernatural Grace, or only that he may so use the Grace receiv'd by Nature, as to find a better Path, if there might be a better for him to walk in, neither can I see why Grace is not as much requir'd to preserve a Man in the Continuation of good Works, as to begin them, more especially, if it be so that we of ourselves do nothing good,

good, this allow'd, would make all Actions done in the Freedom of the human Will not good; but they muſt have the Aſſiſtance of Grace, or the holy Spirit, before they can be ſo:

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent
At ought thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodneſs ſent.

As there are Abundance of good Things, which, as Mr. *Pope* here expreſſes, are *lent us*, (for they are only ſo) it ſhould not make us proud, for Pride is Folly; where the moſt Perfection is, there is the leaſt Pride, and where all Perfection is, there is none at all: The Satisfaction ariſing from the Conſciouſneſs of Wiſdom or Virtue, is a natural Complacency in the Mind; but Pride is a Pain; even to the very Soul it puffs up, beſides that, we are ſo far from having Motives to be proud, that every Minute of our Life carries Teaching enough with it to make us humble, and as nothing we poſſeſs ſhould elevate us, or make us too full of ourſelves, ſo nothing withheld from us, ſhould we wiſh to know or enjoy, much leſs diſquiet ourſelves, or grow impiouſly diſcontented, but with Patience, Thankfulneſs, and Humility, receive the Bleſſings Providence has ſeen fit to hand to us:

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Theſe Lines expreſs a very great and extenſive Charity, many would have aſked for Power to relieve the Diſtreſſes and Woes of others; but knowing that the greateſt Motive to Compaſſion is feeling the like Diſtreſs

Diſtreſs in ourſelves, Mr. *Pope* deſires to be taught *to feel another's Woe*, and then not unlike that Paſſage in the Lord's Prayer, which renders it impoſſible to be offer'd by the Mercileſs without praying for their own Condemnation: *Forgive us our Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us.* Mr. *Pope calls out for Mercy, and only ſuch Mercy as he ſhows to others.* This is an apparent Proof, that notwithſtanding in the wrangling Way of Wit he might ſeem to reſent Things for a great while, either that he thought he was doing Good as a Reformer, or vindicating the Rights and Liberties of Mankind, as a free-born Man and a Philoſopher; that in the laſt Reſult of his Idea all Offences were the Subjects of Mercy, and ſuch Mercy as in this ſolemn Manner he has aſk'd of Heaven:

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath,
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

The only Conſideration that could divert him from the Thoughts of his own Littleneſs, was, not that he was a rational Creature endow'd with noble Faculties, that he was Lord of himſelf and had a Freedom in his own Will, could begin Motion, and ſet forth Matter in numberleſs Forms of his own Deſign, by the Power of Mechaniſm; nor that he was to take a Place among immortal Beings, tho' theſe Things might all have been mention'd without Preſumption and with Thankfulneſs: No, he rather chuſes to value himſelf wholly upon the Power that quicken'd him, and which he deſires ſtill to lead him *thro' Life this Day*, if I am allotted to live thro' this Day, but if my Days are all number'd, then *thro' the*

the Death of this Day; that is, he desires whether Life or Death, or whatever else may happen, that Providence will always be his Guide, and thro' all Difficulties and Disasters his Creator will still be his Support.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou knowst if best bestow'd, or not;
And let thy Will be done.

Here again he gives into the Lord's Prayer, *Give us this Day our daily Bread*; and afterwards, *Thy Will be done.*

But except Bread he asks nothing but Peace; he does not ask for *Power*, for *Riches*, for *Length of Days*, or even *Wisdom*, much less *Revenge*, 'tis PEACE alone; for what are all earthly Things, *Mitres*, *Coronets*, and *Crowns*, if Peace be wanting? And if Peace be not wanting, then I ask again, what are all earthly Things, *Mitres*, and Coronets, and Crowns? God only knows, whether those Things are best bestow'd on us or no; but he has declar'd, that without Peace ye cannot be in the right Path, *for his Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all his Paths are Peace*; true Peace, not an unreal and false Peace, only such in Appearance, but a Peace that surpasseth all Understanding; that is, what is inconceivable by a finite and human Mind, how there should be such a Peace, or what it is that causes such a calm and home-felt Pleasure in the Soul, 'till they acknowledge it to be the Peace of God, and the Effect of his infinite Goodness and Power, which are not to be comprehended even by the Angels: For who shall fathom Infinity?

To

To thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies;
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe.

It ſignifies nothing where we pay our Adoration, ſeeing his Temple and his Altar are every where, not confin'd to *Mecca*, to *Jeruſalem*, or *Rome*; and continual Praiſes are his. For tho' Man were to be mute, and ſhould deny with his Tongue; his very Being, as all other Beings do, would praiſe him; his Works praiſe him and proclaim him great. This is what *David* intends, when he calls out upon Things inanimate, the Stars, the Sea, the Earth, the Hills, to praiſe the Lord. This is the great Chorus of Nature, and the continual Incenſe ariſing from the Order and Diſpoſition of the Univerſe, and the various animated and intelligent Beings exiſting; of whom, perhaps, but very few are known to us. The Thought of worſhipping without Church or Altar, form'd by Men, is very noble; for what is more ridiculous than to ſuppoſe, that the Deity cannot be rightly ador'd, prais'd, or pray'd to, without Man prepare the Place, and adjuſt the Ceremony?

It is obſervable, that Mr. *Pope* is ſo ſenſible of the continual Praiſe ariſing from the Creation, that he calls out upon *all Being*, and all the *Incenſe of Nature*, bidding it to *riſe*, at the ſame Time that he knew it was continually riſing. So the Pſalmiſt, tho' he knew the Works of the Creation were praiſing the Lord, ſays, (naming many of them) *Praiſe ye the Lord.*

This Prayer is the firſt of the Kind, which (as I believe) was ever made by any Profeſſor of the *Romiſh Church*: But Mr. *Pope* muſt be judg'd very gently here, for, more eſpecially in his latter Time, he

he was exceeding moderate; and never a flaming Zealot. This Prayer breathes nothing but Humility, Charity, and Peace, and is without any Pomp in the Phraſe, (which here was purpoſely avoided) very excellent, and worthy much Conſideration and Attention.

After theſe Things Mr. *Pope* gave Reſt to his Pen, being able to write little, by Reaſon of the Weakneſs of his Eyes, and other bodily Infirmities; and finding his Strength entirely give Way, he began to think that his Days, which had been prolong'd paſt his Expectation, were drawing to a Concluſion: However, he was carry'd to the Hot-Well at *Briſtol*, (having been us'd before moſtly to go to *Bath*) where ſometimes there were ſmall Hopes of his Recovery; he ſeem'd at firſt to receive a little Benefit by the Air, and the Proſpect, (which he oftentimes ſaid was the fineſt he ever ſaw) delighted him; but making too free with Purges, he grew worſe again, and ſeem'd deſirous to draw nearer Home, which by Degrees he did, and on the 12th Day of *December* in the Year of our Lord, 1743, ſtill declining, and wholly reſign'd to Death, made his Will in Manner and Form as follows:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I *Alexander Pope*, of *Twickenham*, in the County of *Middleſex*, make this my laſt Will and Teſtament. I reſign my Soul to its Creator, in all humble Hopes of its future Happineſs, as in the Diſpoſal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my Will is, That it be buried near the Monument of my dear Parents at *Twickenham*, with the Addition, after the Words *filius fecit*—of theſe only, *Et ſibi: Qui obiit Anno* 17. *Ætatis* — and that it be carry'd

carry'd to the Grave by ſix of the pooreſt Men of the Pariſh, to each of whom I order a Suit of grey coarſe Cloth, as Mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient Diſtance, let the ſame be done in any other Pariſh, and the Inſcription be added on the Monument at *Twickenham*. I hereby make and appoint my particular Friends, *Allen* Lord *Bathurſt*, *Hugh* Earl of *Marchmont*, the Honourable *William Murray*, his Majeſty's Solicitor General, and *George Arbuthnot*, of the Court of *Exchequer*, Eſq; the Survivors or Survivor of them, Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament.

But all the Manuſcript and unprinted Papers which I ſhall leave at my Deceaſe, I deſire may be deliver'd to my noble Friend, *Henry St. John*, Lord *Bolingbroke*, to whoſe ſole Care and Judgment I commit them, either to be preſerv'd or deſtroy'd; or, in Caſe he ſhall not ſurvive me, to the aboveſaid Earl of *Marchmont*. Theſe, who in the Courſe of my Life have done me all other good Offices, will not refuſe me this laſt after my Death: I leave them therefore this Trouble, as a Mark of my Truſt and Friendſhip; only deſiring them each to accept of ſome ſmall Memorial of me: That my Lord *Bolingbroke* will add to his Library all the Volumes of my Works and Tranſlations of *Homer*, bound in red *Morocco*, and the Eleven Volumes of thoſe of *Eraſmus*: That my Lord *Marchmont* will take the large Paper Edition of *Thuanus* by *Buckley*, or that Portrait of Lord *Bolingbroke* by *Richardſon*; which he ſhall prefer: That my Lord *Bathurſt* will find a Place for the three Statues of the *Hercules* of *Furneſe*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, and the *Apollo* in *Chiaro obſcuro*, done by *Kneller*: That Mr. *Murray* will accept of the Marble Head of *Homer* by *Bernini*, and of Sir *Iſaac Newton* by *Guelfi*; and that Mr. *Arbuthnot* will take the

the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of *Sardinia* gave to the late Earl of *Peterborow*, and he to me on his Death-Bed, together with one of the Pictures of Lord *Bolingbroke*.

Item, I desire Mr. *Lyttelton* to accept of the Busts of *Spencer*, *Shakespear*, *Milton*, and *Dryden*, in Marble, which his Royal Master the Prince was pleas'd to give me. I give and devise my Library of printed Books to *Ralph Allen*, of *Widcombe*, Esq; and to the Reverend Mr. *William Warburton*, or to the Survivor of them; when those belonging to Lord *Bolingbroke* are taken out, and when Mrs. *Martha Blount* has chosen Threescore out of the Number. I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. *Warburton* the Property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the Profits which shall arise after my Death from such Additions, as he shall publish without future Alterations.

Item, In case *Ralph Allen*, Esq; abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the Sum of One hundred and fifty Pounds; being to the best of my Calculation, the Account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable Uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a Way I am perswaded he will not dislike, to the Benefit of the *Bath*-Hospital.

I give and devise to my Sister-in-law, Mrs. *Magdalen Racket*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds; and to her Sons, *Henry* and *Robert Racket*, One hundred Pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my Right and Interest in and upon a Bond of Five hundred Pounds due to me from her Son *Michael*. I also give her the Family Pictures of my Father,

Mother and Aunts, and the Diamond Ring my Mother wore, and her Golden Watch. I give to *Erasmus Lewis*, *Gilbert West*, Sir *Clement Cotterell*, *William Rollinson*, *Nathaniel Hook*, Esqrs. and to Mrs. *Anne Arbuthnot*, each the Sum of Five Pounds, to be laid out in a Ring, or any Memorial of me; and to my Servant *John Searle*, who has faithfully and ably serv'd me many Years, I give, and devise the Sum of One hundred Pounds over and above a Year's Wages to himself and his Wife; and to the Poor of the Parish of *Twickenham*, Twenty Pounds to be divided amongst them by the said *John Searle*; and it is my Will, if the said *John Searle*, die before me, that the same Sum of One hundred Pounds go to his Wife or Children.

Item, I give, and devise to Mrs. *Martha Blount*, younger Daughter of Mrs. *Martha Blount*, late of *Welbeck-Street*, *Cavendish-Square*, the Sum of One thousand Pounds immediately on my Decease; and all the Furniture of my Grotto, Urns in my Garden, Household Goods, Chattels, Plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. *Martha Blount*, out of a sincere Regard, and long Friendship for her: And it is my Will, that my aboveſaid Executors, the Survivors or Survivor of them, shall take an Account of all my Estates, Money, or Bonds, *&c.* and after paying my Debts and Legacies, shall place out all my Residue upon Government, or other Securities, according to their best Judgments, and pay the Produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. *Martha Blount*, during her natural Life: And after her Decease, I give the Sum of One thousand Pounds to Mrs. *Magdalen Racket*, and her Sons *Robert*, *Henry*, and *John*, to be divided equally among them, or to the Survivors or Survivor of them; and after

the

the Decease of the said Mrs. *Martha Blount*, I give the Sum of Two hundred Pounds to the abovesaid *Gilbert West*; two hundred to Mr. *George Arbuthnot*; two hundred to his Sister, Mrs. *Anne Arbuthnot*; and One hundred to my Servant, *John Searle*, to which soever of these shall be then living: And all the Residue and Remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of Kin. This is my last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth Day of *December*, in the Year of our Lord, One thousand, seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

The Affairs of his Estate being thus settled, he never gave himself further Thoughts about them, but with a singular Calmness of Mind, bore the increasing Pains of his Distemper, and follow'd the Advice he himself had before given, in all States and under all Doubts or Difficulties whatever *to submit*, not that it is to be wonder'd at so much in him, whose whole Life was one continued Suffering, and whose particular Study had been to make himself as easy as possible under all the Dispensations of Providence.

Thus he continued for some Time; at length the Symptoms of his Disorder began to change, tho' his Senses remain'd with him to the last, and on the 30th of *May*, in the Year of our Lord, 1744, he died at *Twickenham*, and is buried in the Parish Church there, with his Father and Mother, according to the Direction of his Will.

It is observable, that the Legacies are very inconsiderable which Mr. *Pope* has left from Mrs. *Blount*, which he acknowledges to be her's in Right, out of a sincere Regard and long Friendship for her, and not till after her Death thinks he has a Right to dis-

poſe of his Eſtate; but then after ſome Legacies, to the Amount of 1700 *l.* he makes it return to his own Relations, conſiders it as undiſpos'd of, and it goes to the next of Kin.

He never mentions Mrs. *Blount* in any of his Writings but with great Tenderneſs, and Sentiments warm from the Heart, attends her always with good Wiſhes; her Proſperity and Joy are the great Scope of his Deſires, and he ſeems to value himſelf upon the Truth of his own Friendſhip, only as it ſerves to add to her Happineſs.

How extenſive he deſires that to be, appears from a ſmall Poem written by him, and preſented to her on her Birth-Day, where he wiſhes, that her Death may be without the common Terrors, and that ſhe may be carried away in Pleaſure and Extacy.

OH! be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female World admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added Years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry Bleſſing thro',
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-Day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a Life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry Thought, inſpirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and ſmile upon thy Face.
Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender Frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extacy of Joy;

Peaceful

Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

Theſe gentle Thoughts, theſe warm Wiſhes, theſe friendly Reflections, were always uppermoſt, when ſhe was the Subject; Diſtemper and Diſorder of Body, that ſometimes might make him appear moroſe to others, loſt their Influenee over him in her Regard, and all his Pride (if, as it ſometimes would ſeem) he had Pride, ſweeten'd into Friendſhip at her Sight; nay, for ſome Years before his Death, ſince that of ſome of his beſt Friends, and the Abſence of others, he had (except in his Studies) no other Pleaſure but in her Company and Converſe.

Thus we have gone (marking his Actions by the Way) with this great Genius, from the Cradle to the Tomb, and as no Objection can be rais'd againſt Mr. *Pope* as a Man, a Scholar, or a Critick, above all muſt be rever'd and venerated for his Muſe, for it muſt be confeſs'd, that not only of this Age, but ſpeaking of all former Ages, in our Language, he was THE GREATEST POET.

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